



HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

# THE RED SEA SHARKS



MAGNET





# THE RED SEA SHARKS

One evening, at the cinema...



Did you enjoy the film, Captain?

Oh yes...so-so, so-so.



The chap who played the lead is a good actor...

He looks like Alcazar; don't you think so?



...but the end was too improbable. The old uncle hasn't seen his nephew for twenty years...he starts thinking about him...the door opens, and hey-presto, who's there? The nephew!



It's as if I was thinking of... I don't know, someone or other...



For example, take General Alcazar, whom you mentioned just now. He completely vanished from our lives years ago...



Well, d'you suppose, if I just think about him he'll pop up on the street corner, like that, bingo!?



Look here, you misguided missile, you! Can't you watch where you're going?

It's GENERAL ALCAZAR!

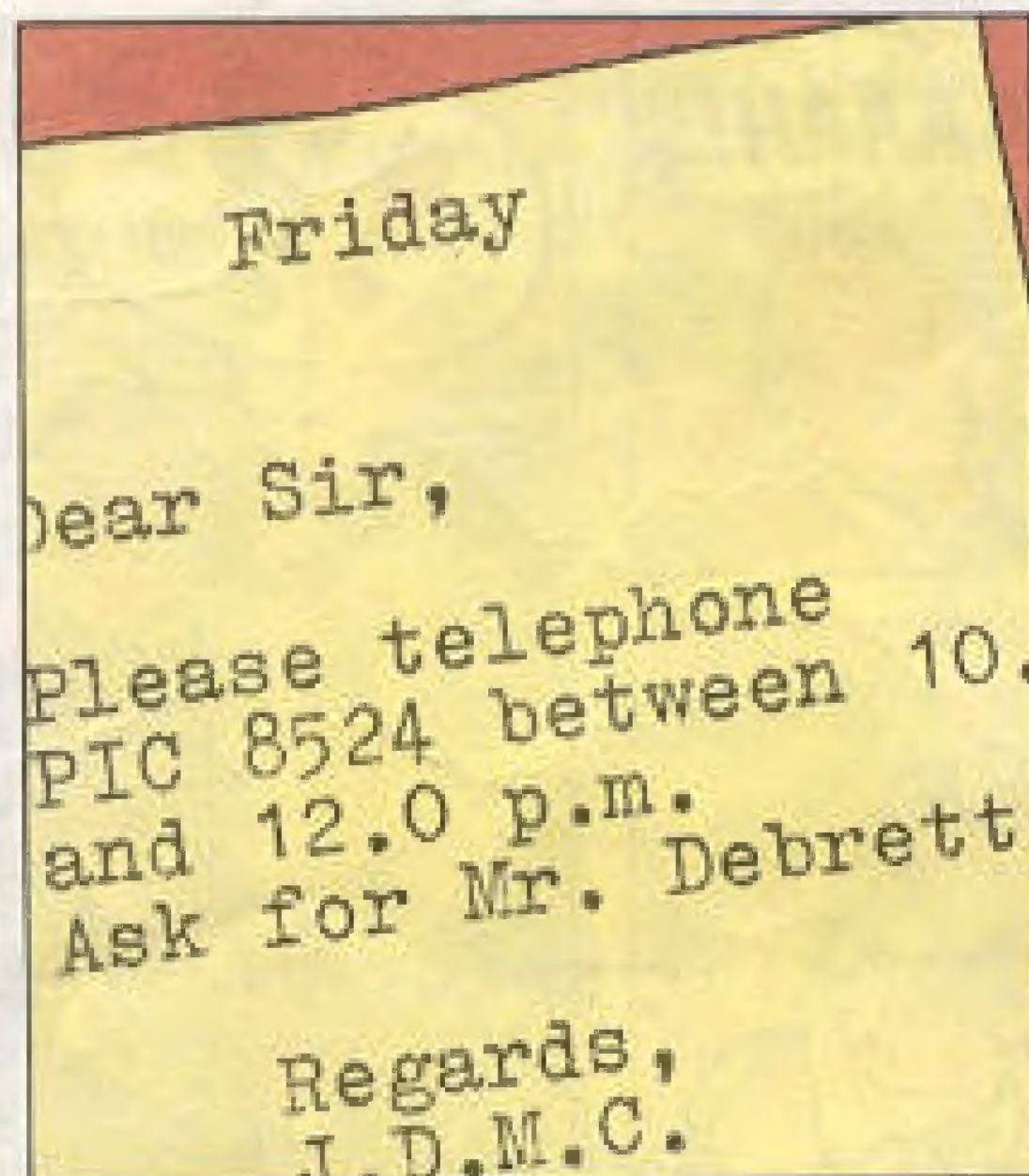
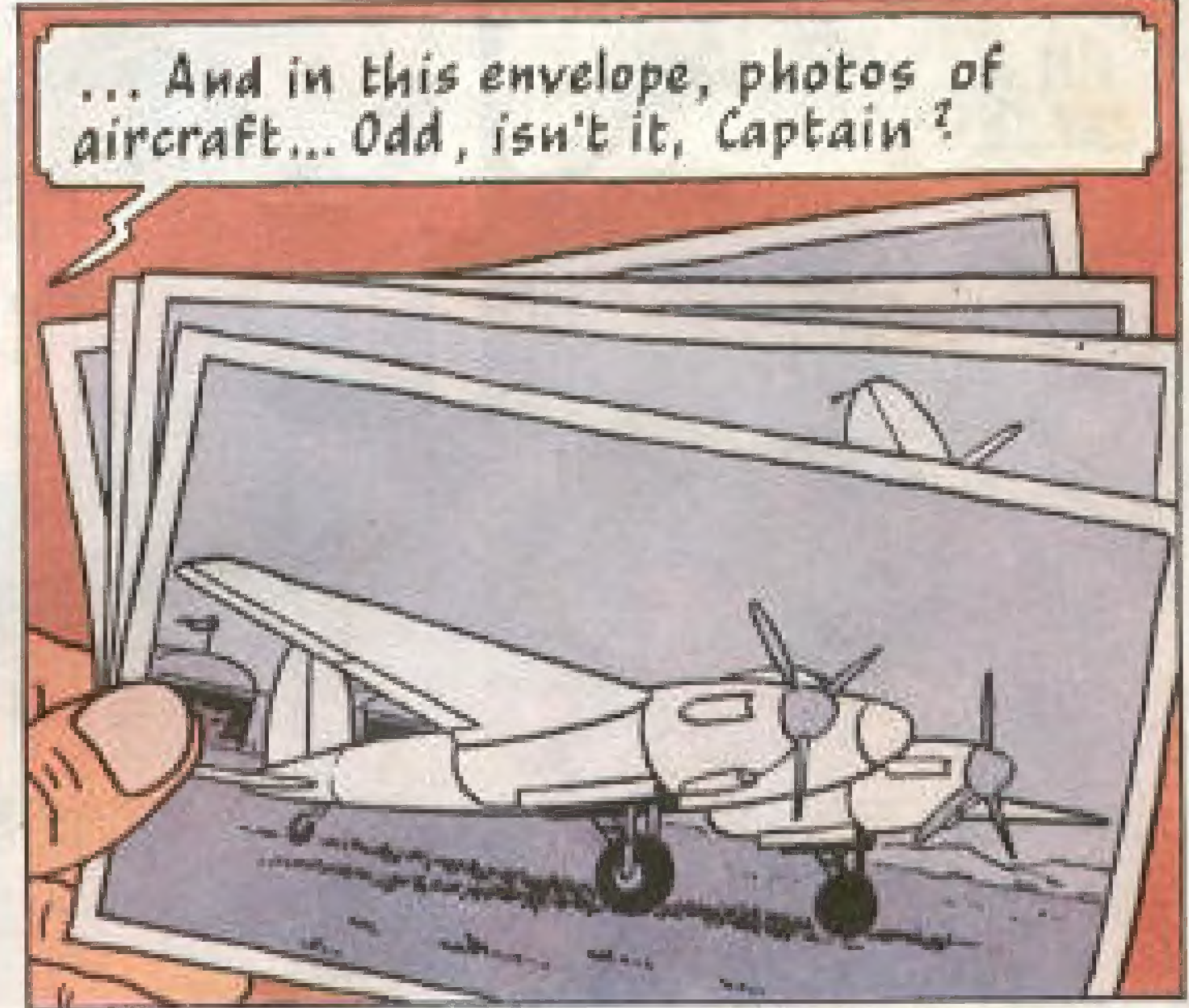
Caramba!



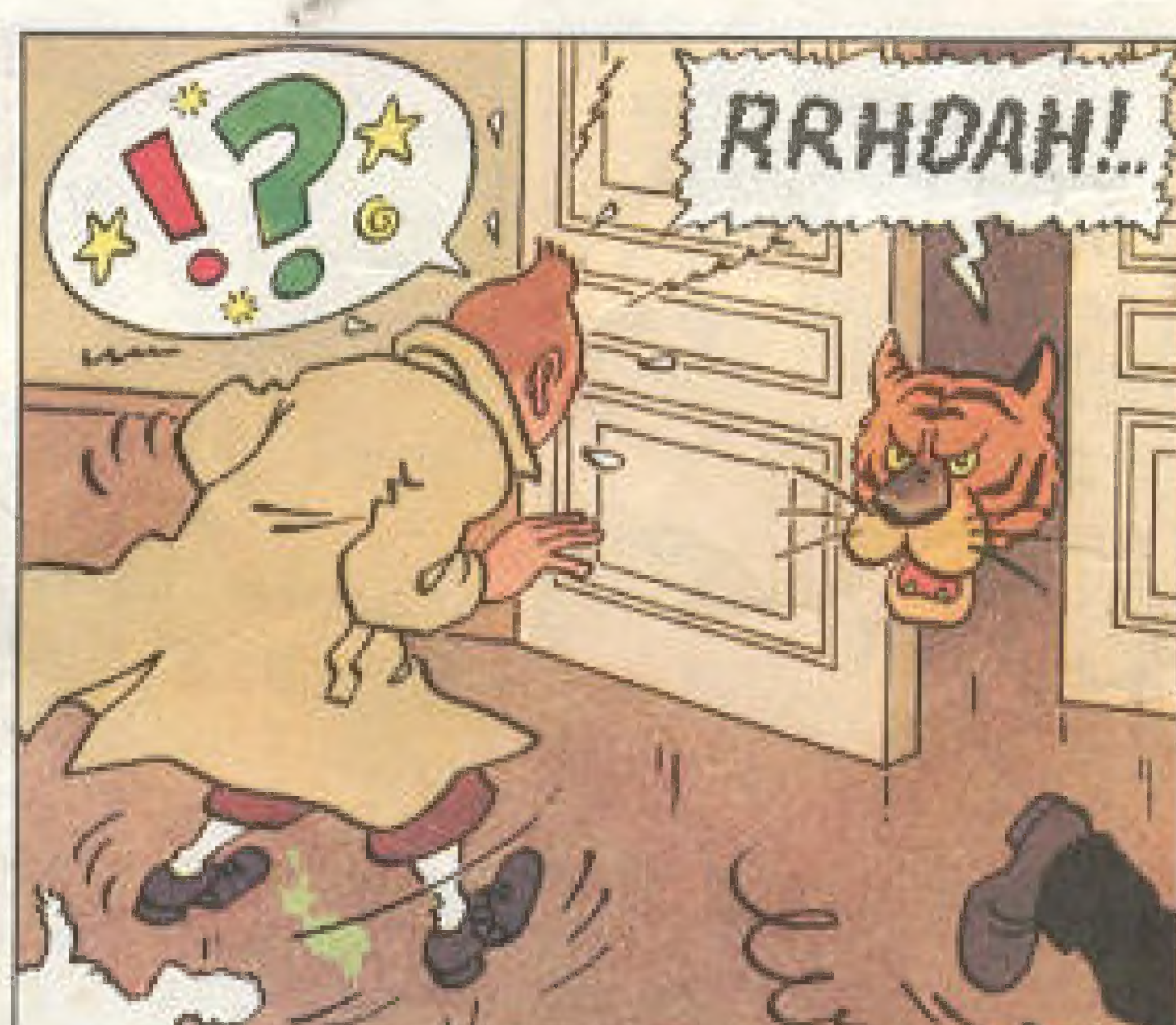
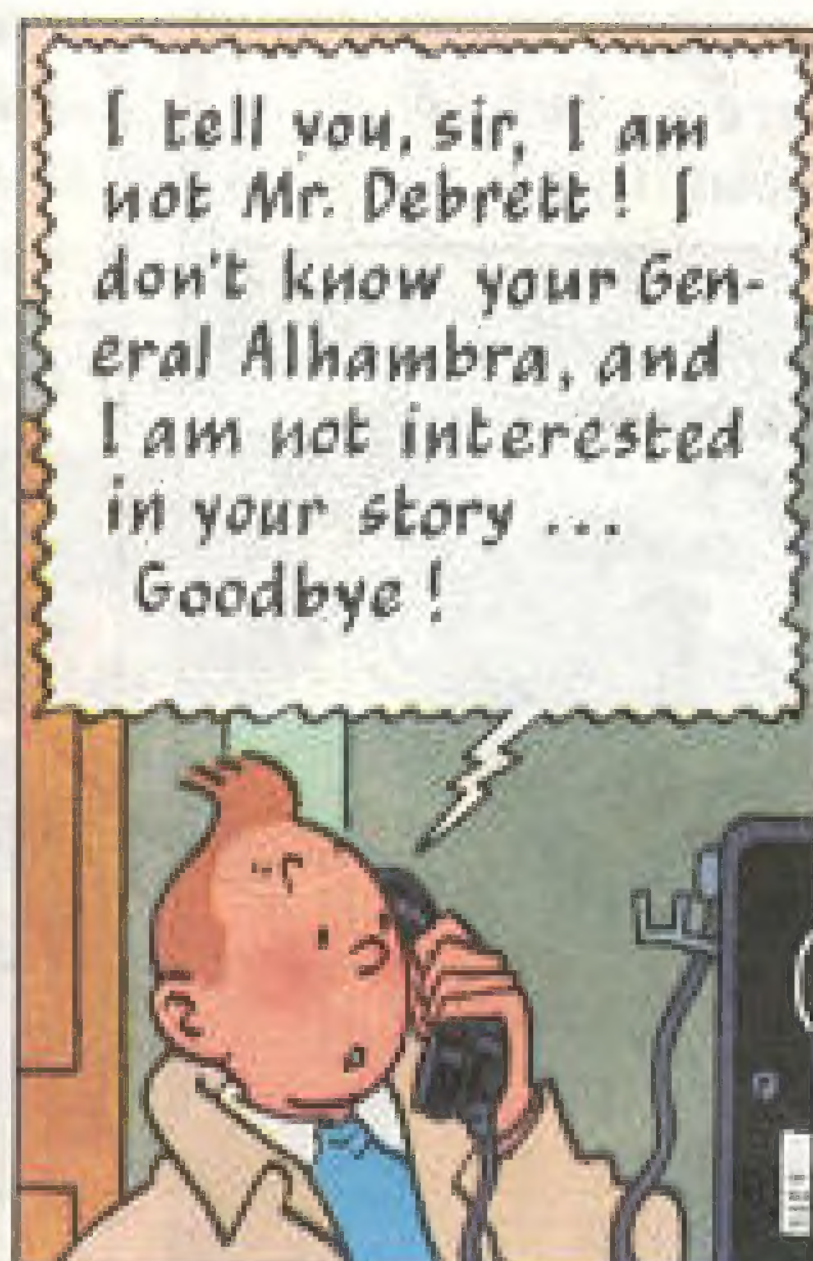




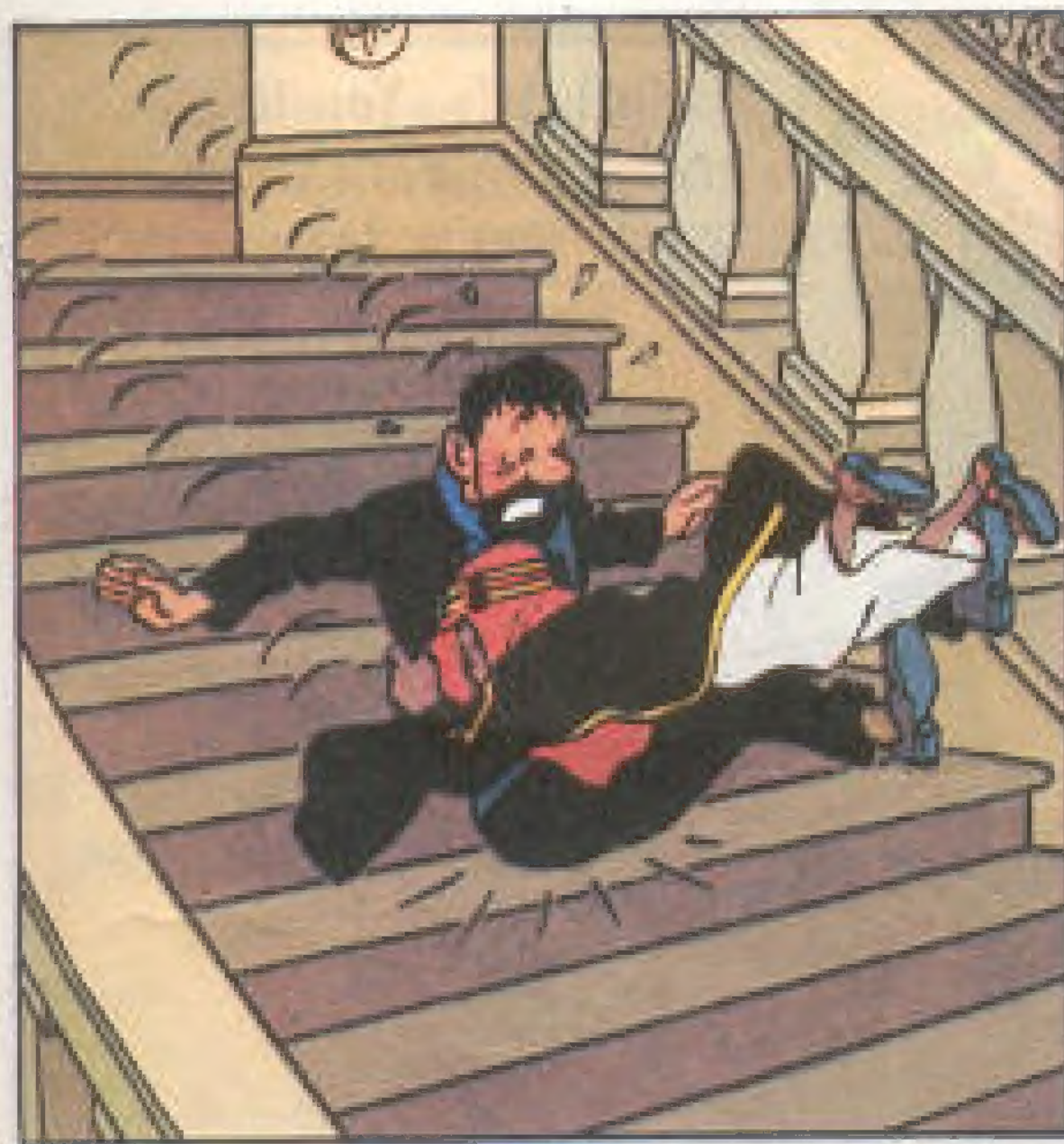












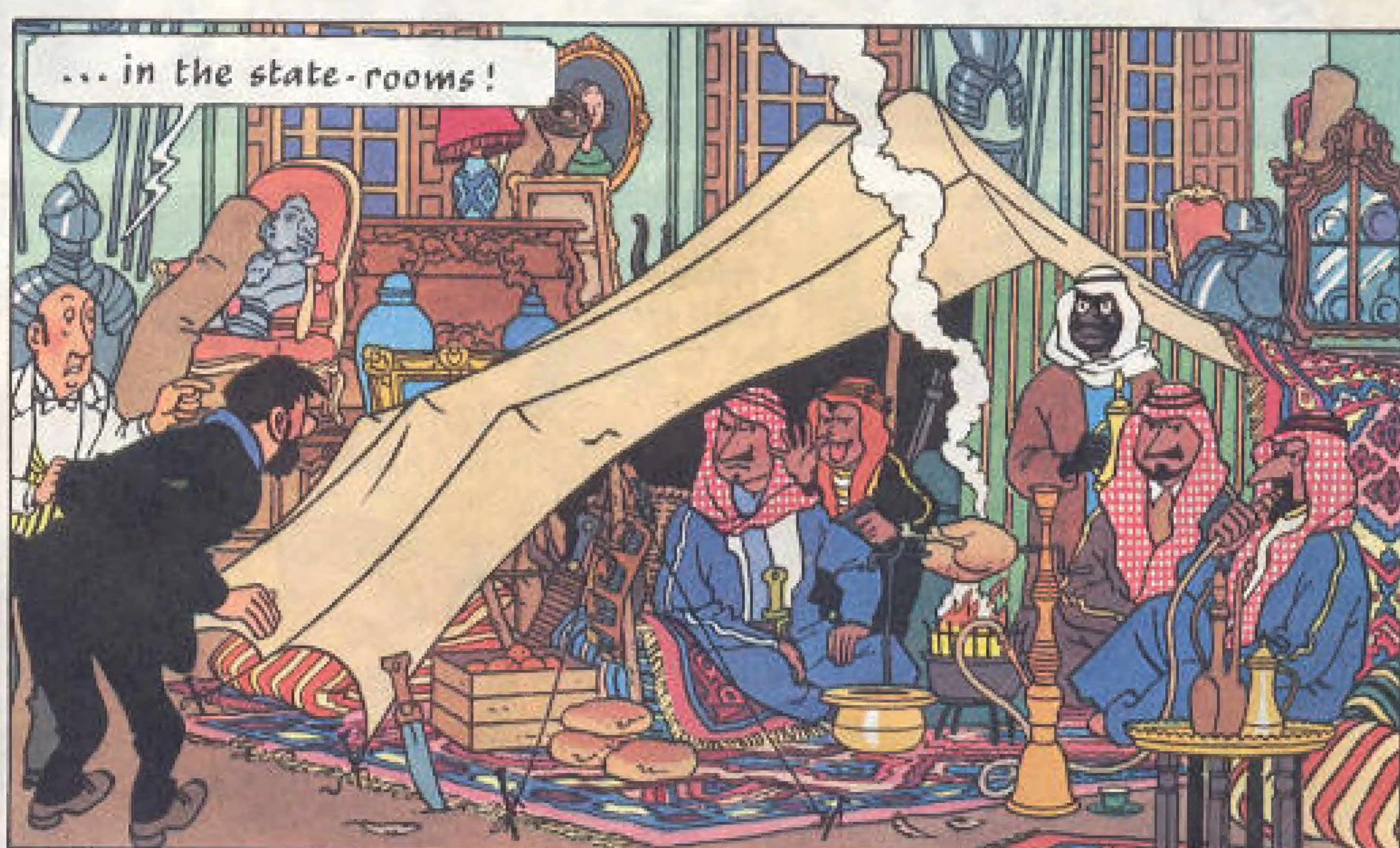




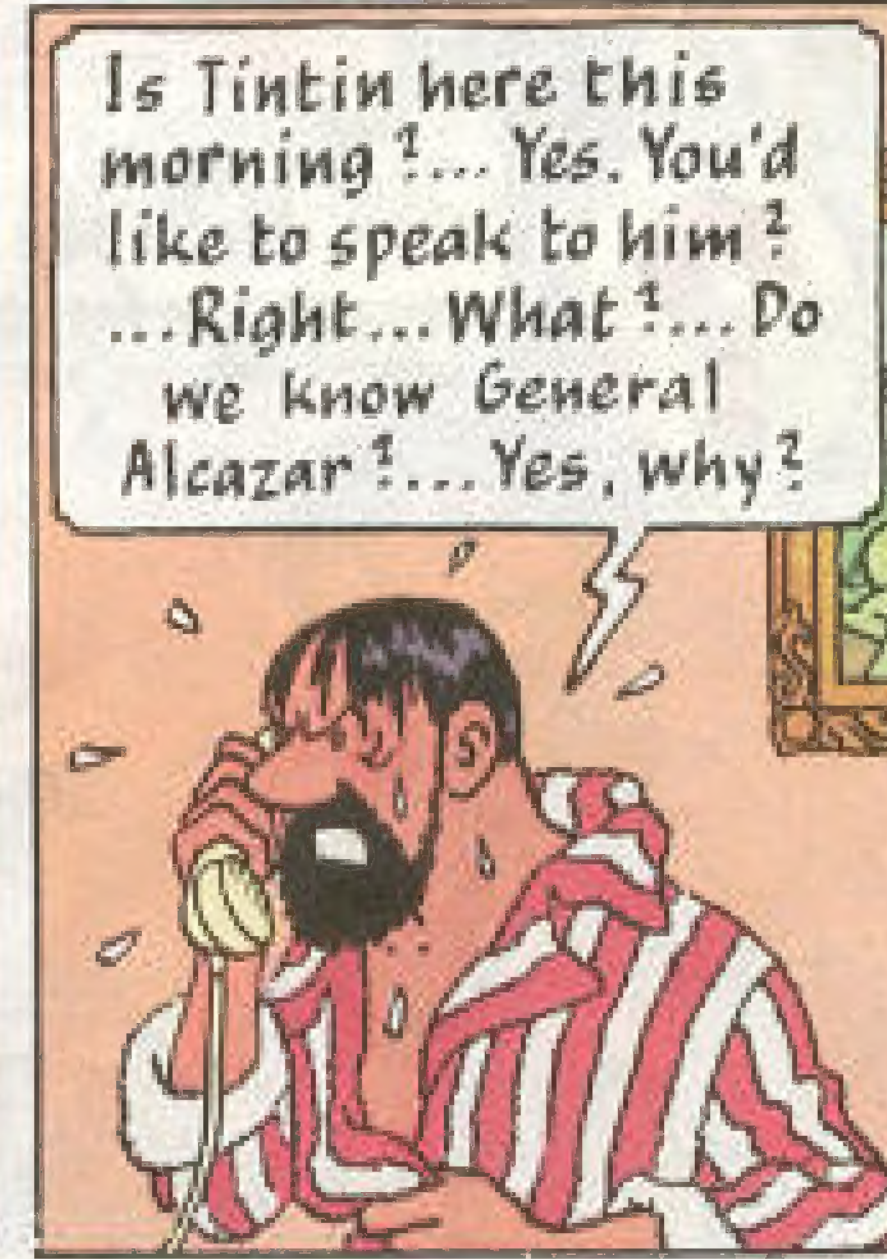
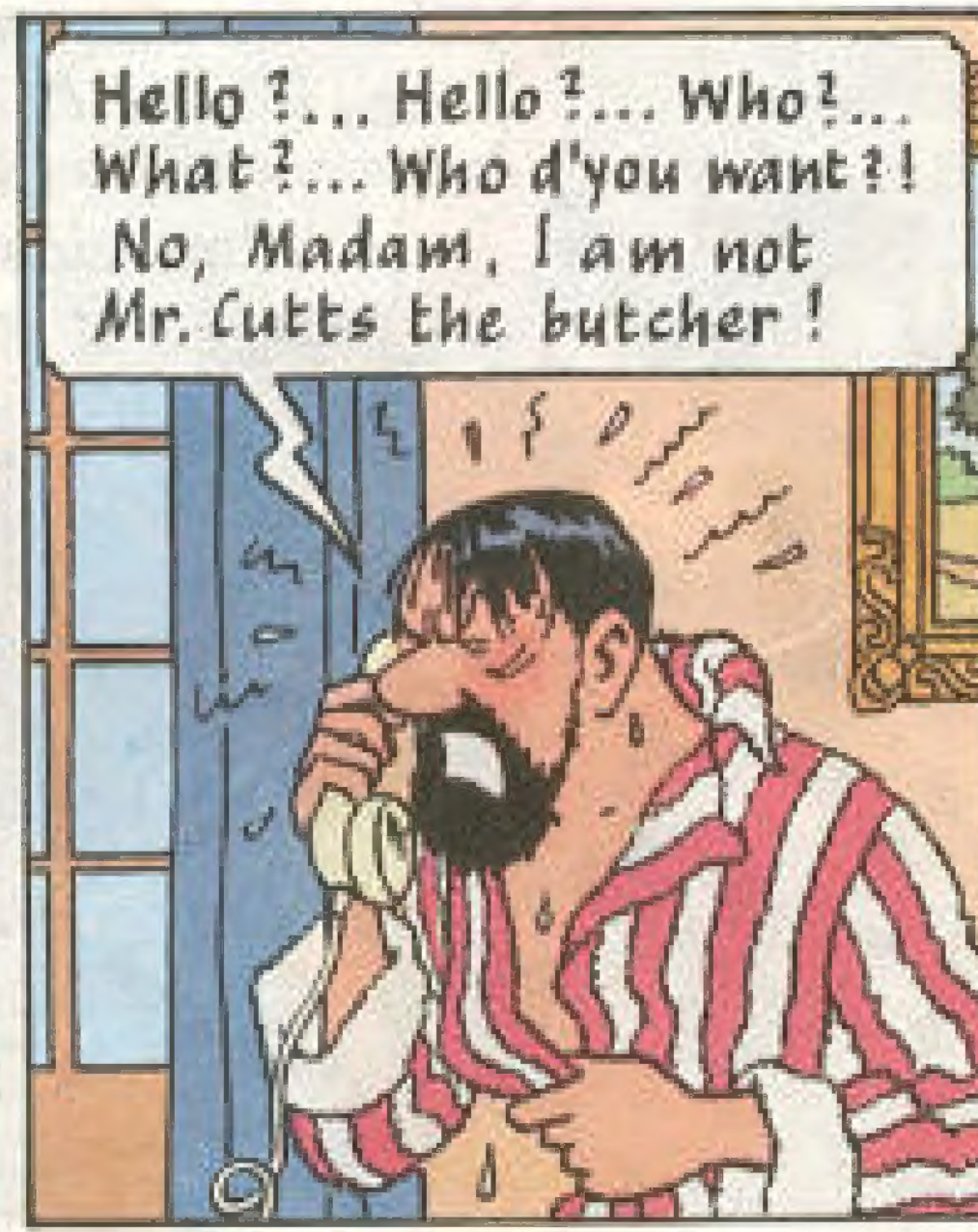
*Most esteemed and well-beloved friend,*

*I entrust to you my son Abdullah; to improve his English. Here the situation is serious. Should any misfortune befall me I count on you, my friend, to care for Abdullah.*

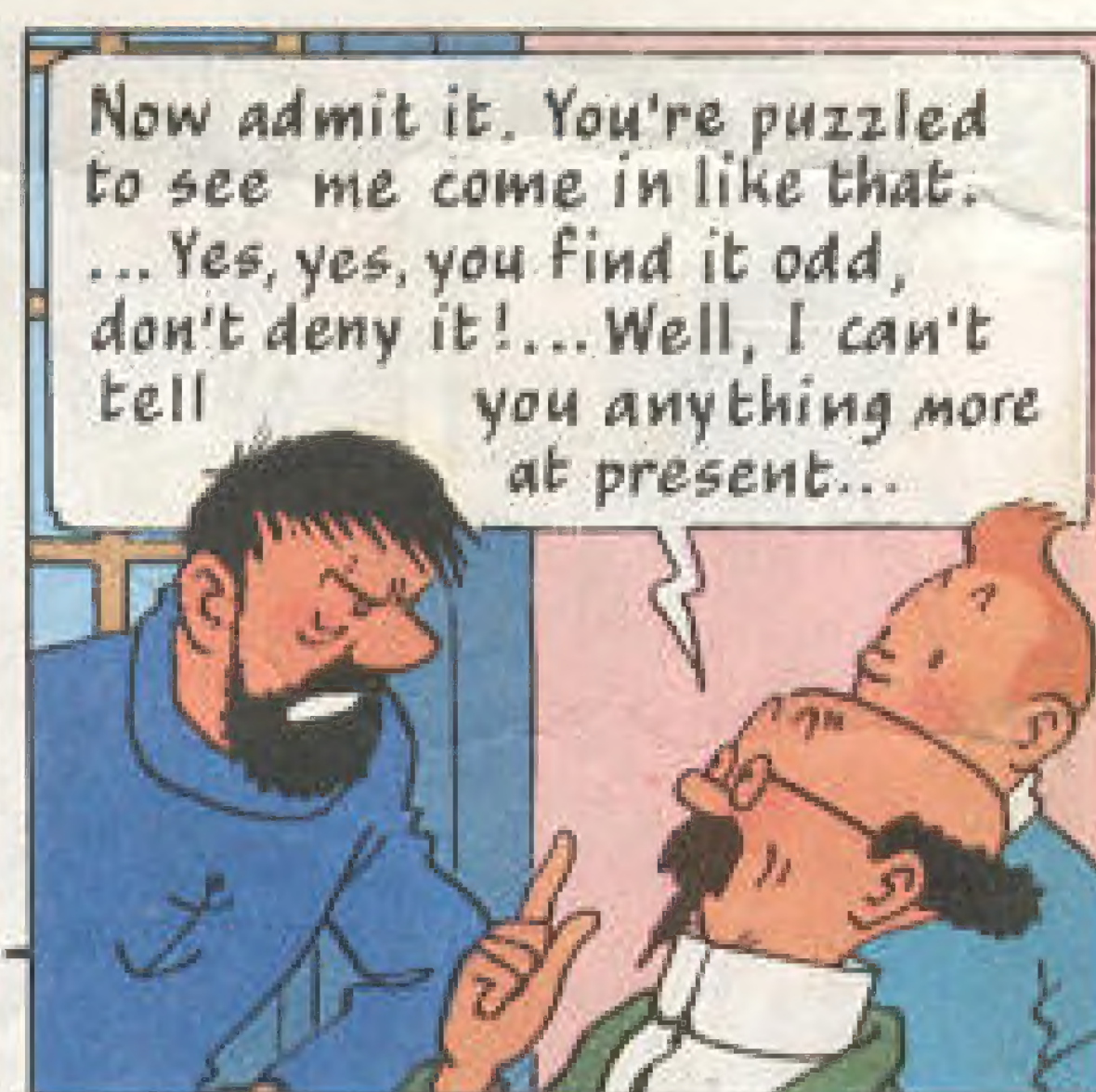
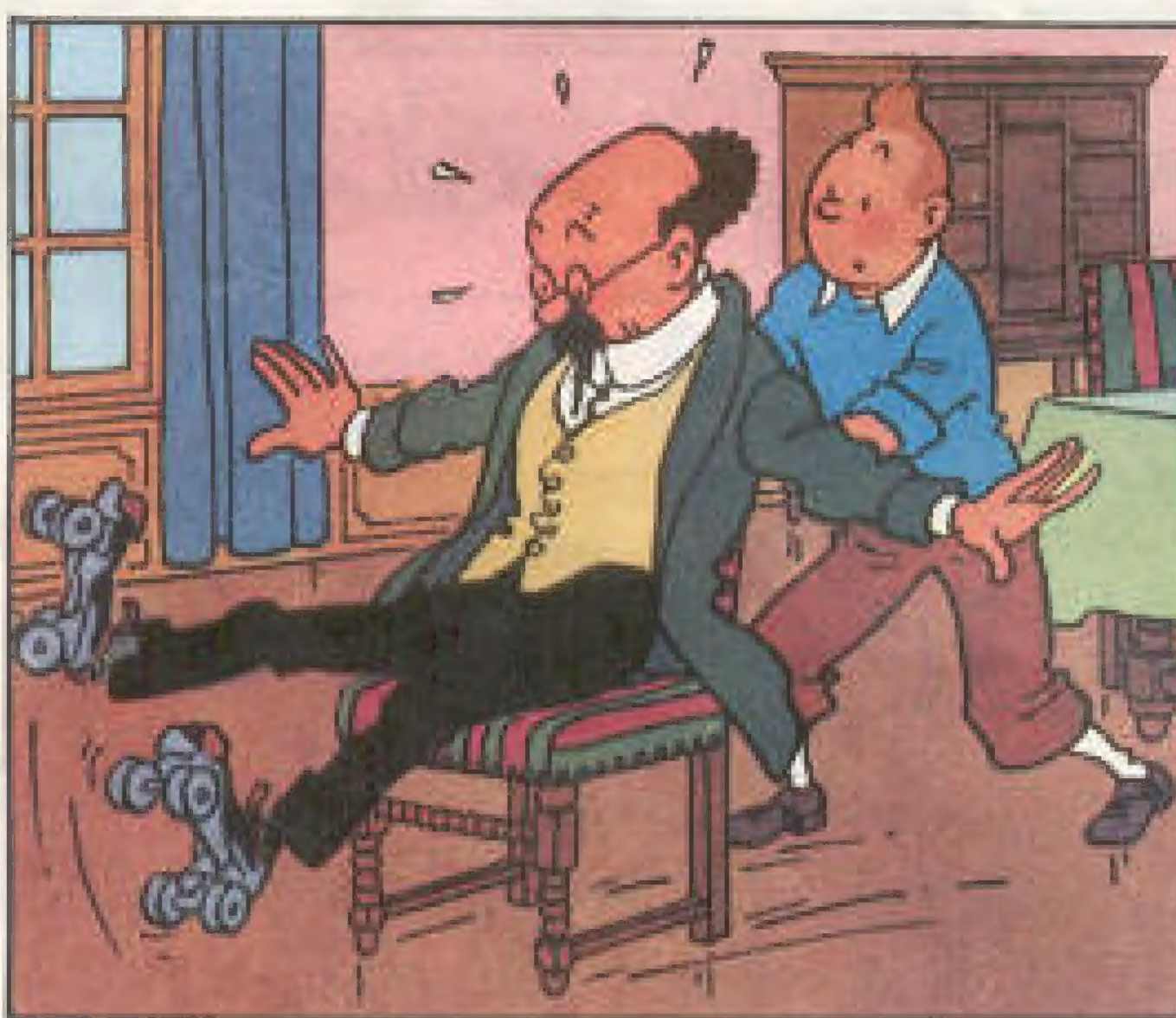
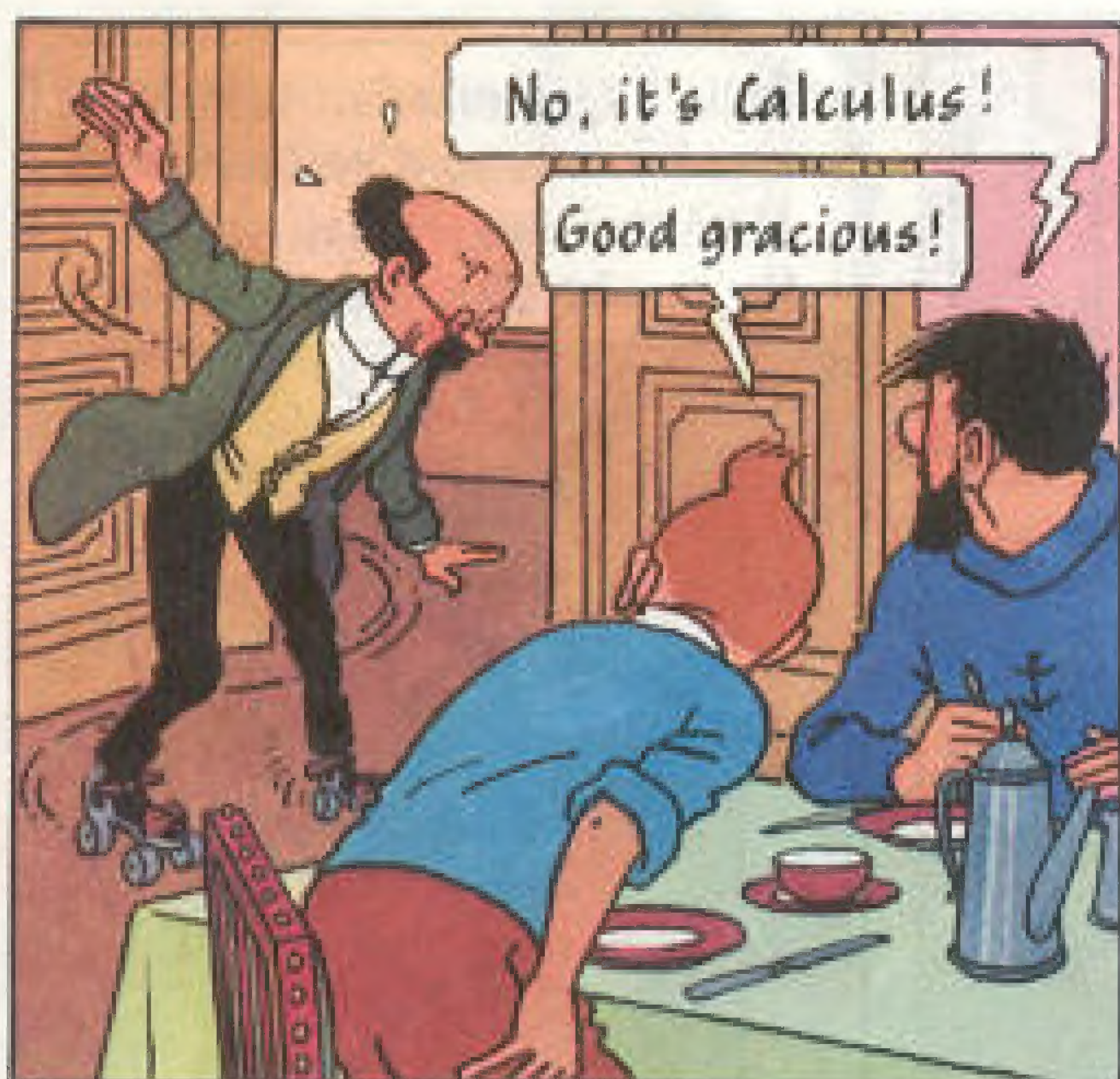
*Emir Ben Kalish Ezab*



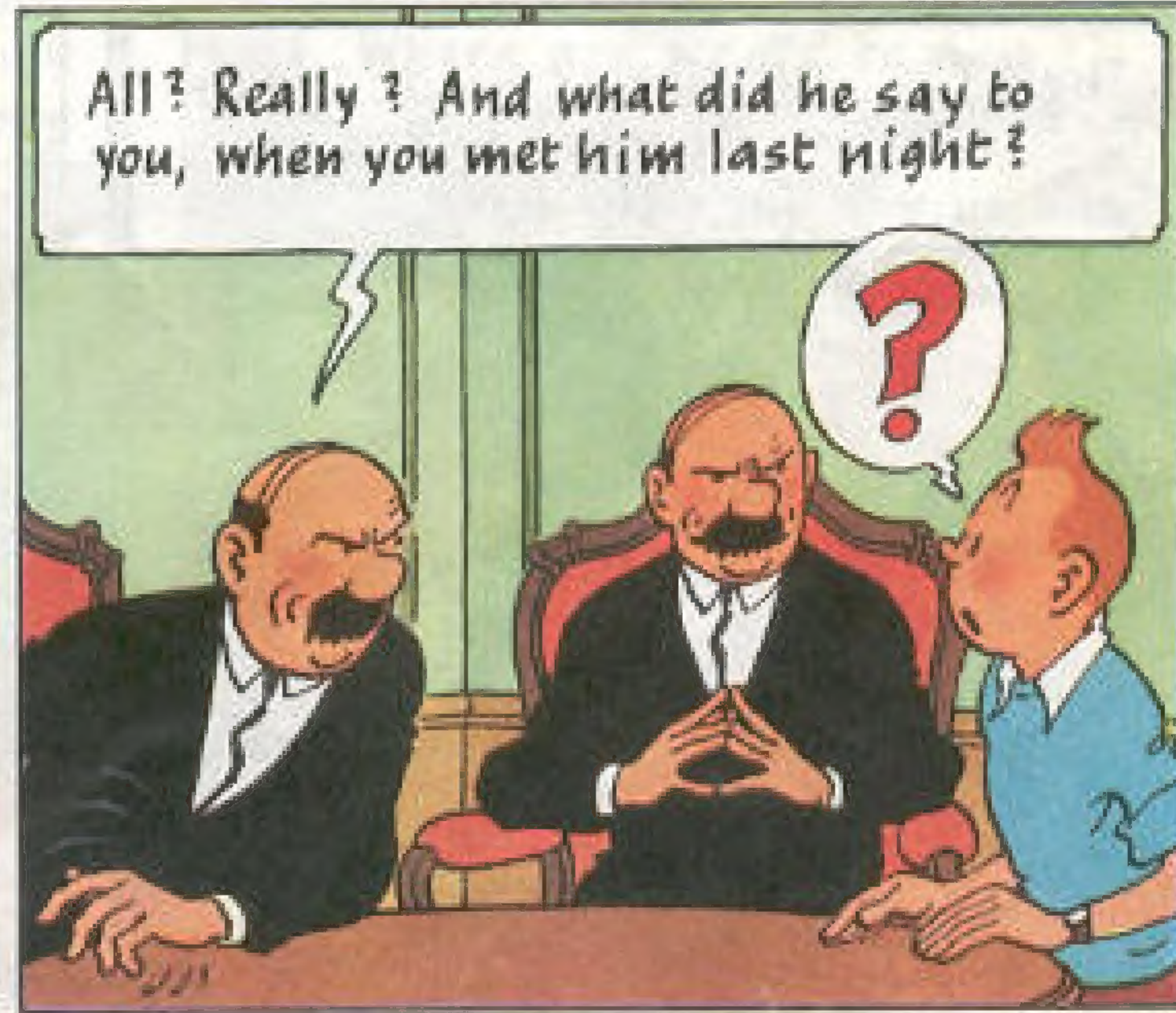
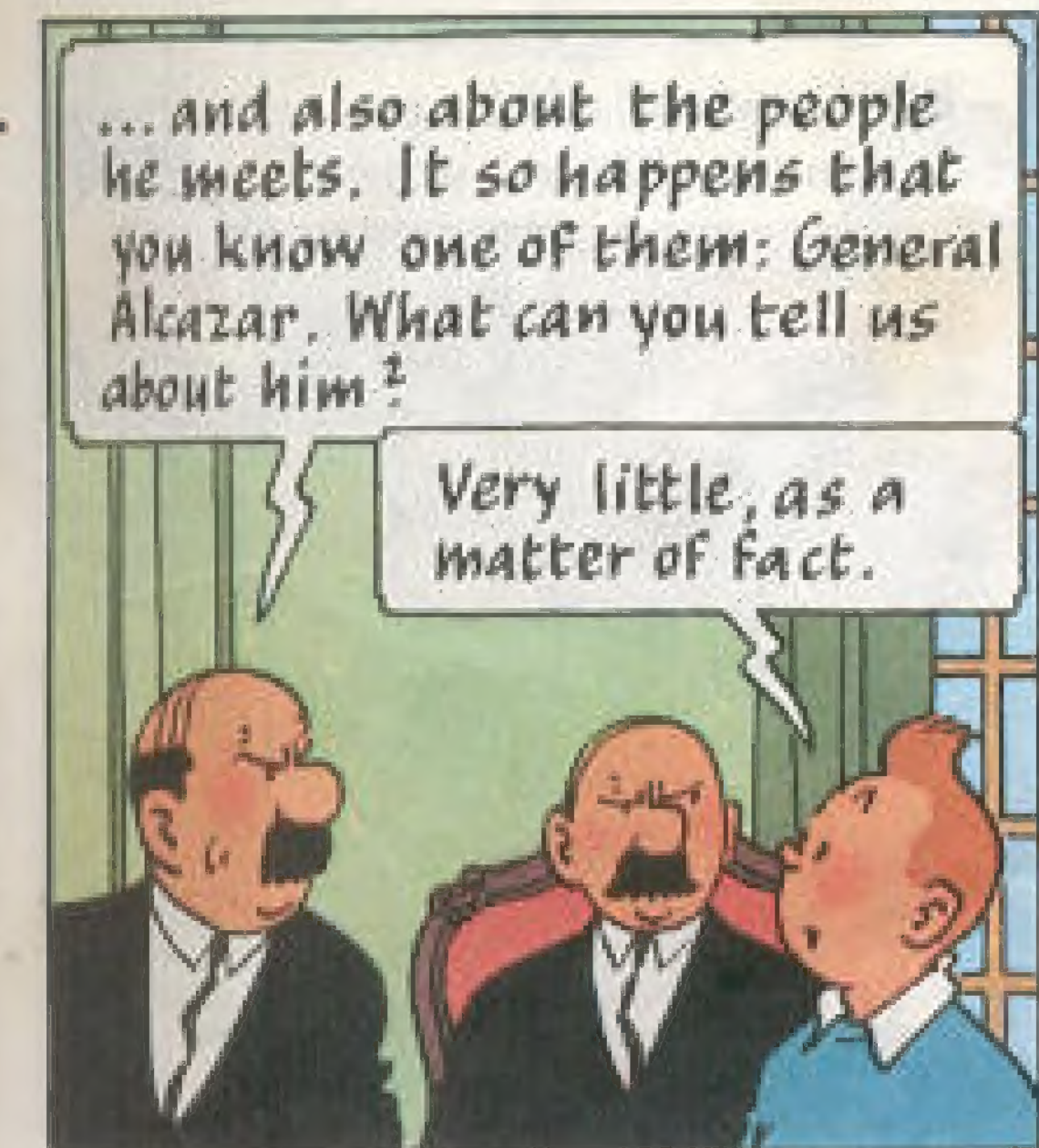
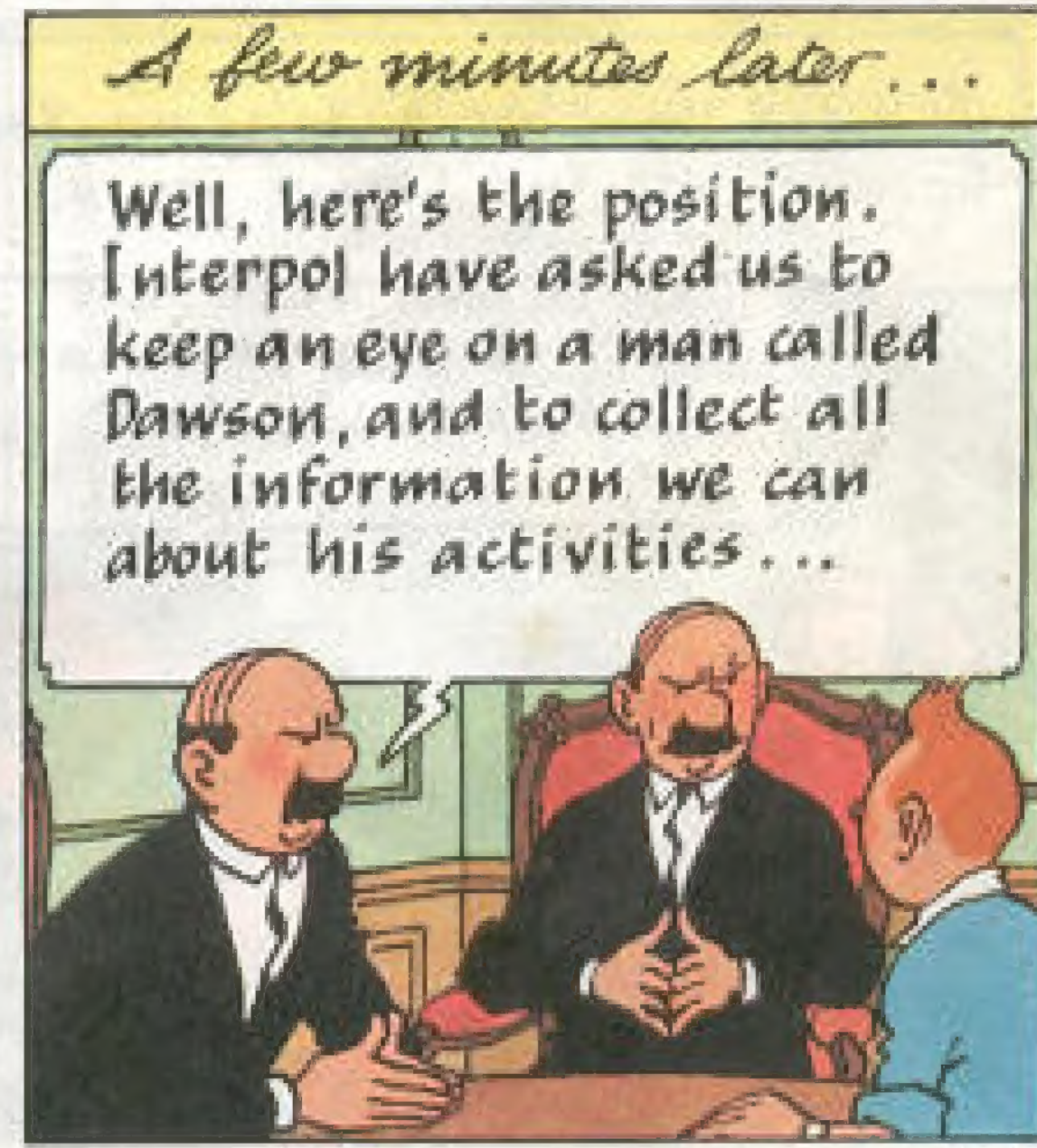














Aha! That surprised you, eh? You forget, my friend, in our job there's nothing we don't know.

To be precise: we know nothing in our job!



It's true that we met him last night. I was going to tell you... He said he was travelling, he was in a hurry, and he was staying at the Hotel... er... the Hotel...

Excelsior: yes, we know.



Oh? Well, that's the lot... He didn't say anything else... But what have you against him? What do you suspect?

Why are we suspect? I mean, what do we suspect? My dear fellow, if you imagine we'll tell you he's smuggling aircraft, you're much mistaken. "Mum's the word", that's our motto.



Well said!... To be precise: "Dumb's the word", that's our motto. The general may have come to Europe to buy up old aircraft, but you won't learn that from us! Now we must be going. Goodbye, Tintin.

Goodbye.



Ah! Here comes Nestor with our hats and sticks.



What a very peculiar thing: my hat has shrunk.

How strange. With me it's the opposite; I've got a swollen head...



Oh, I see. We've got muddled up. You have my hat and I have yours.

That's it: our hats are in a huddle. In short, we're contrarywise...



But it still isn't right!

Nor is mine!

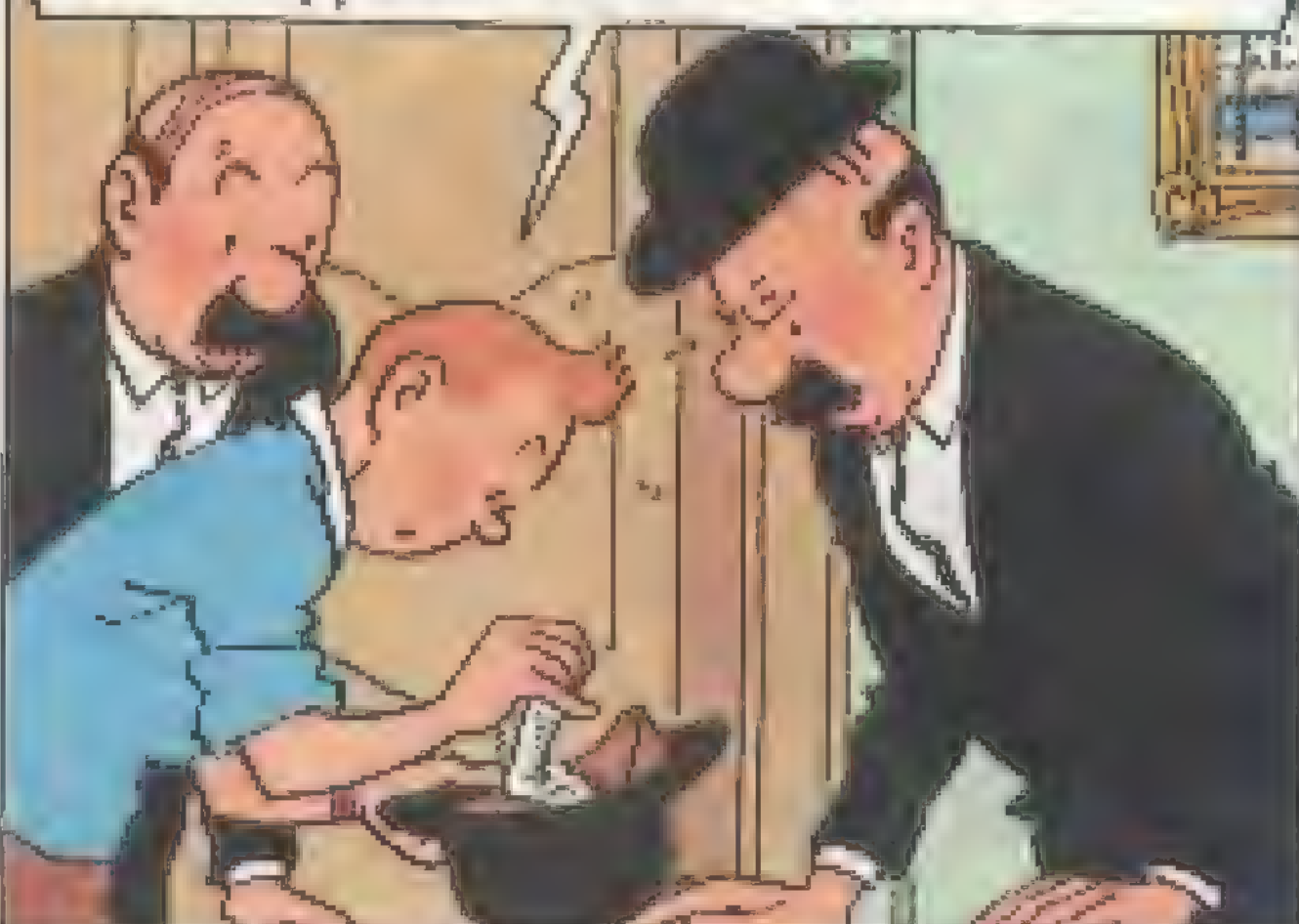


May I see?... You can bet Abdullah's behind this...

Abdullah?



There!... I thought as much. It's an old joke: newspapers folded up and slipped into the band.



A little later on...

Abdullah and his tricks!



Well, what did our Siamese twins want?







Just read this advertisement I've found in an old newspaper!



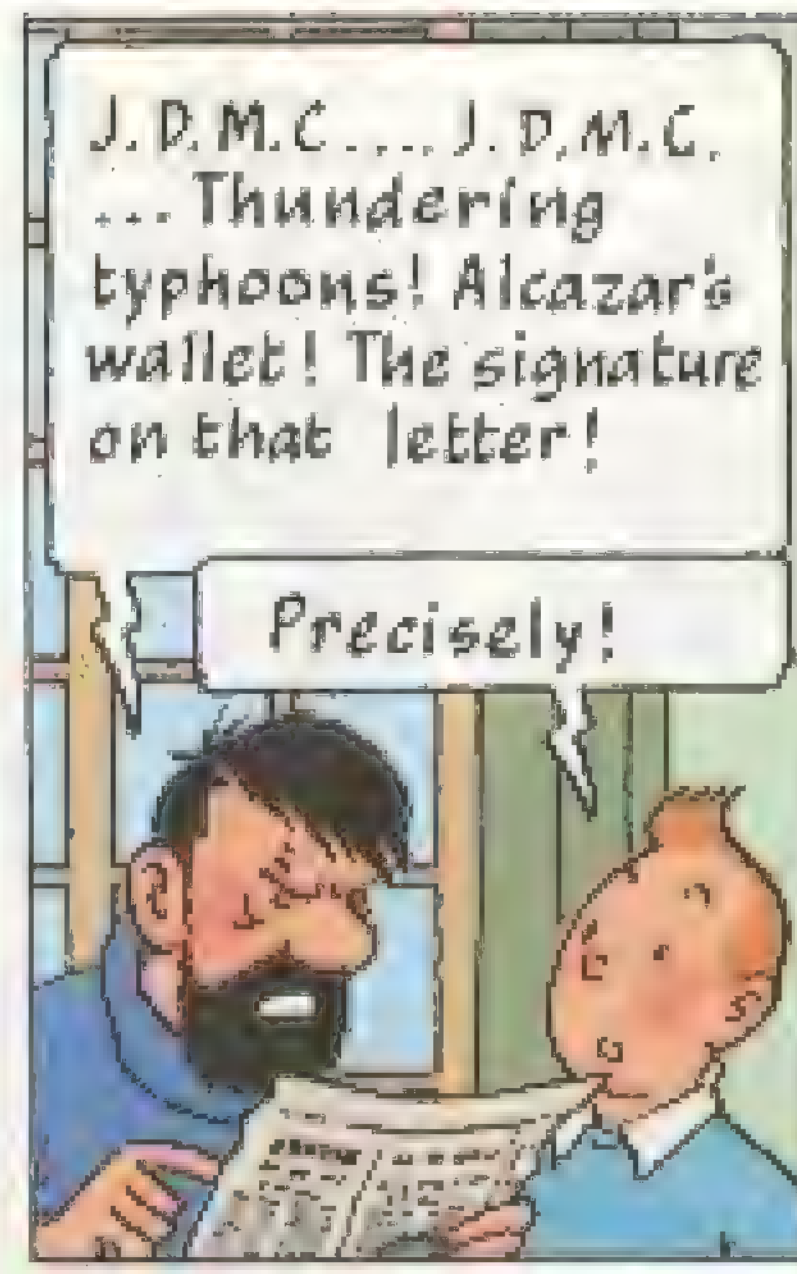
**FOR SALE**  
AIRCRAFT, TANKS,  
SUBMARINES ETC  
Further particulars  
from J.D.M.C. Box  
No. 5083, DR

EXPORT CO. LTD.  
Invited from



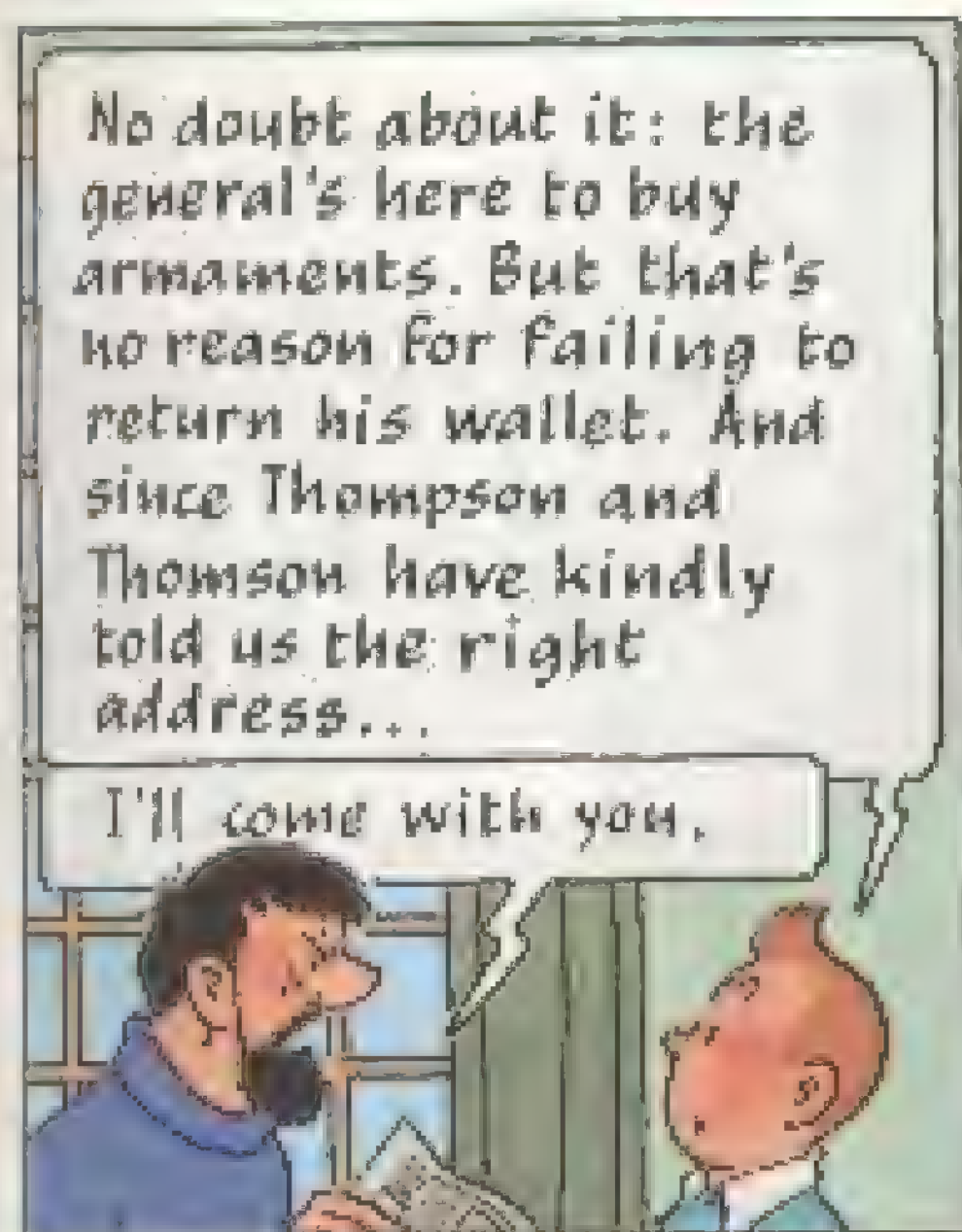
Extraordinary!... Why don't they add: "on easy terms". You'll see, we'll end up buying a battleship or the 'Queen Mary' on the never-never!

Maybe. But did you notice the initials?



J.D.M.C.... J.D.M.C.... Thundering typhoons! Alcazar's wallet! The signature on that letter!

Precisely!



No doubt about it: the general's here to buy armaments. But that's no reason for failing to return his wallet. And since Thompson and Thomson have kindly told us the right address...

I'll come with you.



Later, at the Hotel Excelsior...

General Alcazar? Yes, he's here, sir. I just saw him go past. You'll find him in the lounge.

Thank you.



There...



Look... he's talking to someone. But... good heavens! It's Dawson. I've met him before. He was police chief in the International Settlement in Shanghai.



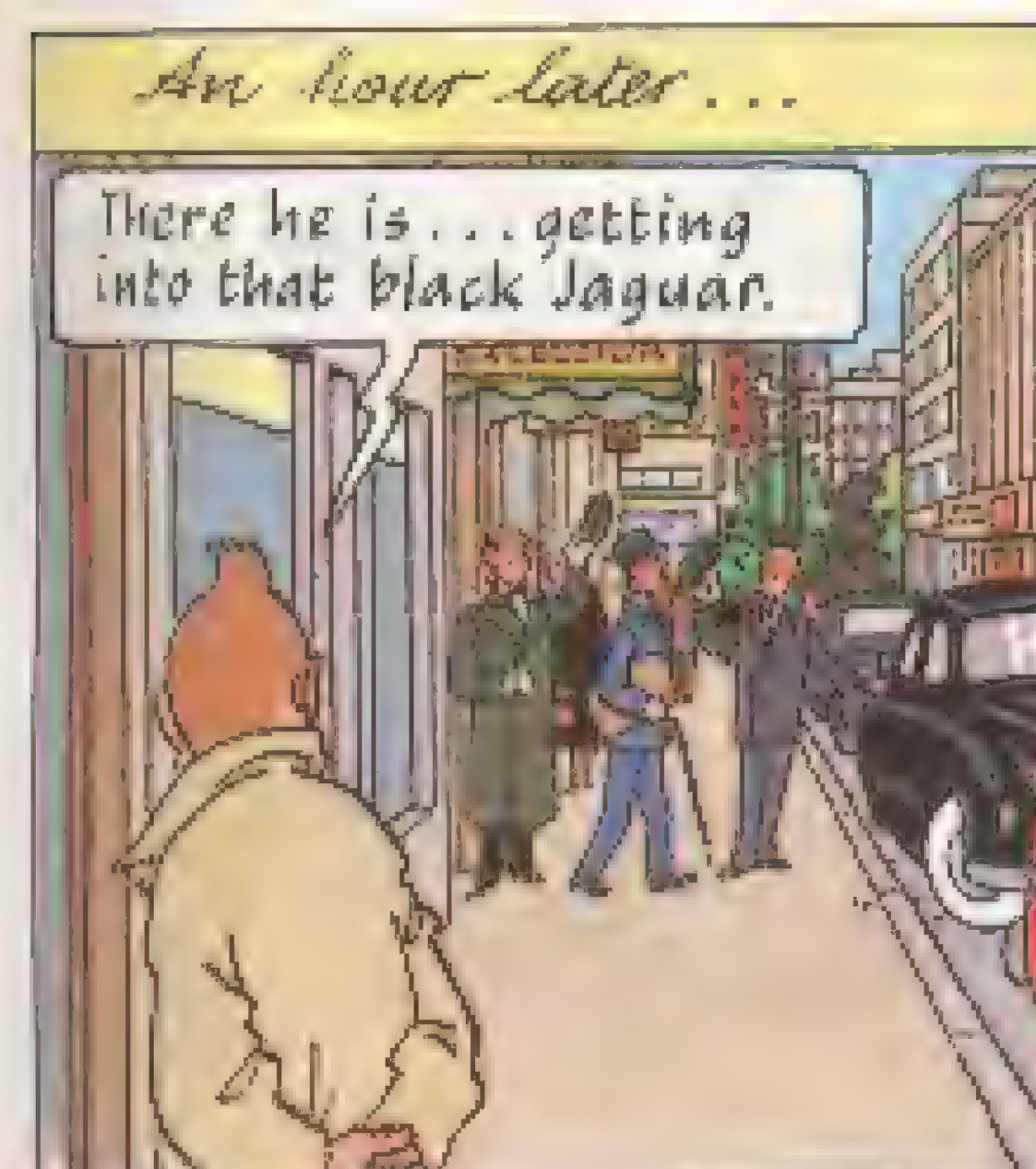
And there in the background, lurking behind their newspapers...

The Thompsons!



This all looks pretty fishy; I'd like to know a bit more about it. Listen, Captain; you stay here, and as soon as Dawson goes, you return General Alcazar's wallet. I'll follow Dawson. We'll meet at Marlinspike.

O.K.



An hour later...

There he is... getting into that black Jaguar.



Quick, taxi!... Follow that black Jaguar, there, ahead of us.

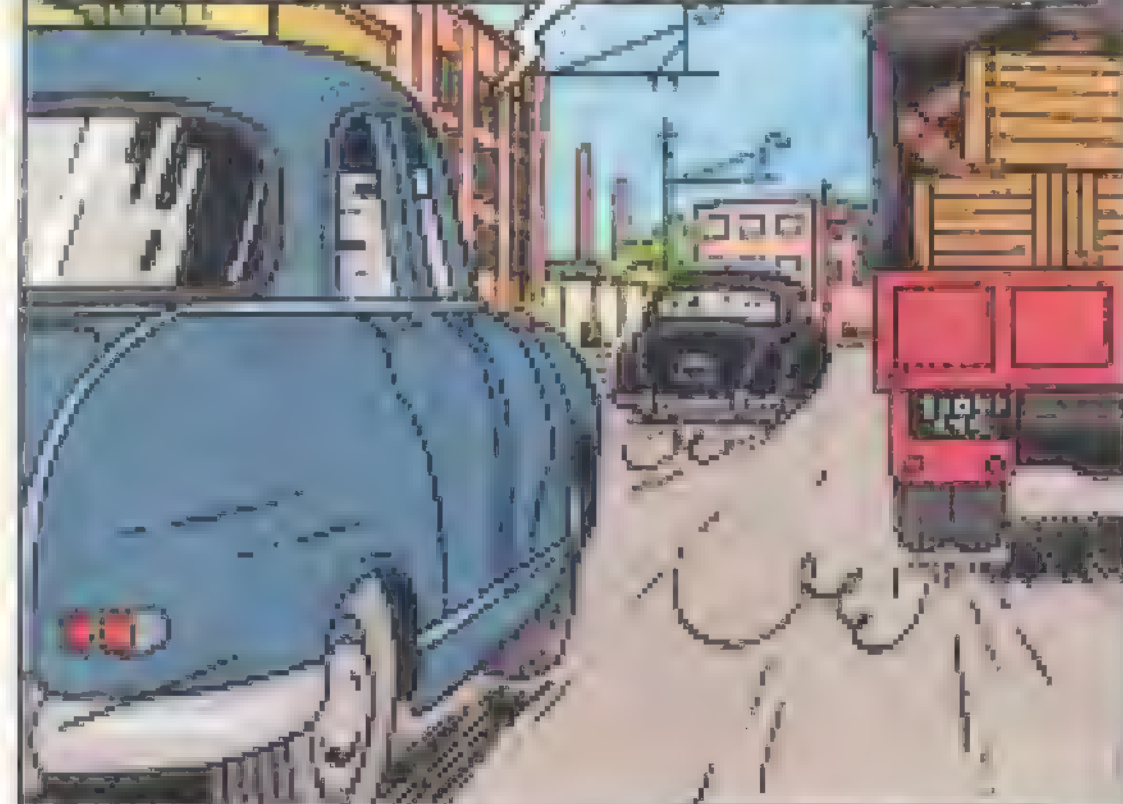


Where are we off to now?

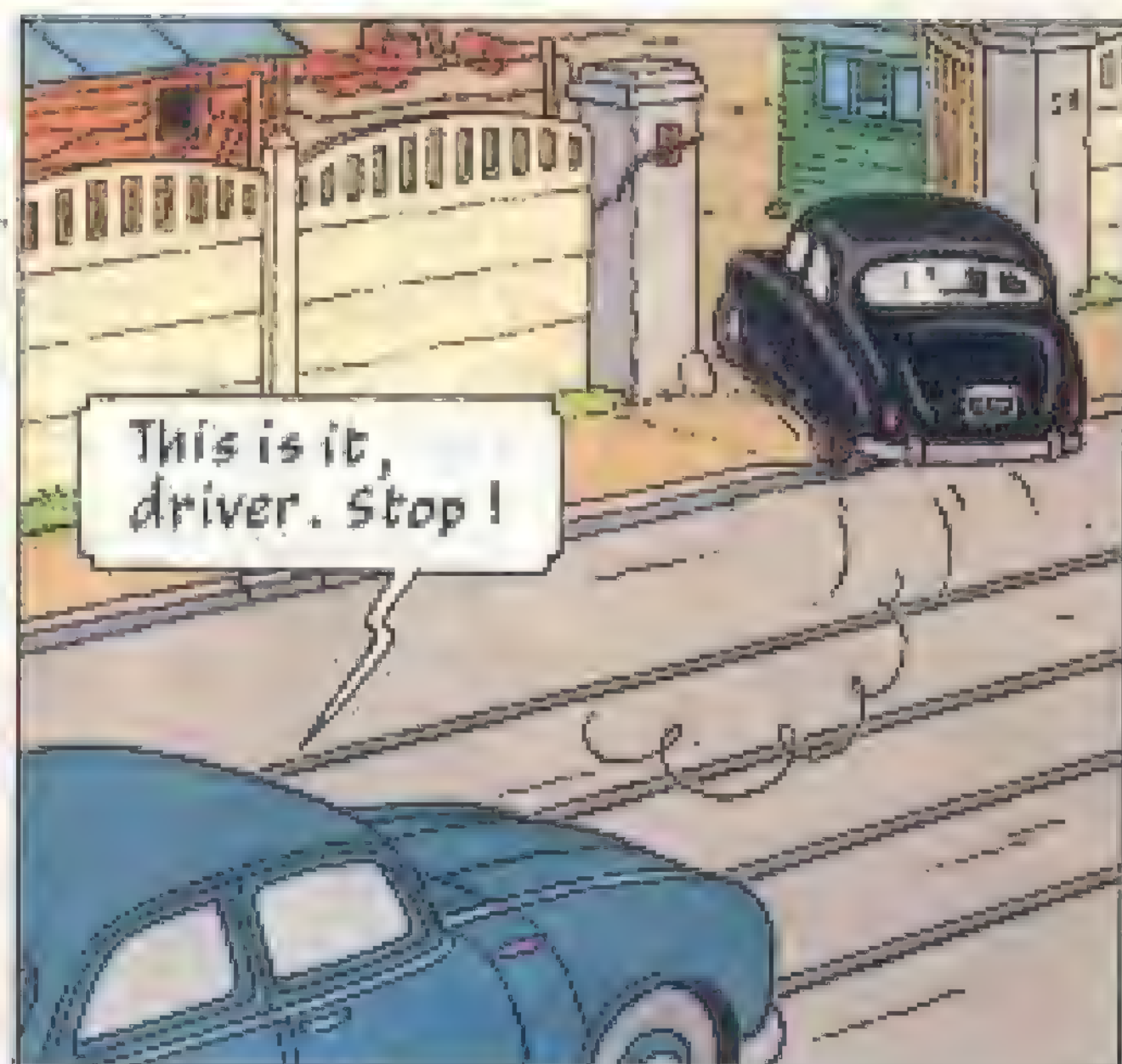


Fifteen minutes later...

We're on the outskirts of town already... Ah, he's slowing down. He's going to turn off.



This is it, driver. Stop!



Oh! A watchman!



How can I get in without being seen? ... Perhaps ... Yes, I know ...



We're over the first hurdle. Now let's see...



Aircraft! So we were right!



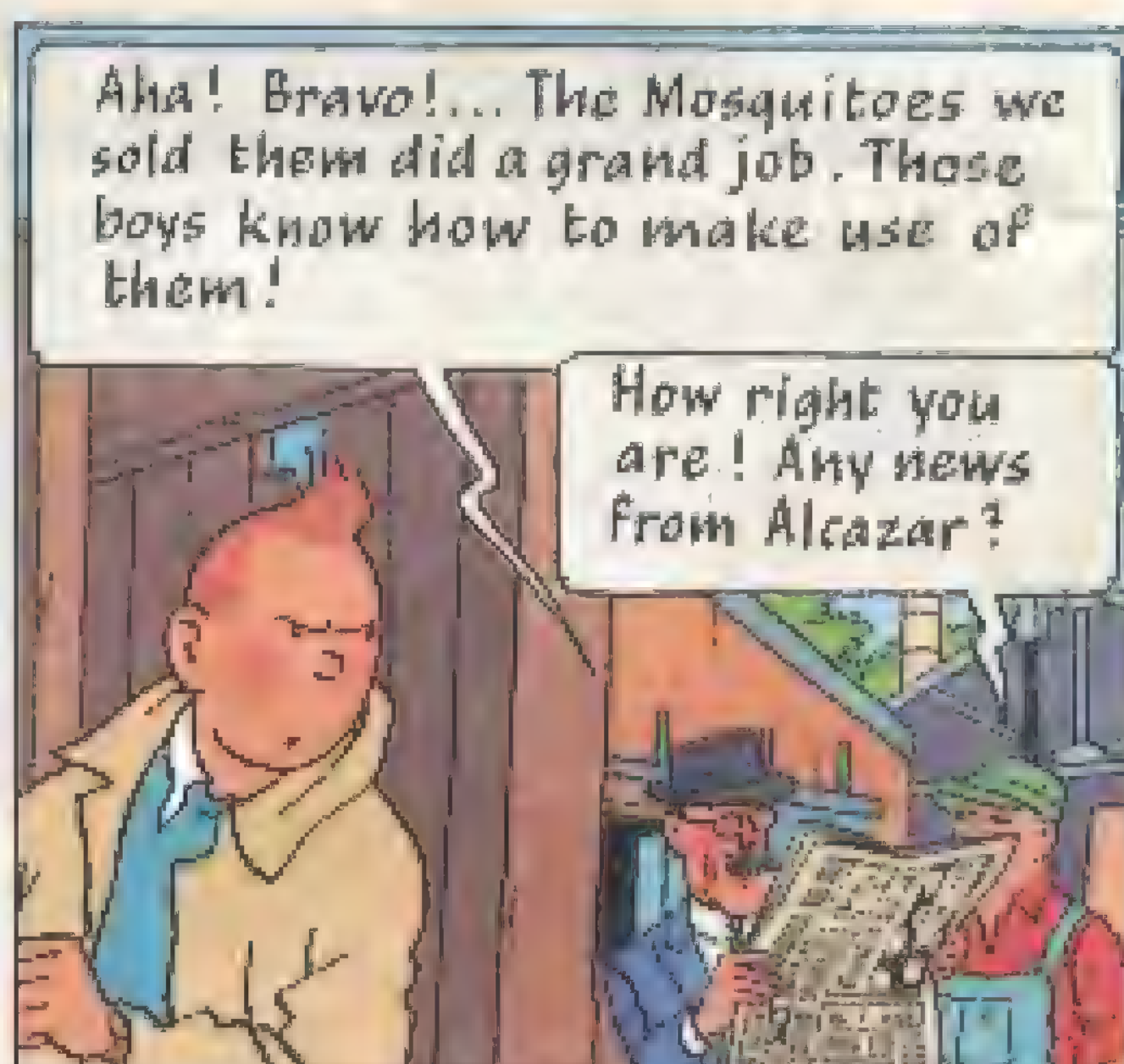
Careful! Footsteps!



'Morning guv'. Seen the "Reporter" today?... No?. Well, read that...

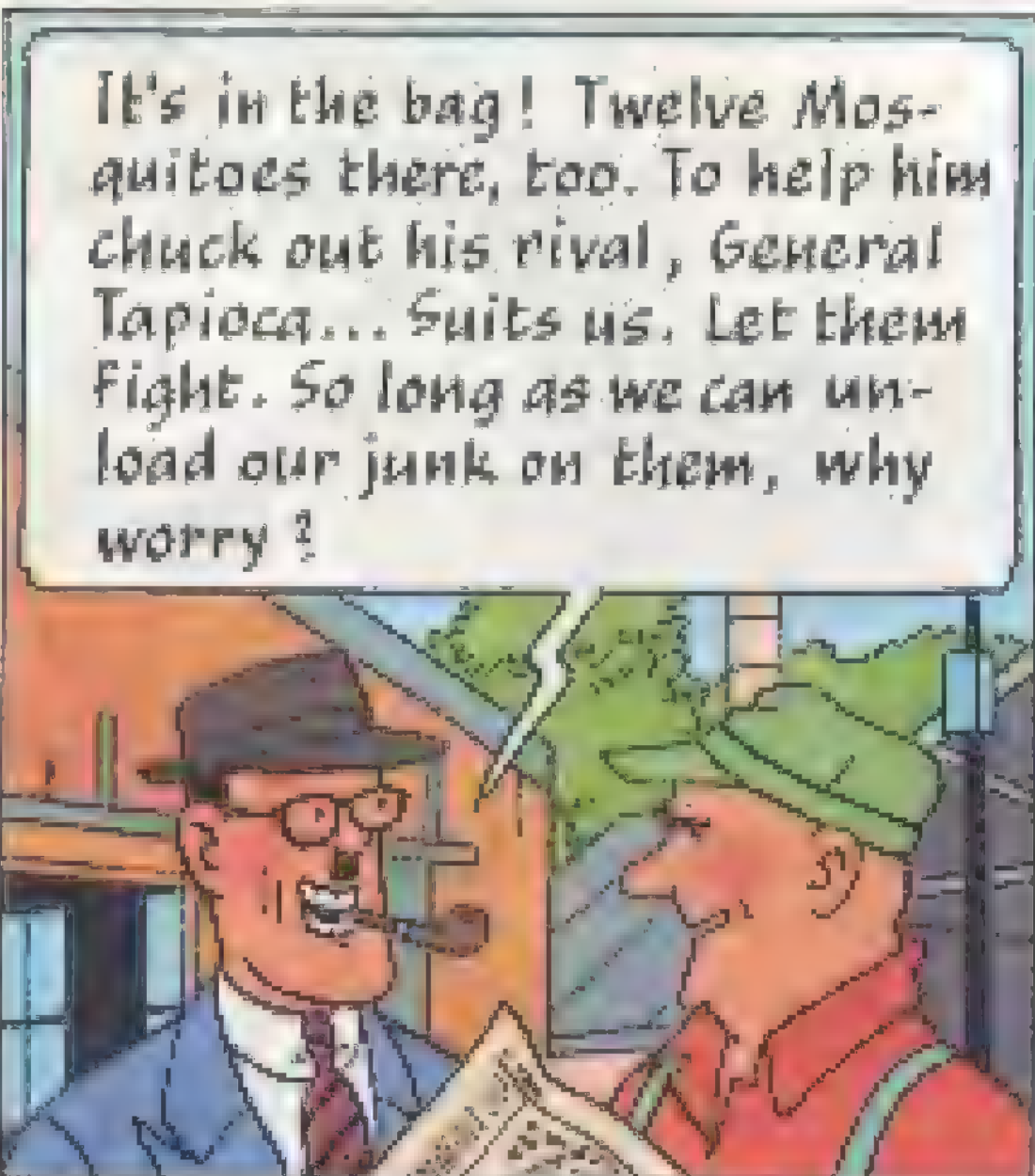


Aha! Bravo!... The Mosquitoes we sold them did a grand job. Those boys know how to make use of them!

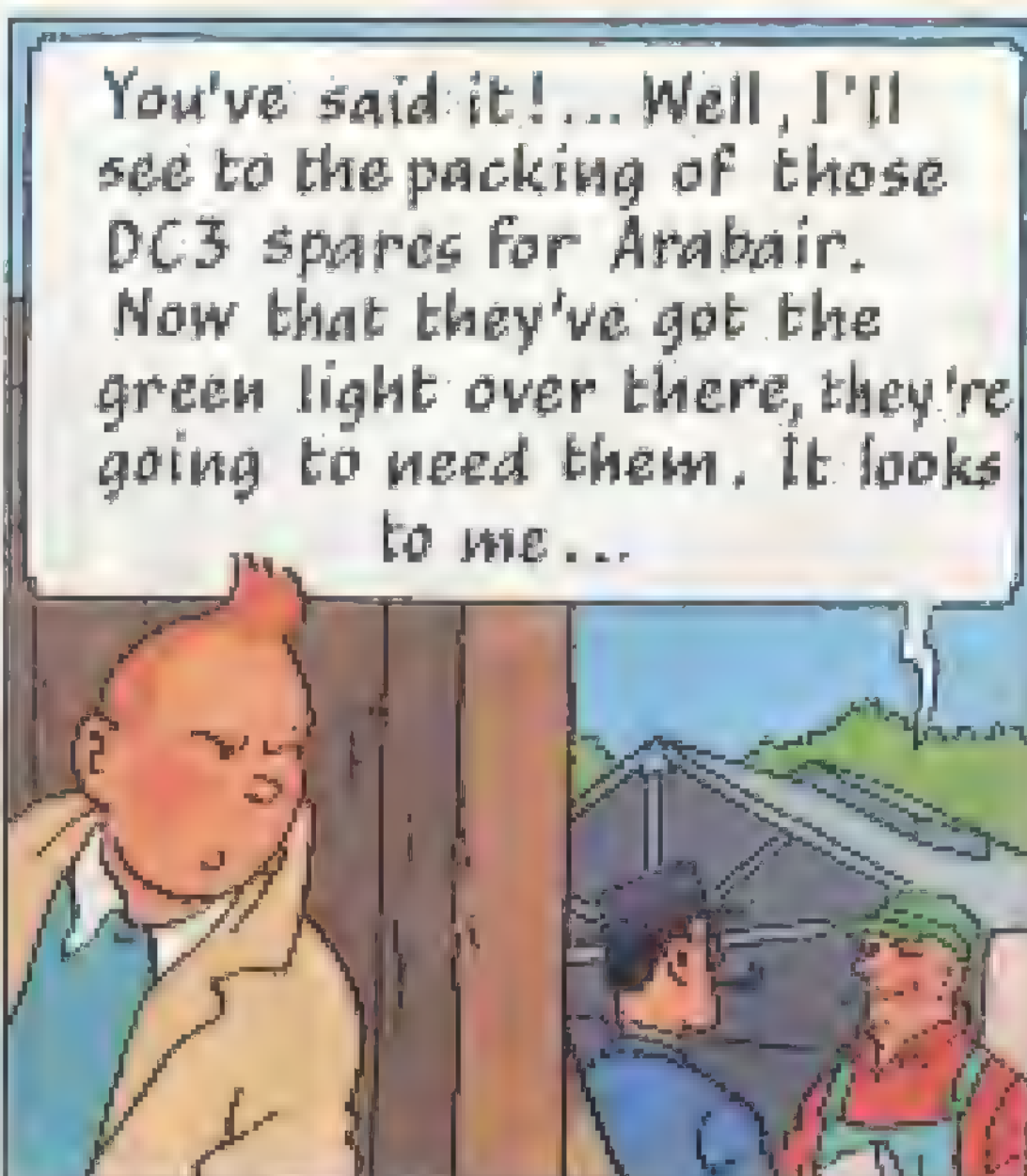


How right you are! Any news from Alcazar?

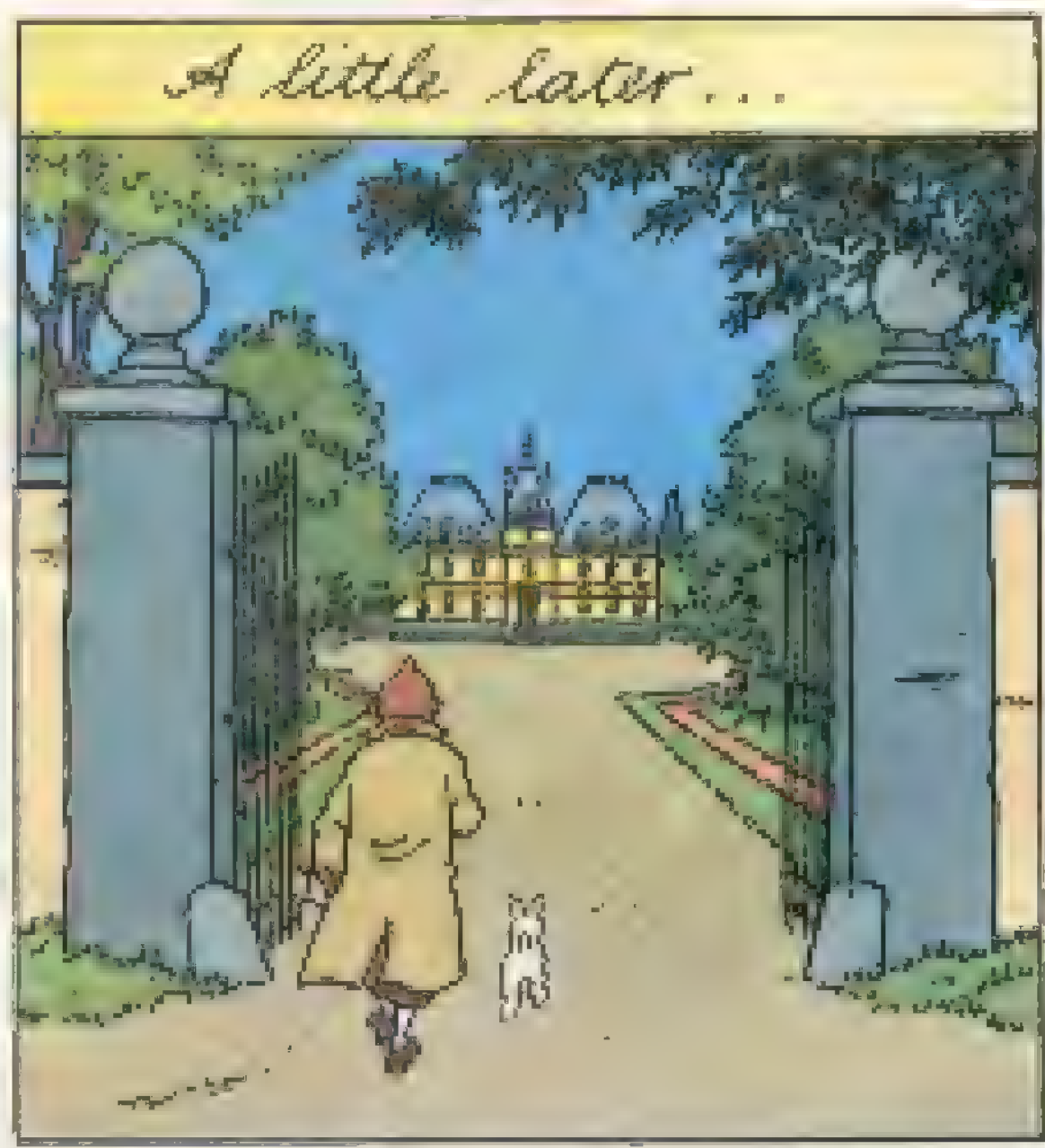
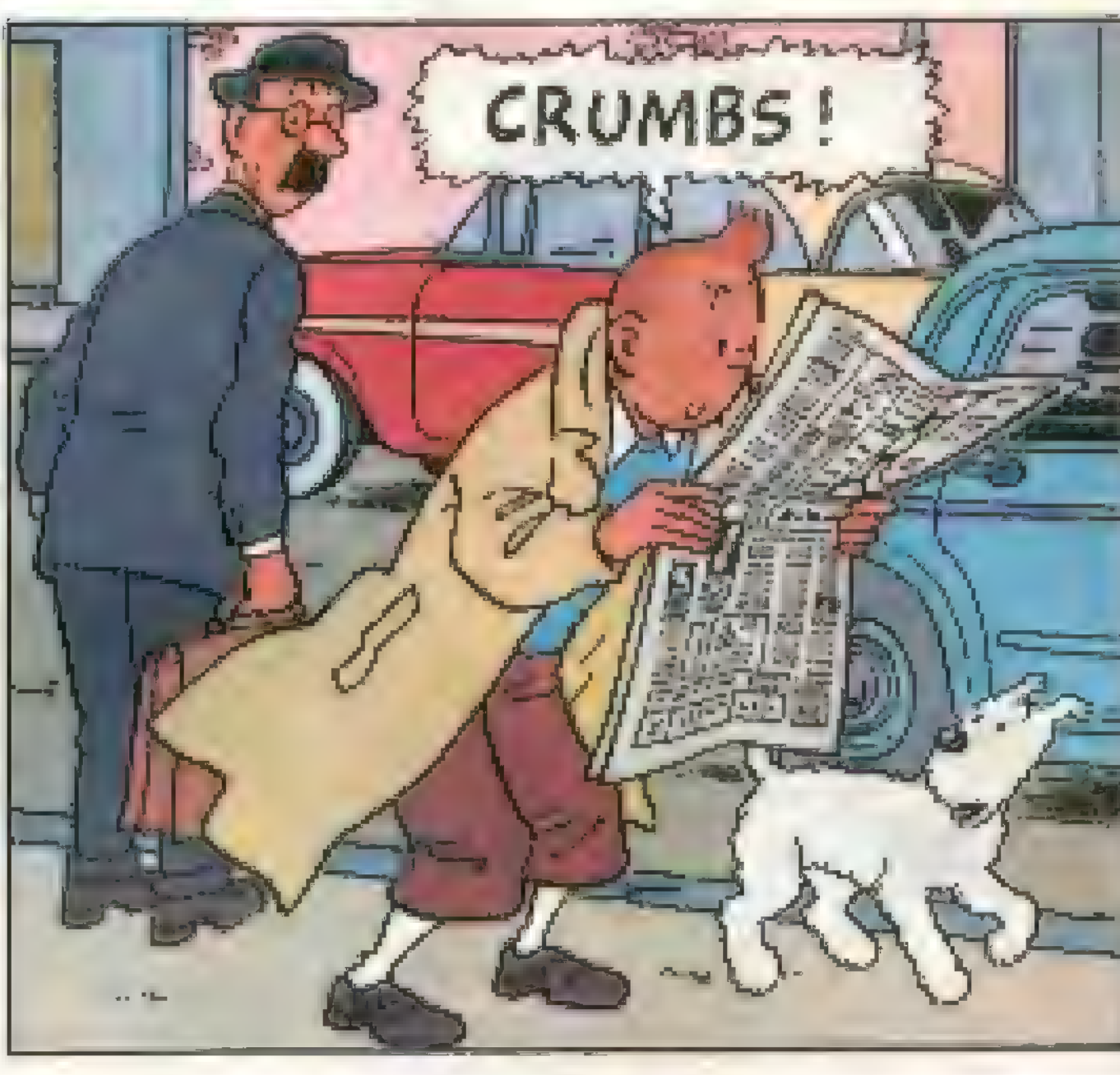
It's in the bag! Twelve Mosquitoes there, too. To help him chuck out his rival, General Tapioca... Suits us. Let them fight. So long as we can unload our junk on them, why worry?



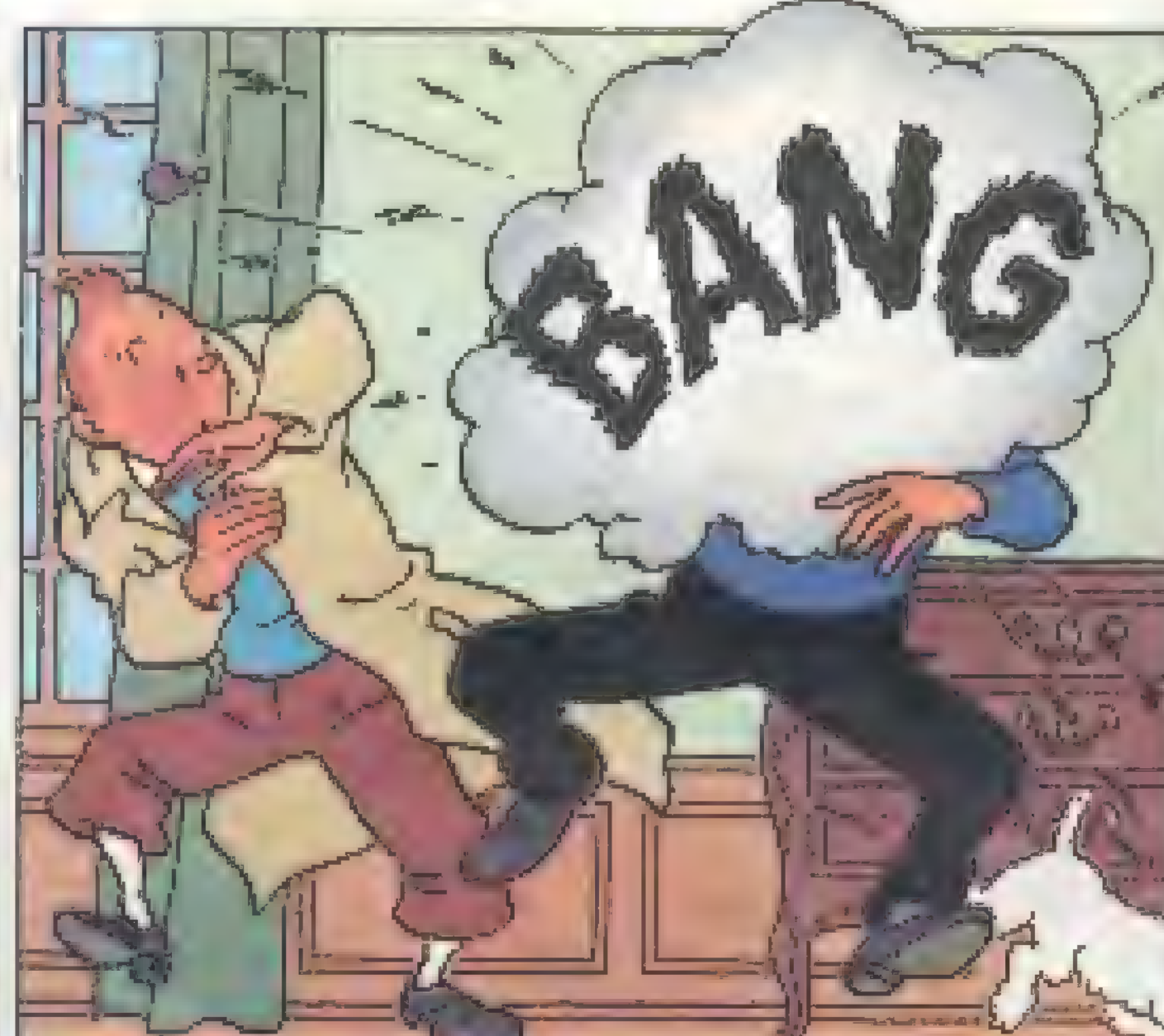
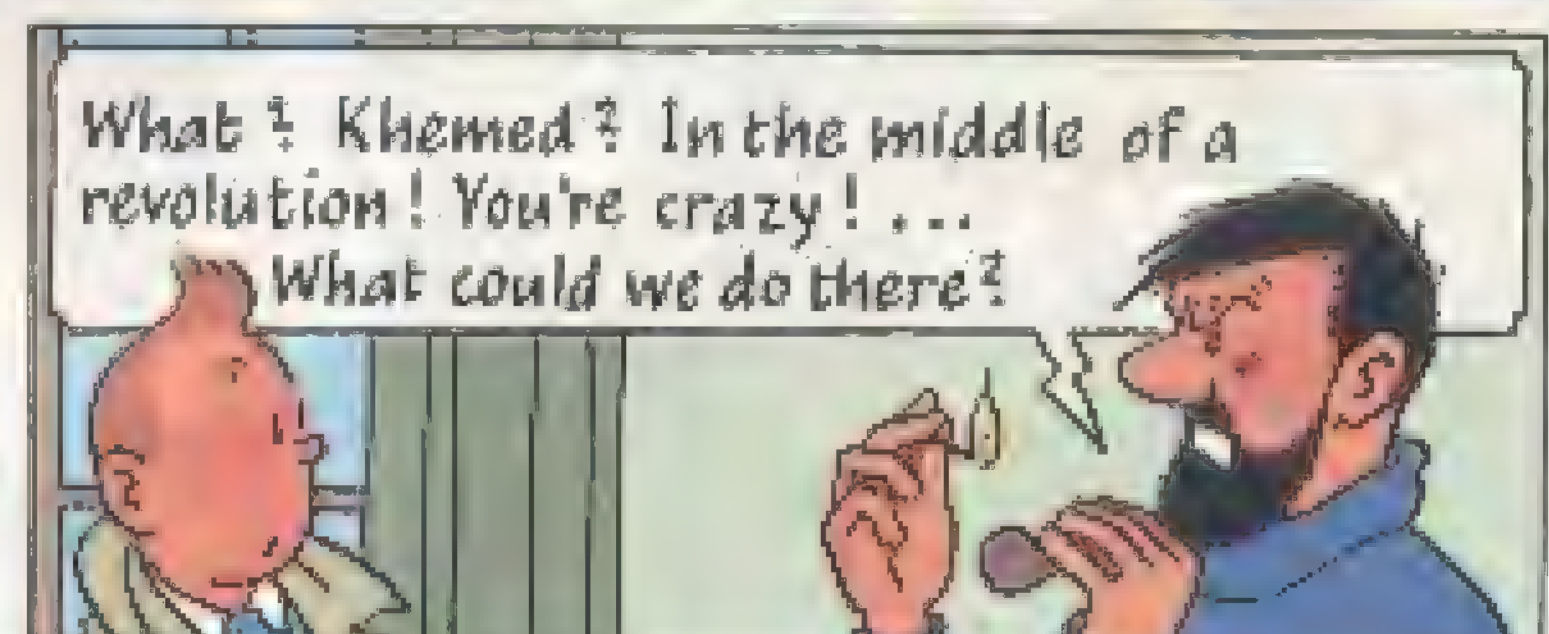
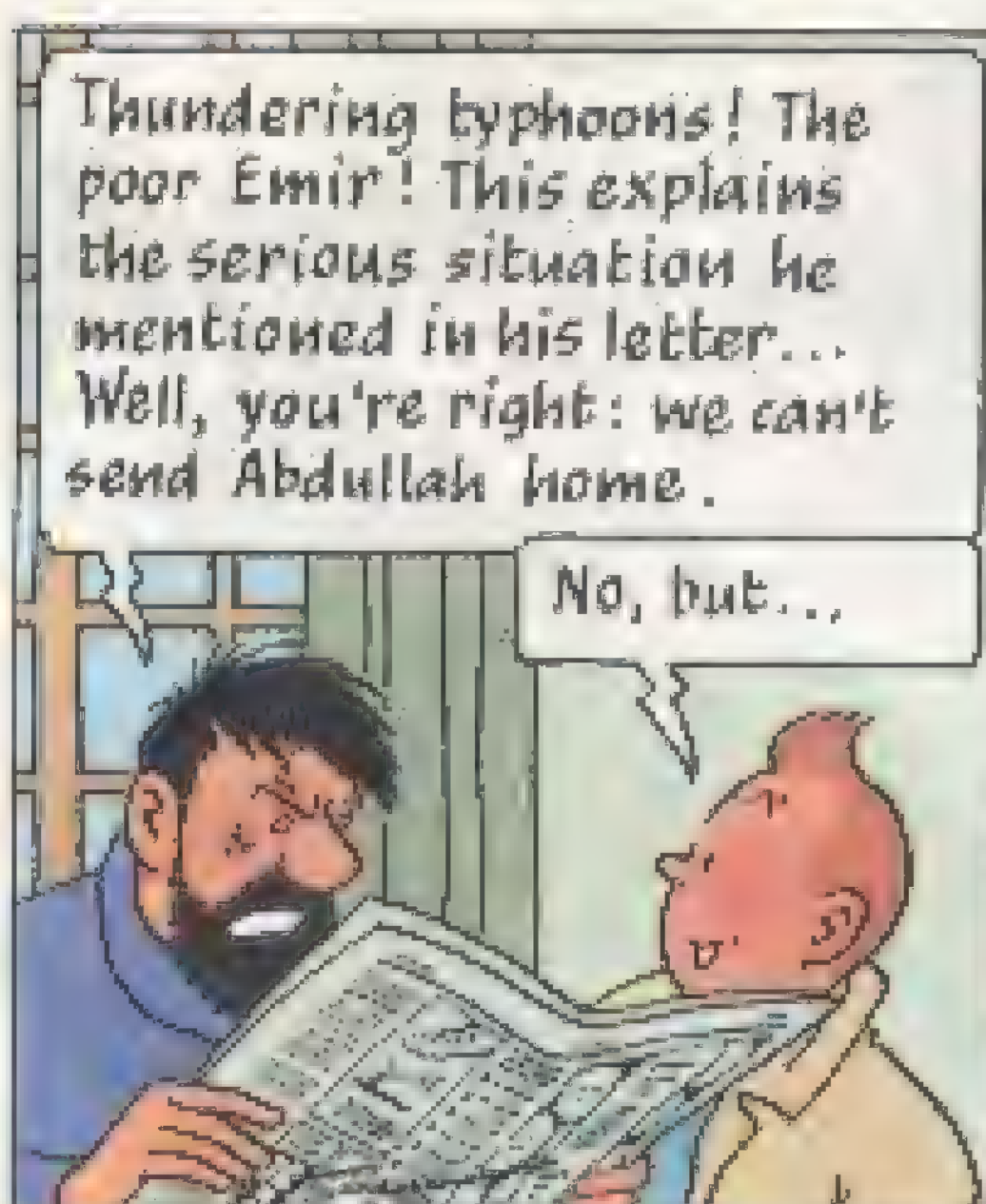
You've said it!... Well, I'll see to the packing of those DC3 spares for Arabair. Now that they've got the green light over there, they're going to need them. It looks to me...















A youngster with a white dog? That reminds me of something... but what?



RRRING  
RRRING

Hello?... Who's that?... Oh, it's you, General... What?... Oh, your wallet... You've got it back?



Yes, they bring him back. This Captain Haddock, who I meet yesterday with one of my friends... Tintin... Qué?... Si, Tintin. You know him?... Qué? The telephone call you receive last night?... Yes, it was him. He find your number in my wallet.



Tintin!... So he's the one sticking his nose into my business!... I'll soon take care of him.



The airport at Wadesdah, capital of Khemed, three days later...

Here comes the plane from Beirut.



You understand? If he's aboard, you put this briefcase in the baggage compartment.



I'm not sorry to get here... With these old crates you can never be sure...



I say, have you noticed?... Armed men all over the place.

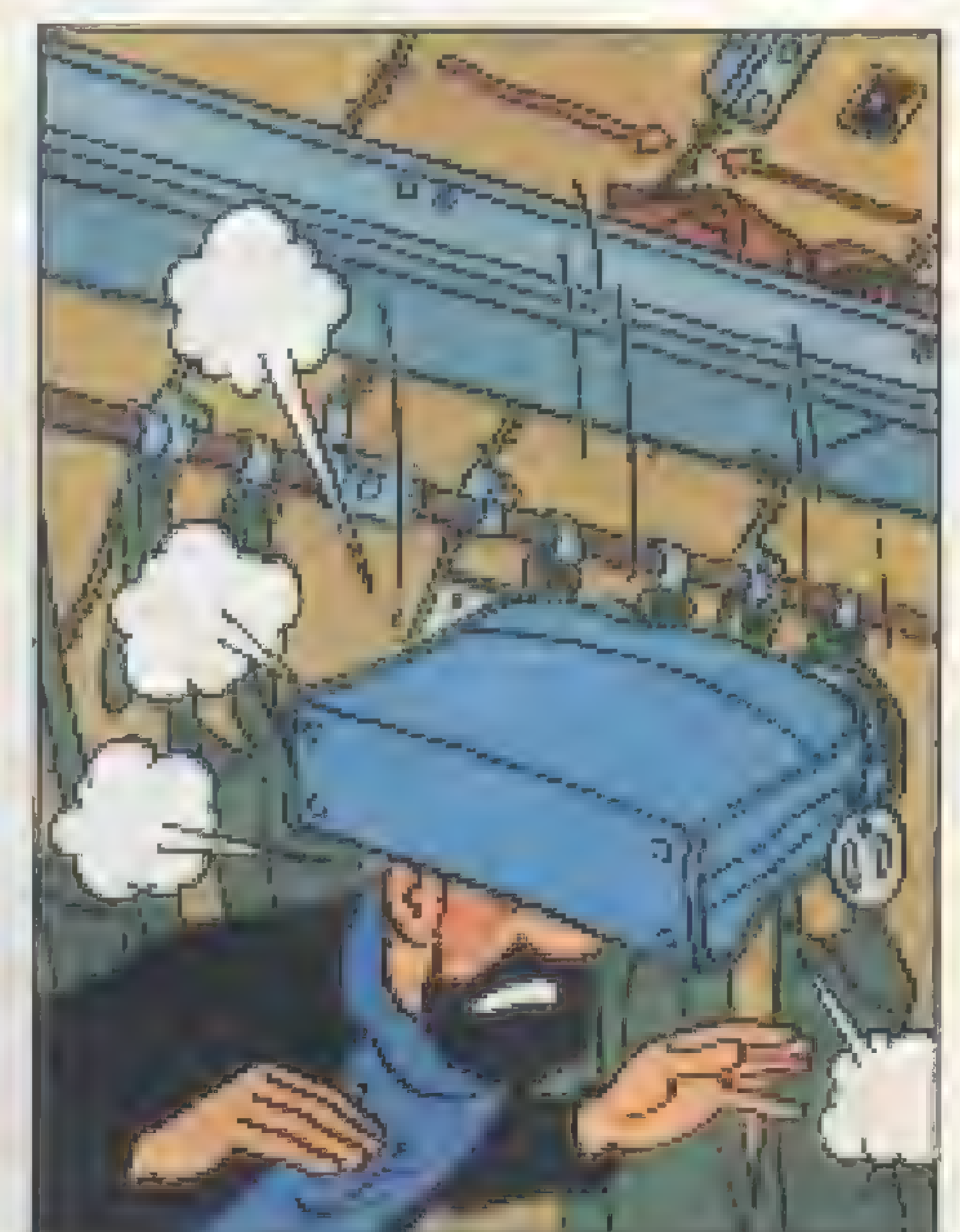
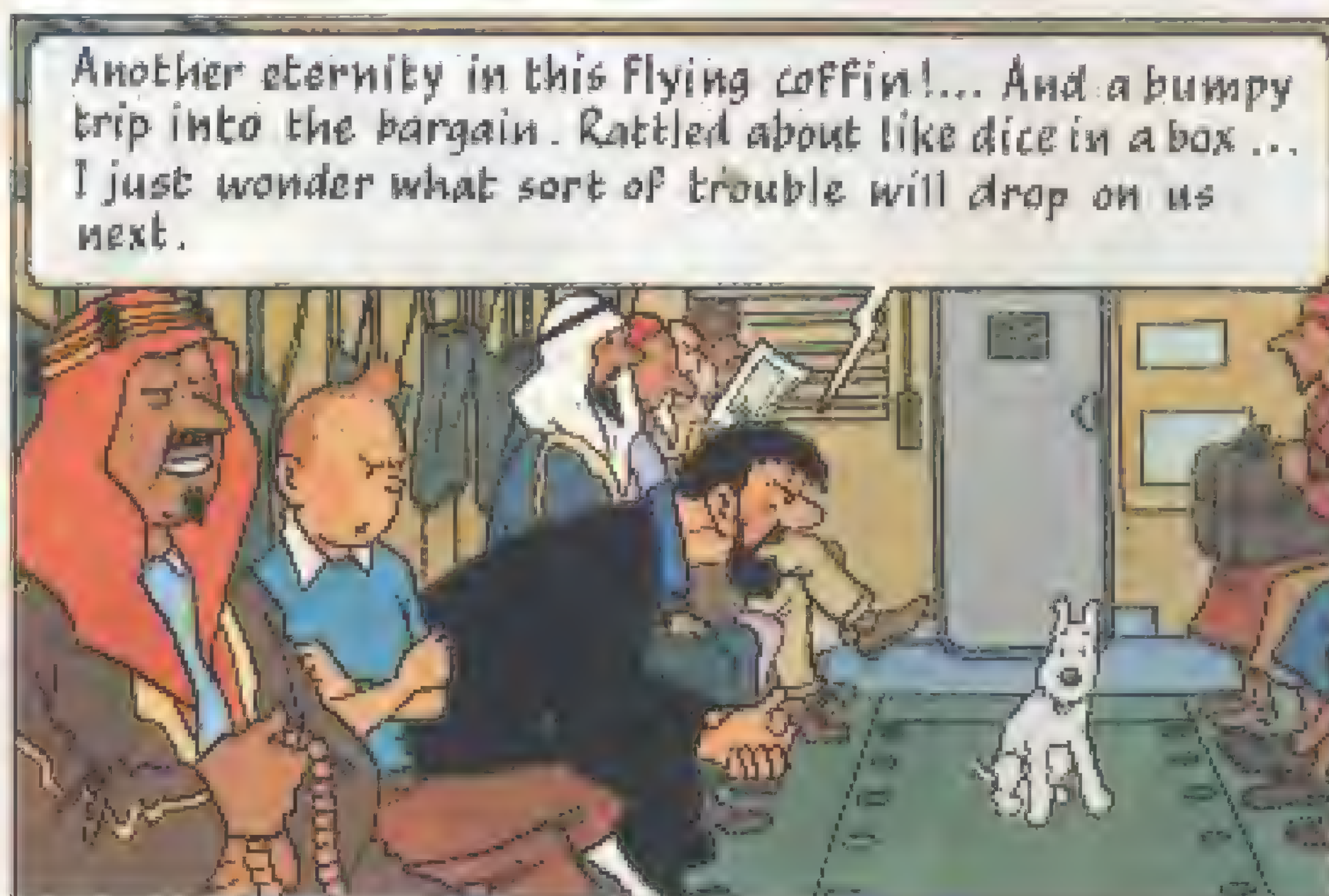
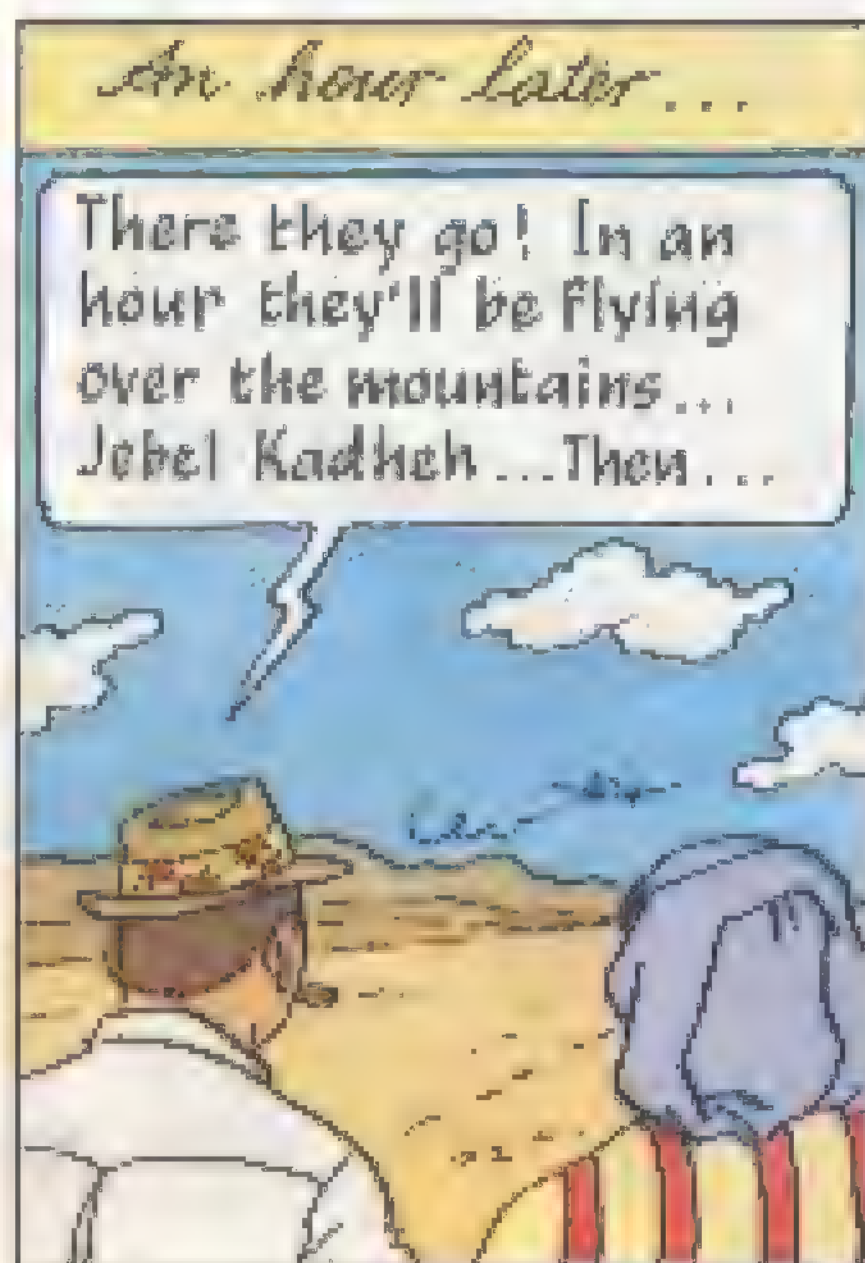


Passports, please gentlemen.



I am sorry, gentlemen; you have no permit to stay in Khemed. You must re-board the plane, and return to Beirut.









Golly! I can smell trouble. There's something sinister going on here. I must warn Tintin at once.



I'm wondering WHO warned the authorities at Wadesdah of our arrival, and WHO persuaded them to deport us?



Hello, Snowy, what's the matter?

WOOAH! WOOAH!



Here, will you stop that! You know, he... yes, he wants to show me something. All right, I'll follow you...



WOOAH! WOOAH!



In there? It's the luggage. You want me to go in? All right, I'm coming.

Wooah! Wooah!



PH-E-E-E-T



PH-E-E-E-T

What's that siren for?



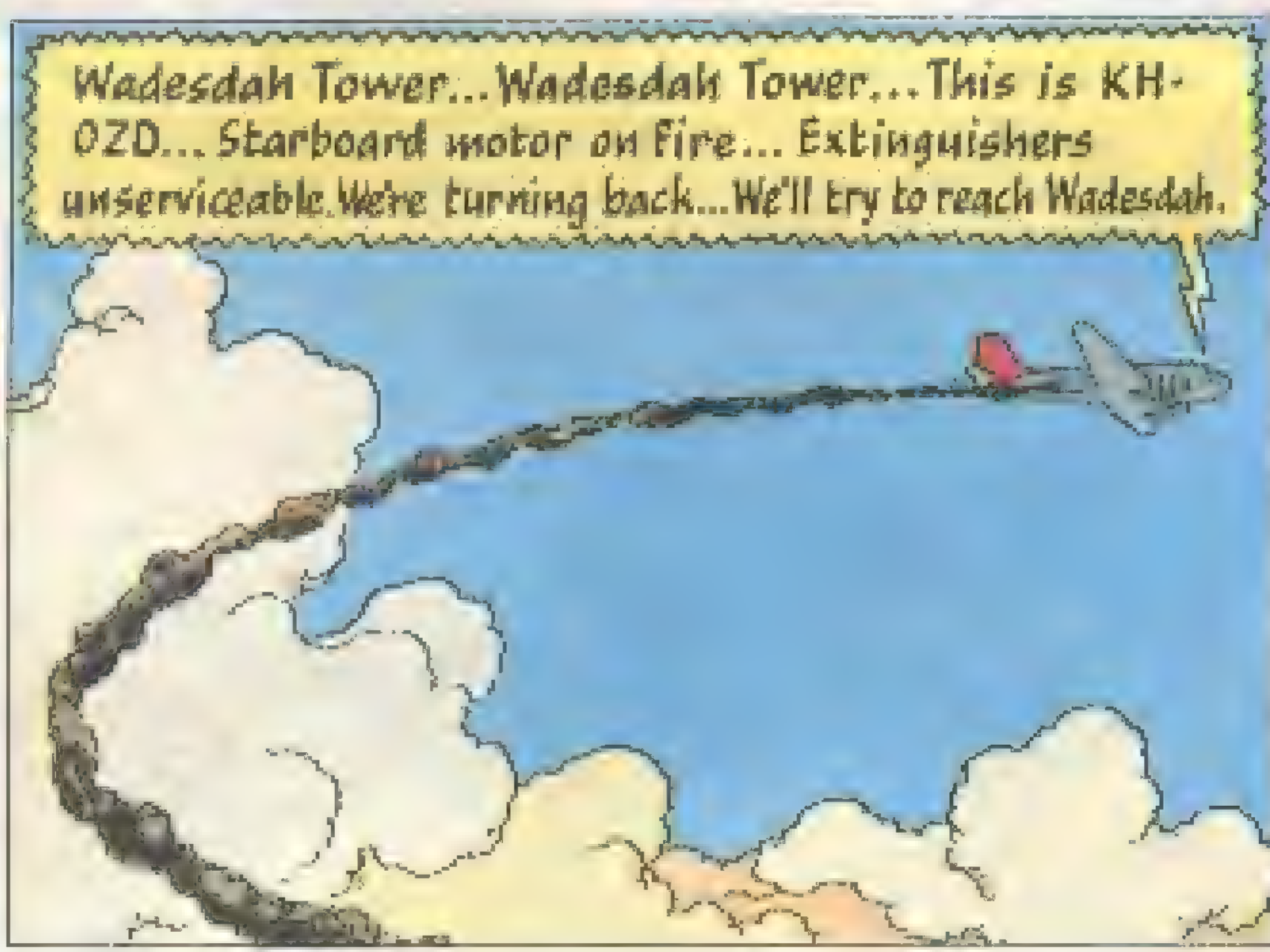
الخزيرة!



An engine on fire! That's the alarm for the extinguishers!



Thundering typhoons! The extinguishers haven't worked; it's burning more fiercely than ever!



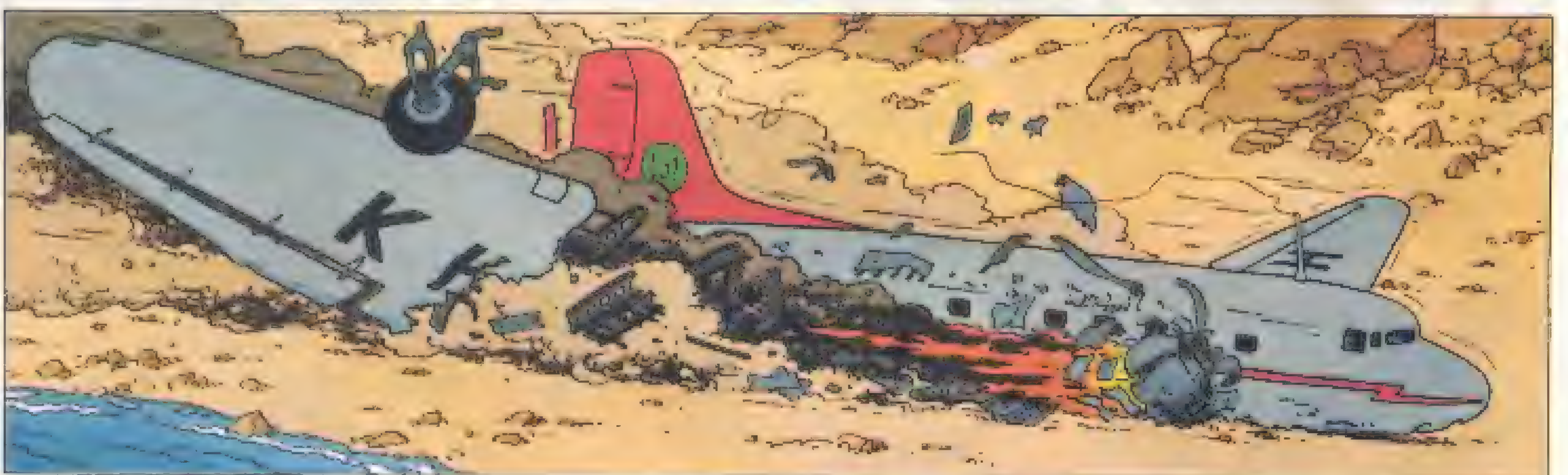
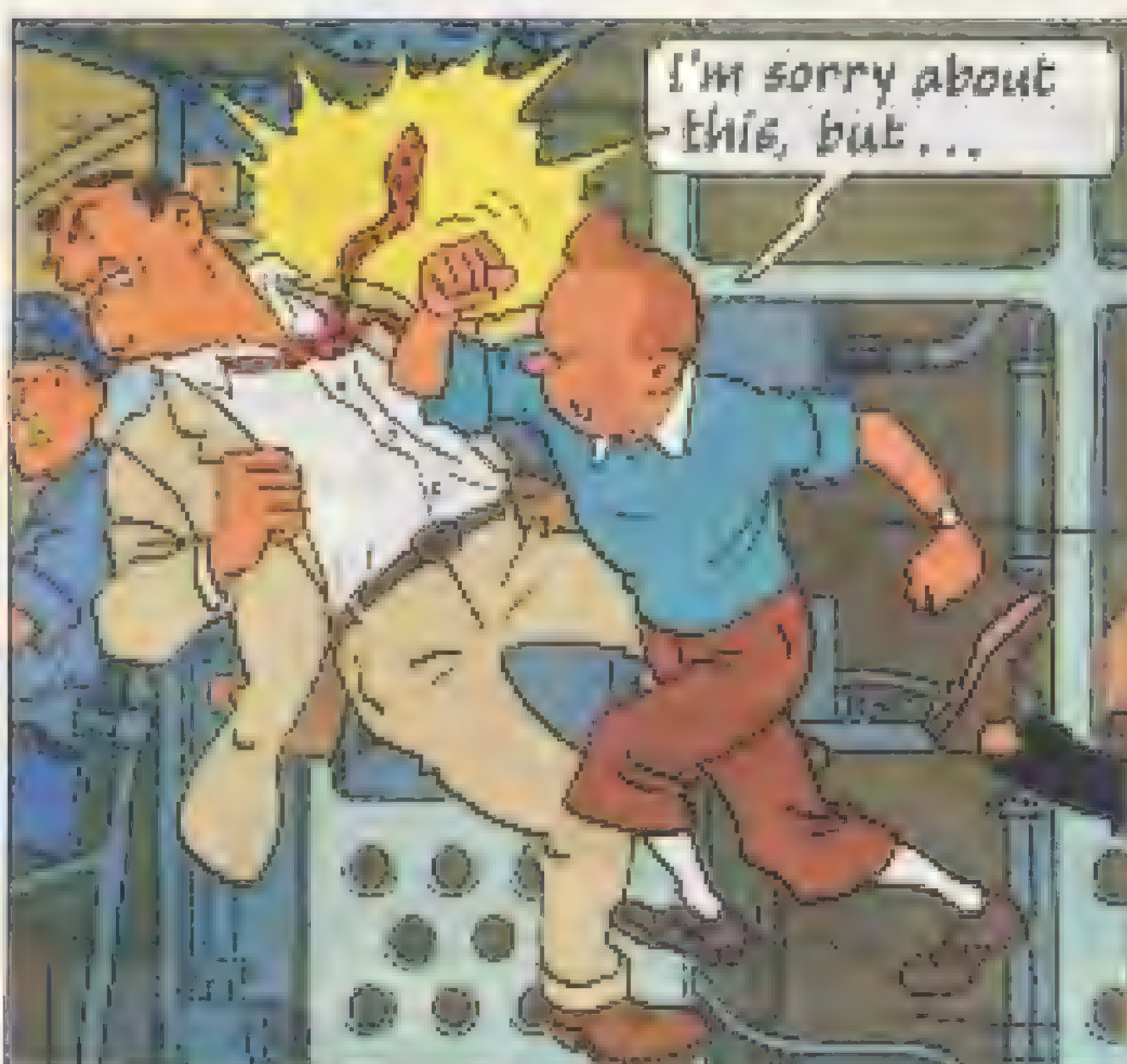
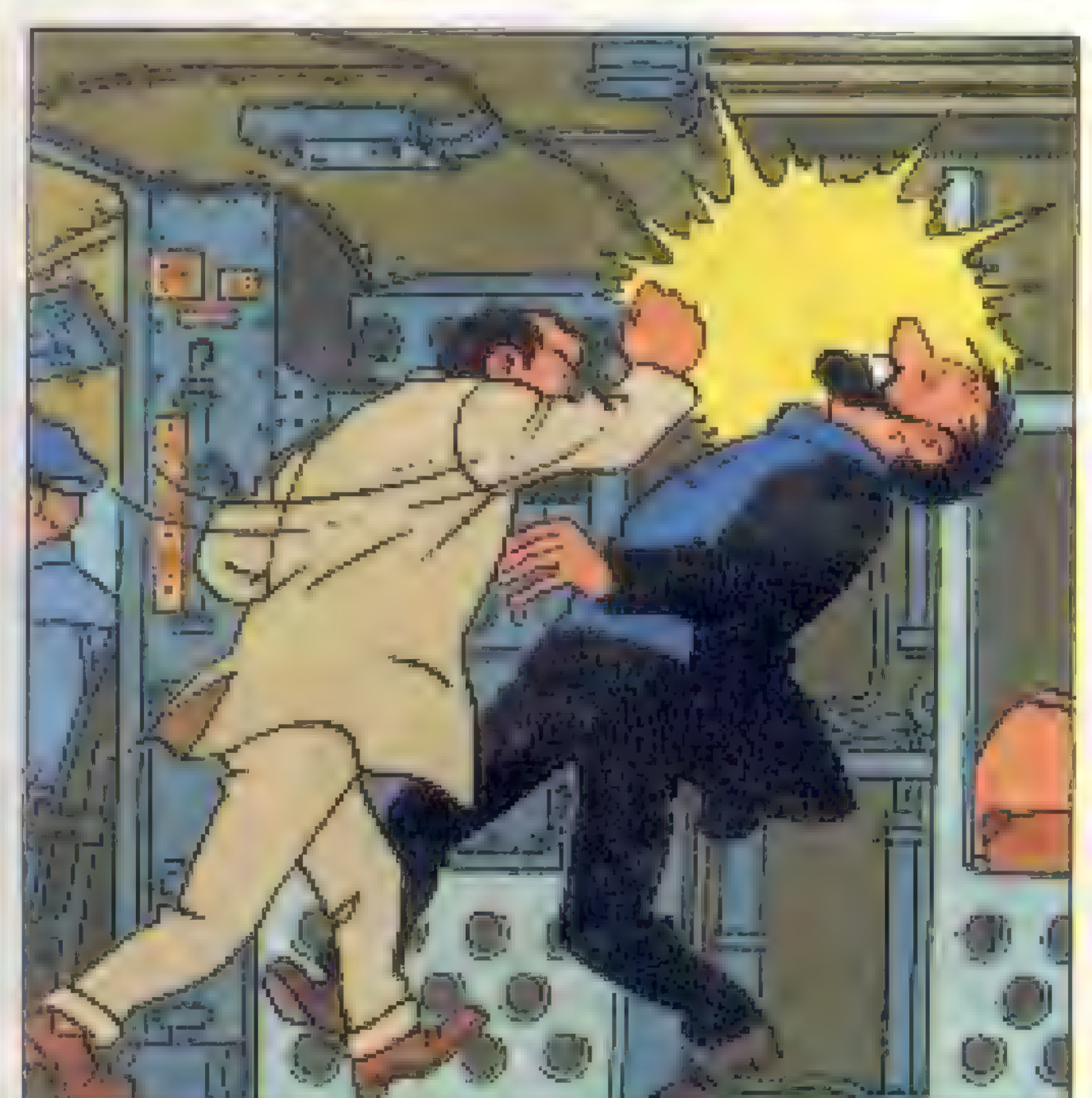
Wadesdah Tower... Wadesdah Tower... This is KH-OZD... Starboard motor on fire... Extinguishers unserviceable. We're turning back... We'll try to reach Wadesdah.



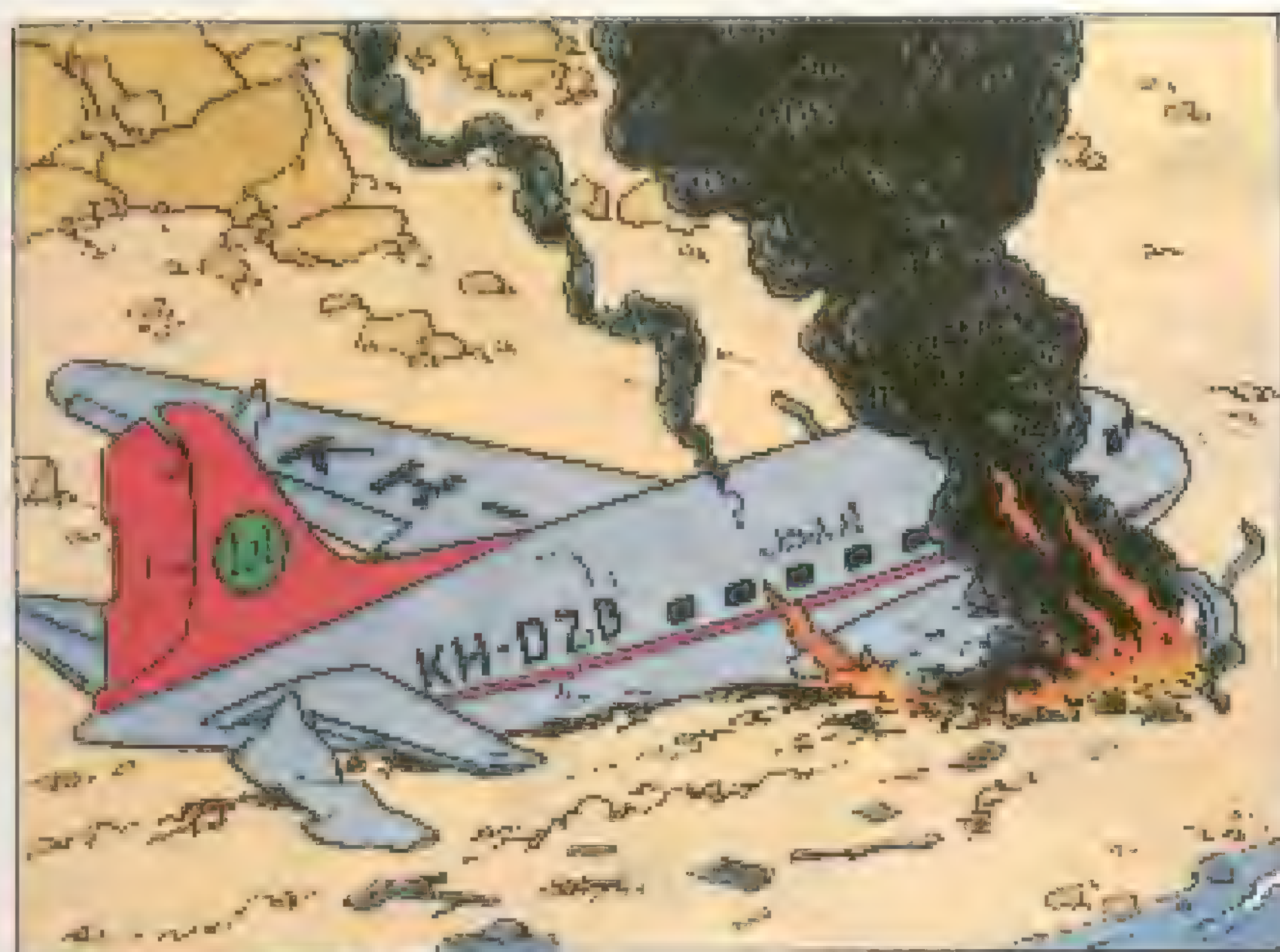
It's no good! It's too heavy. I shall just have to...

TICK TOCK TICK TOCK TICK TOCK





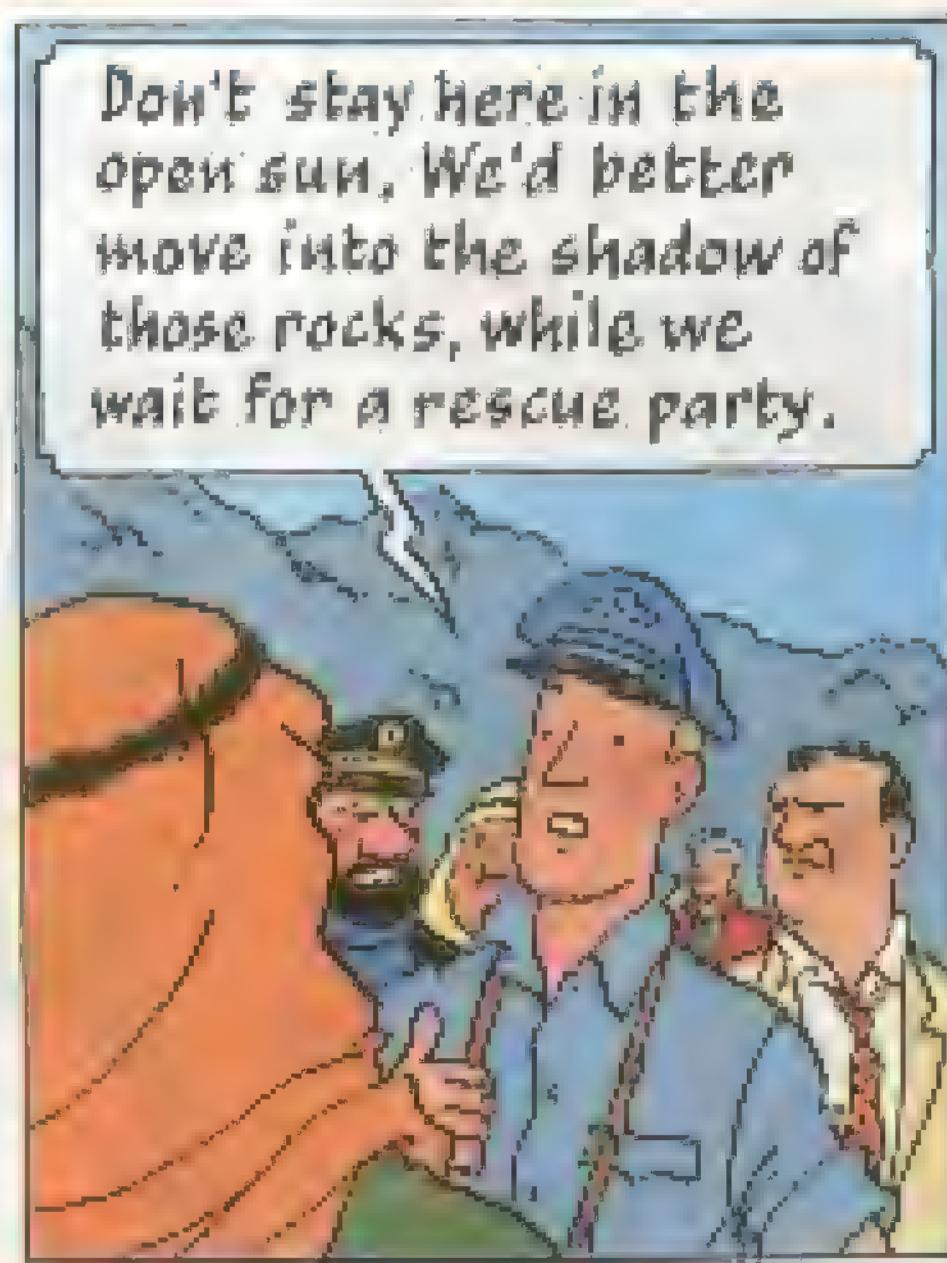




Allah be praised!...  
We are safe!



Whew! That's it!  
The fire is out.



Don't stay here in the  
open sun. We'd better  
move into the shadow of  
those rocks, while we  
wait for a rescue party.

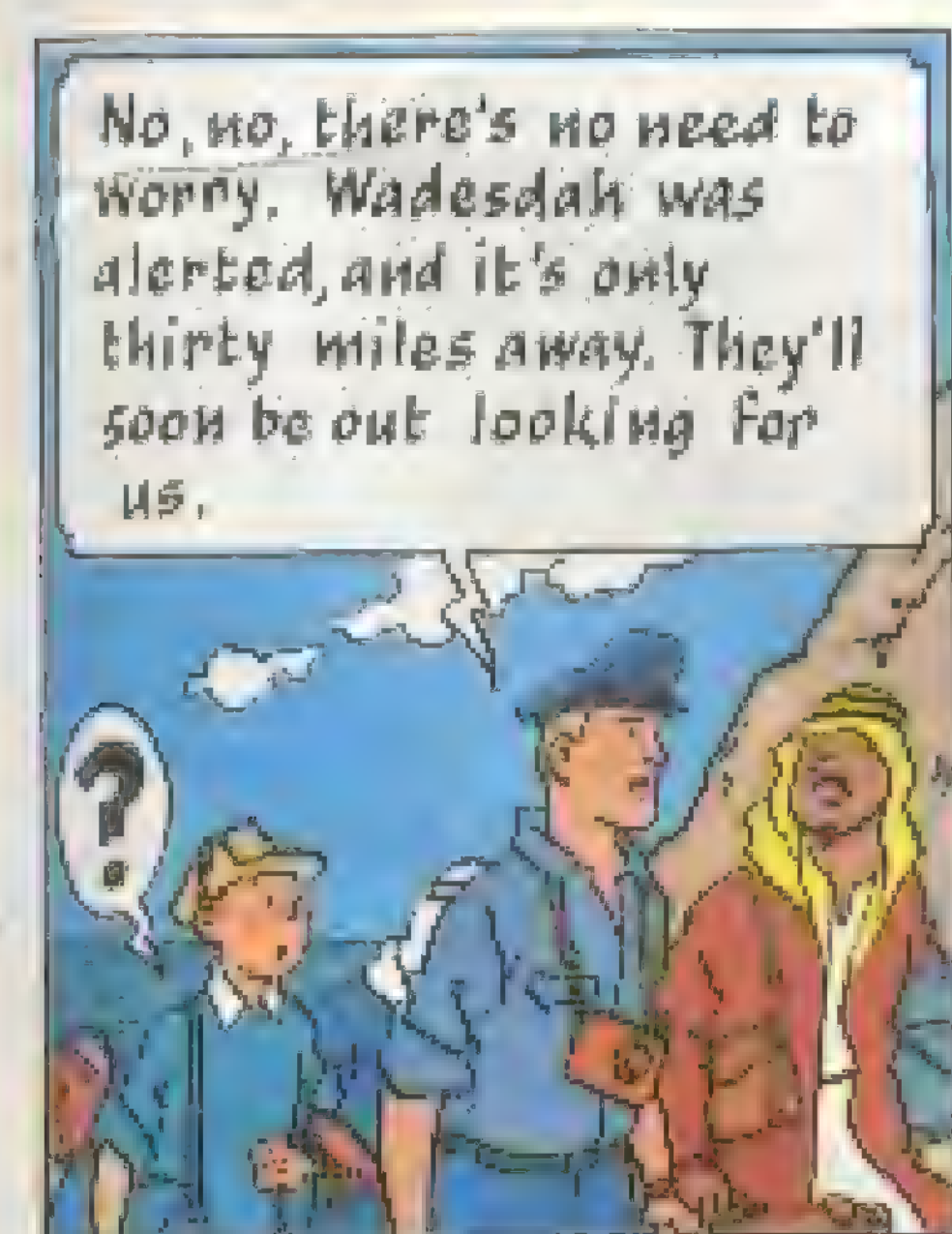


Come out of there,  
Snowy! At once!

Wooah!  
Wooah!



Wooah!  
Wooah!



No, no, there's no need to  
worry. Wadesdah was  
alerted, and it's only  
thirty miles away. They'll  
soon be out looking for  
us.



*A few minutes later...*

I say, Captain, if we stay here  
they'll take us back to Wadesdah,  
and we'll be expelled once again...  
Wait a minute, Snowy... It seems  
to be about thirty miles to the  
city. Suppose we make  
ourselves scarce...

On foot?

Wooah!  
Wooah!



Yes, on foot... I'm just going back to the  
plane. Snowy's incorrigible; he absolutely  
insists on showing me some- thing.

So you're  
coming  
at last!



All right, Snowy... I'm coming with you.

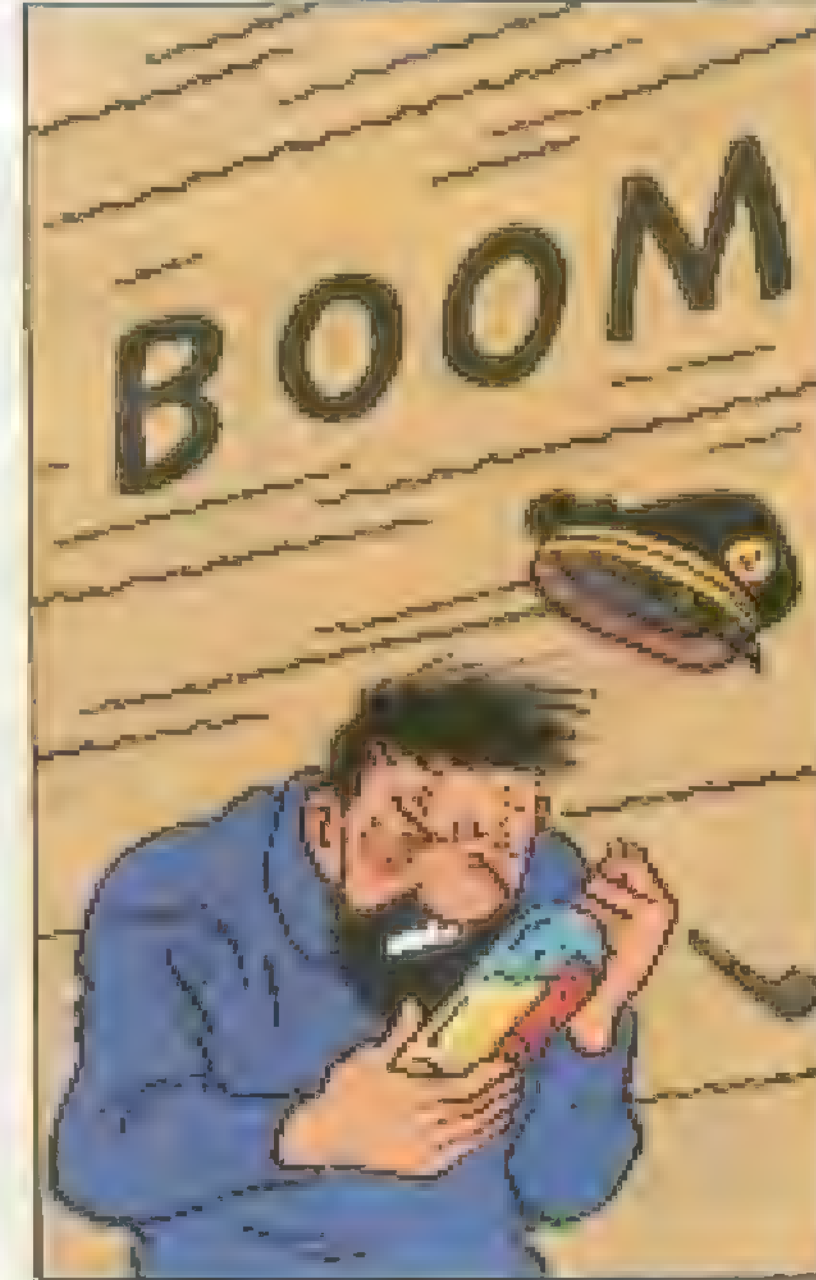
Thirty miles!  
a mere  
trifle!



Thirty miles... And  
I've still got... Let's  
see... I've still  
got...

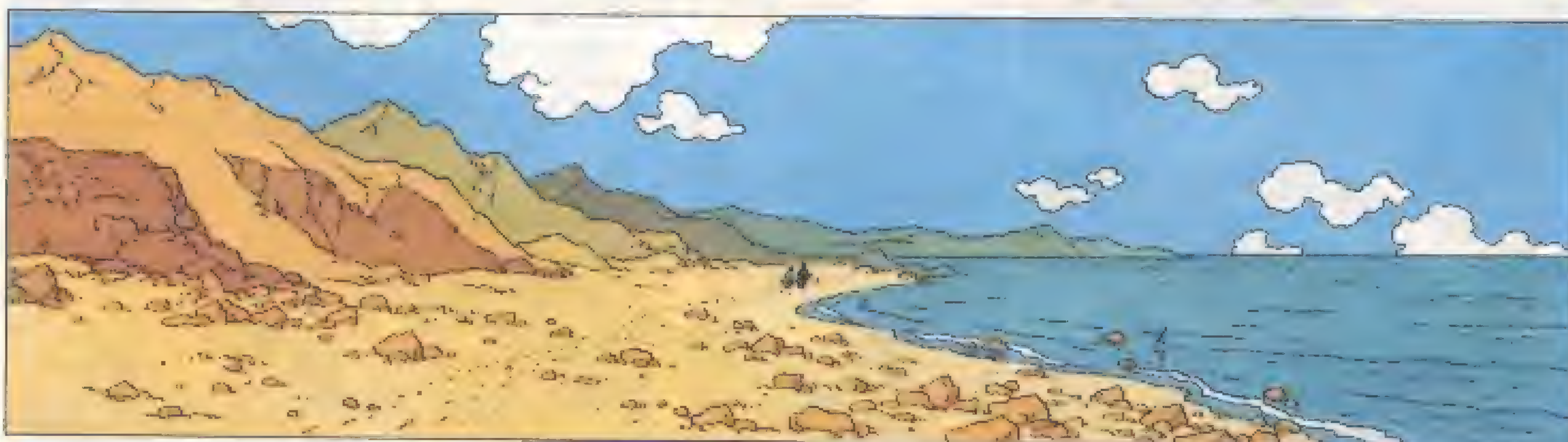
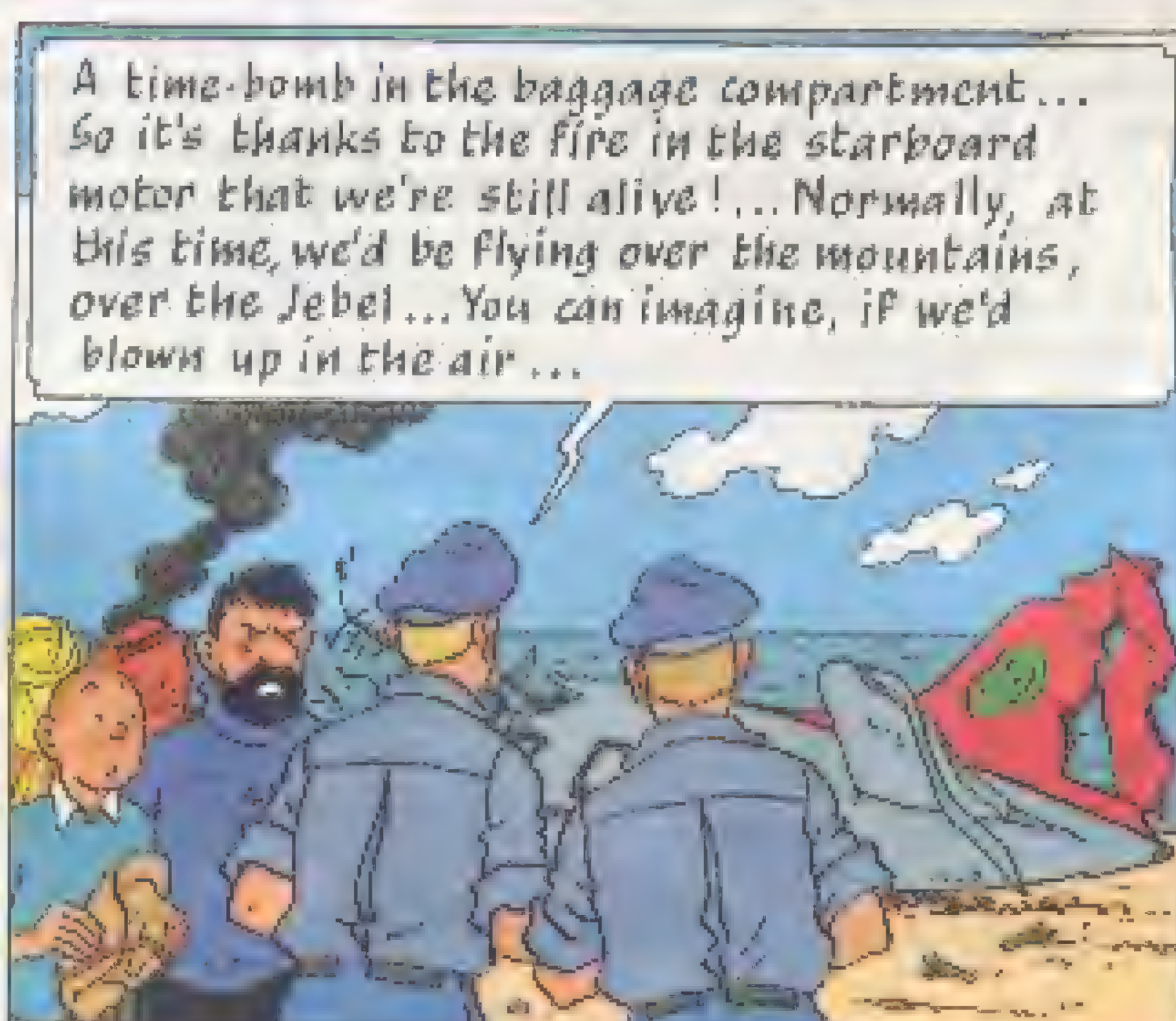
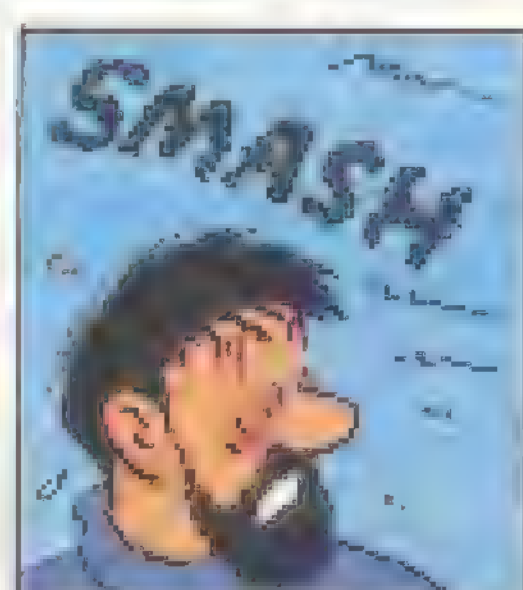
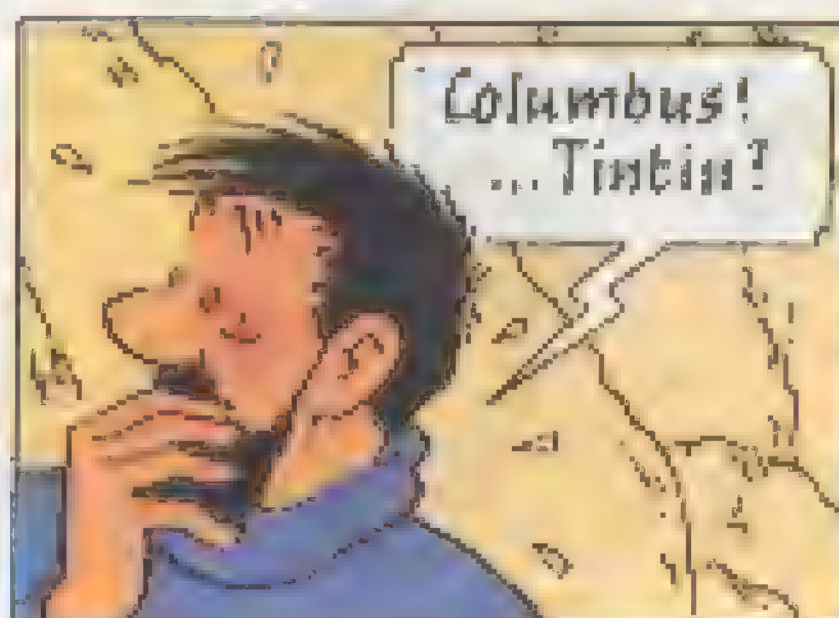


... half a bottle  
of whisky... that's  
240 miles to the  
gallon... not too  
good, but still...

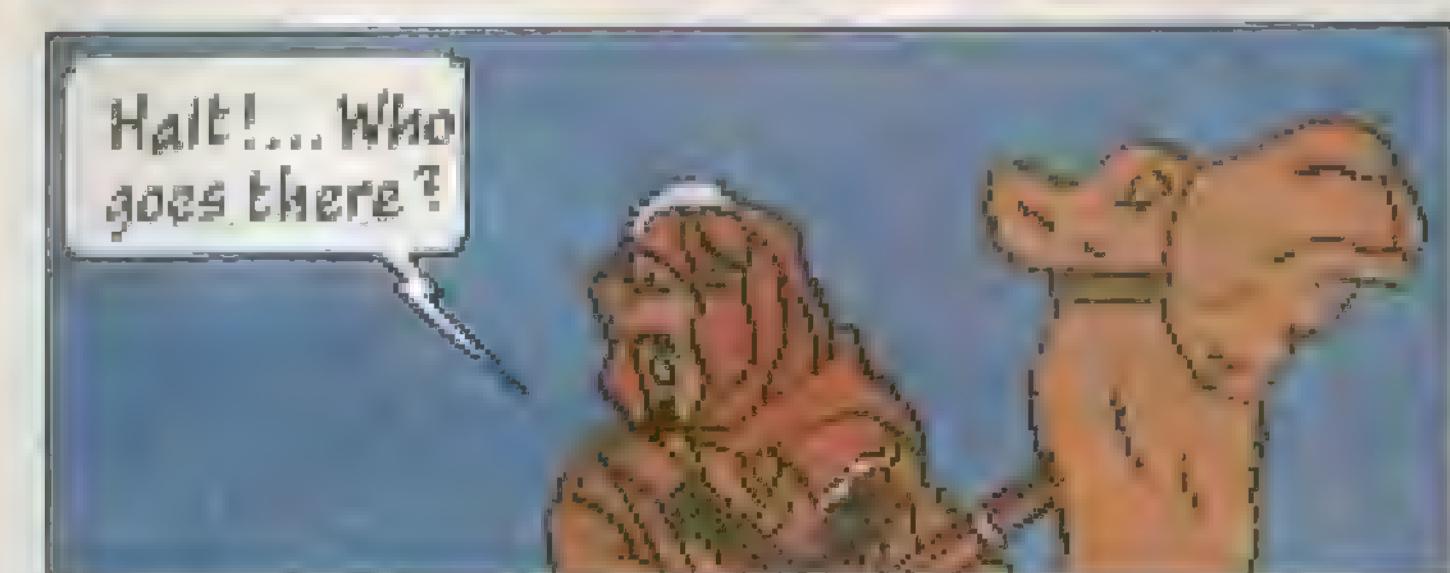
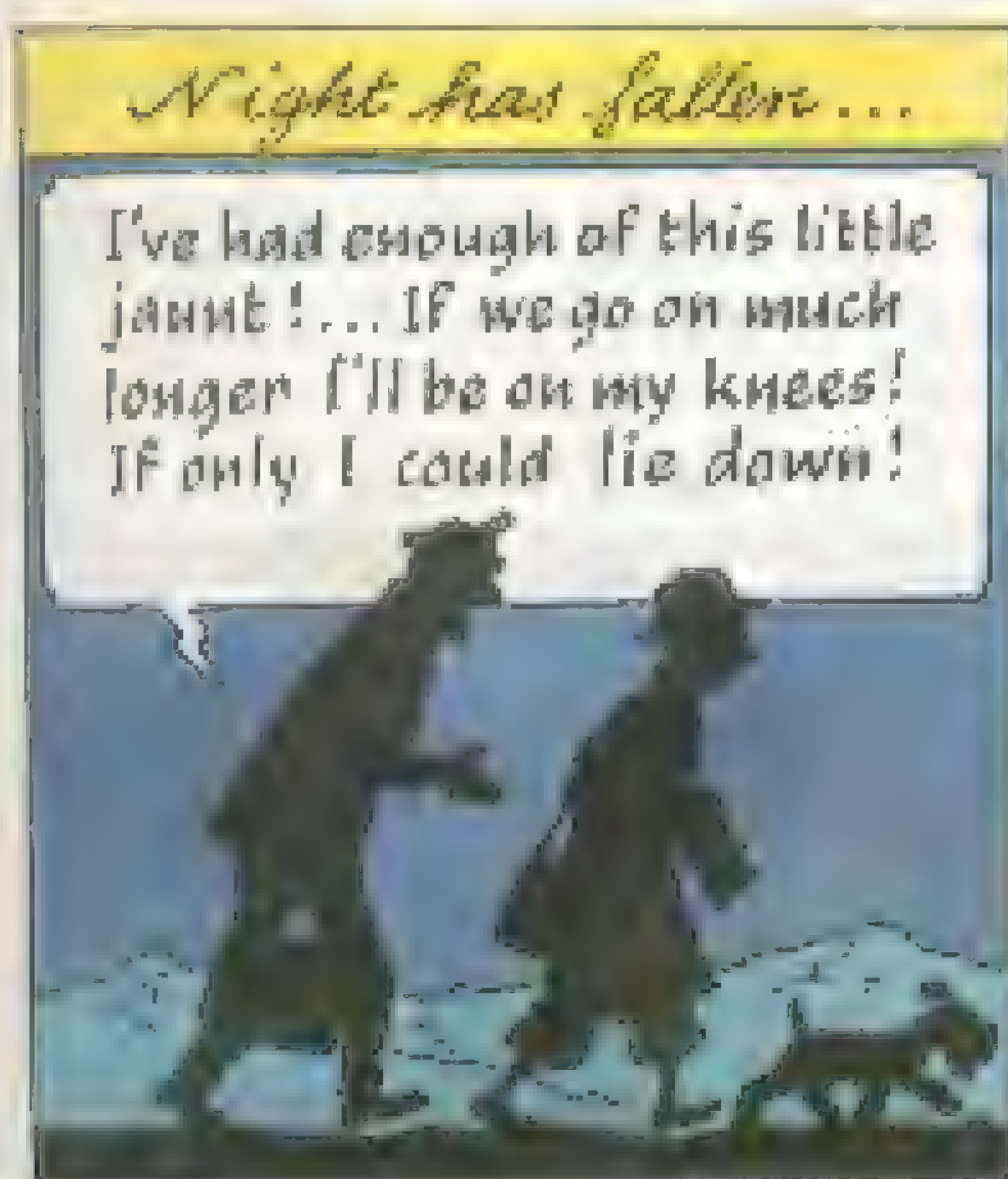
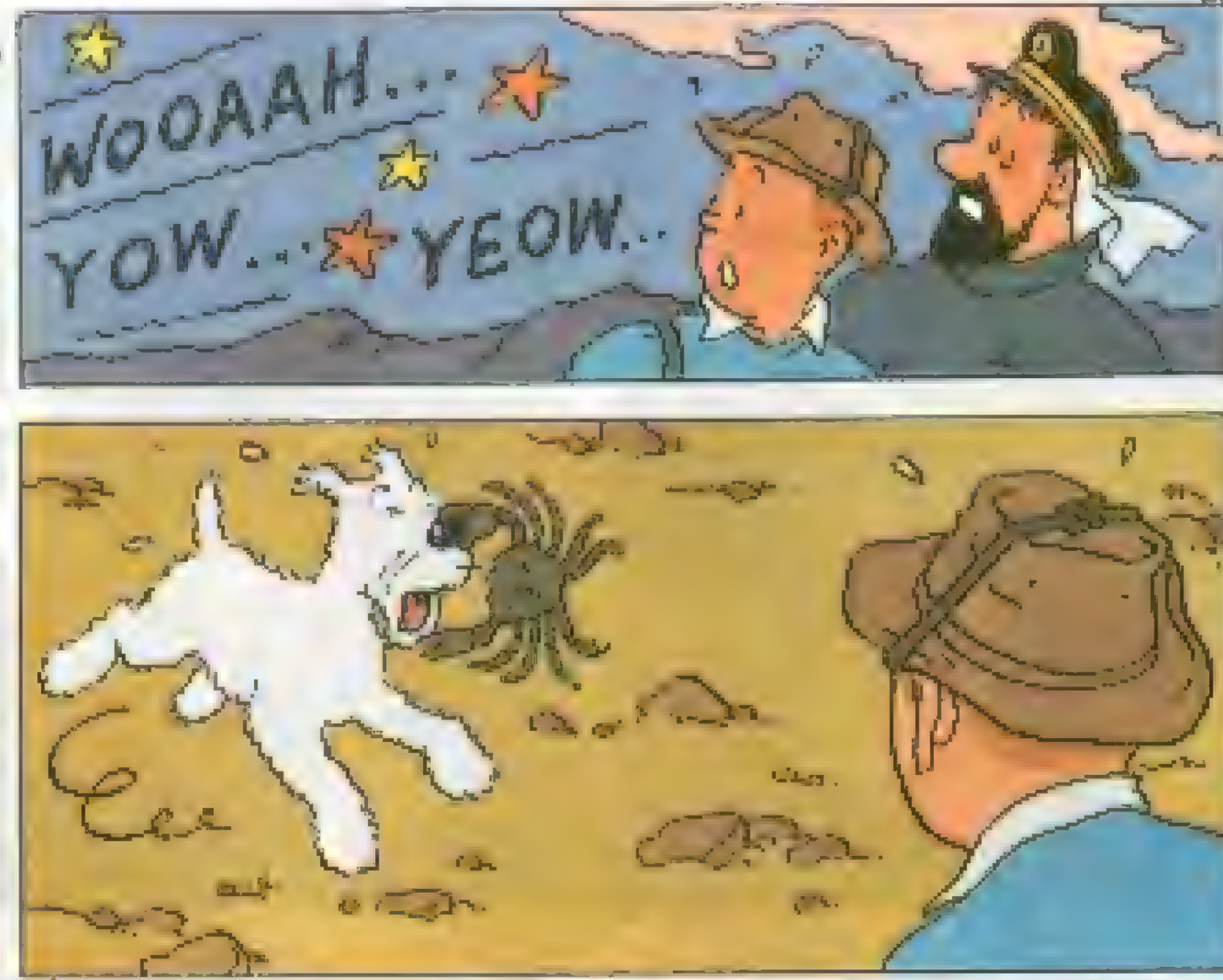


BOOM

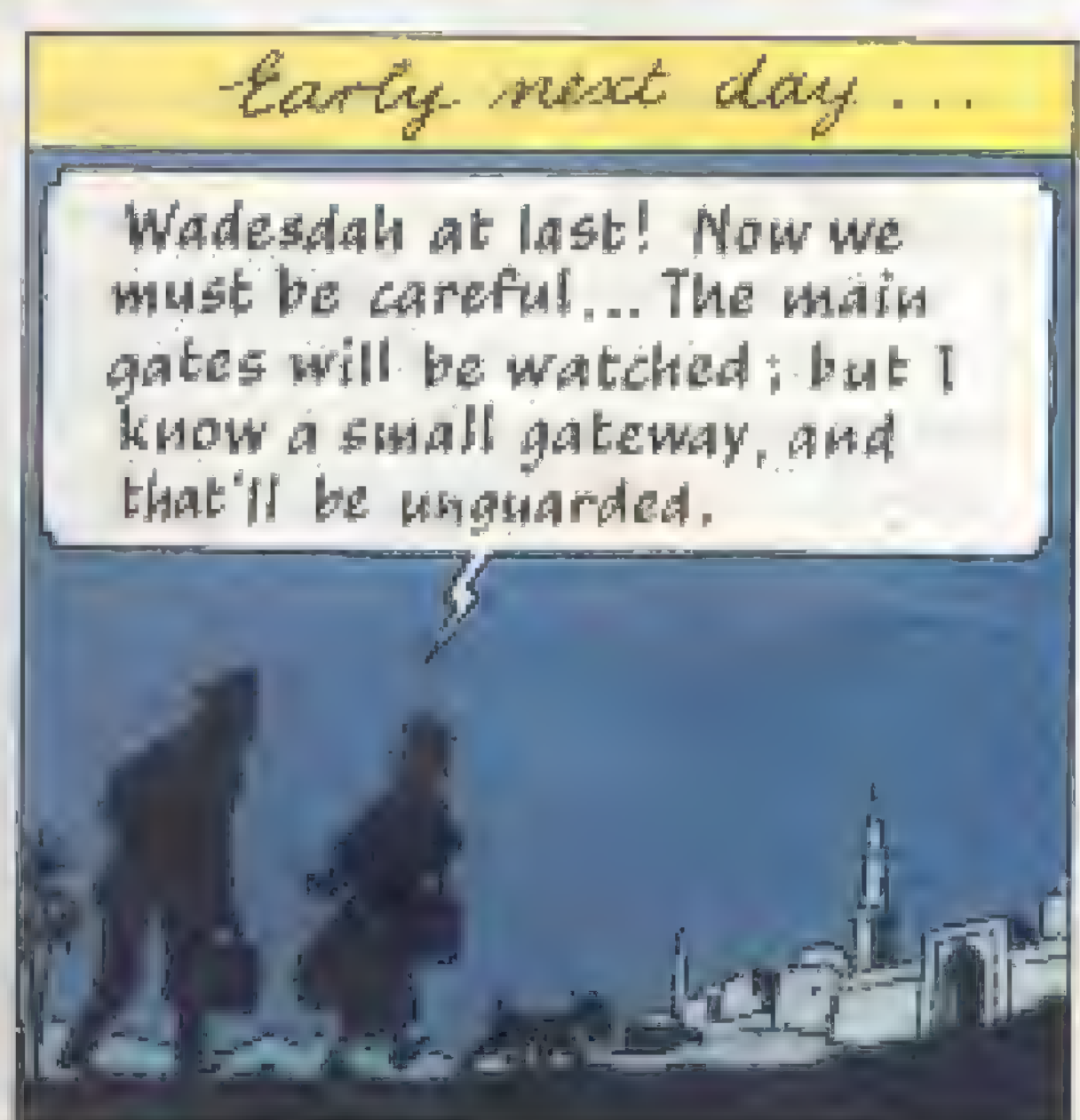




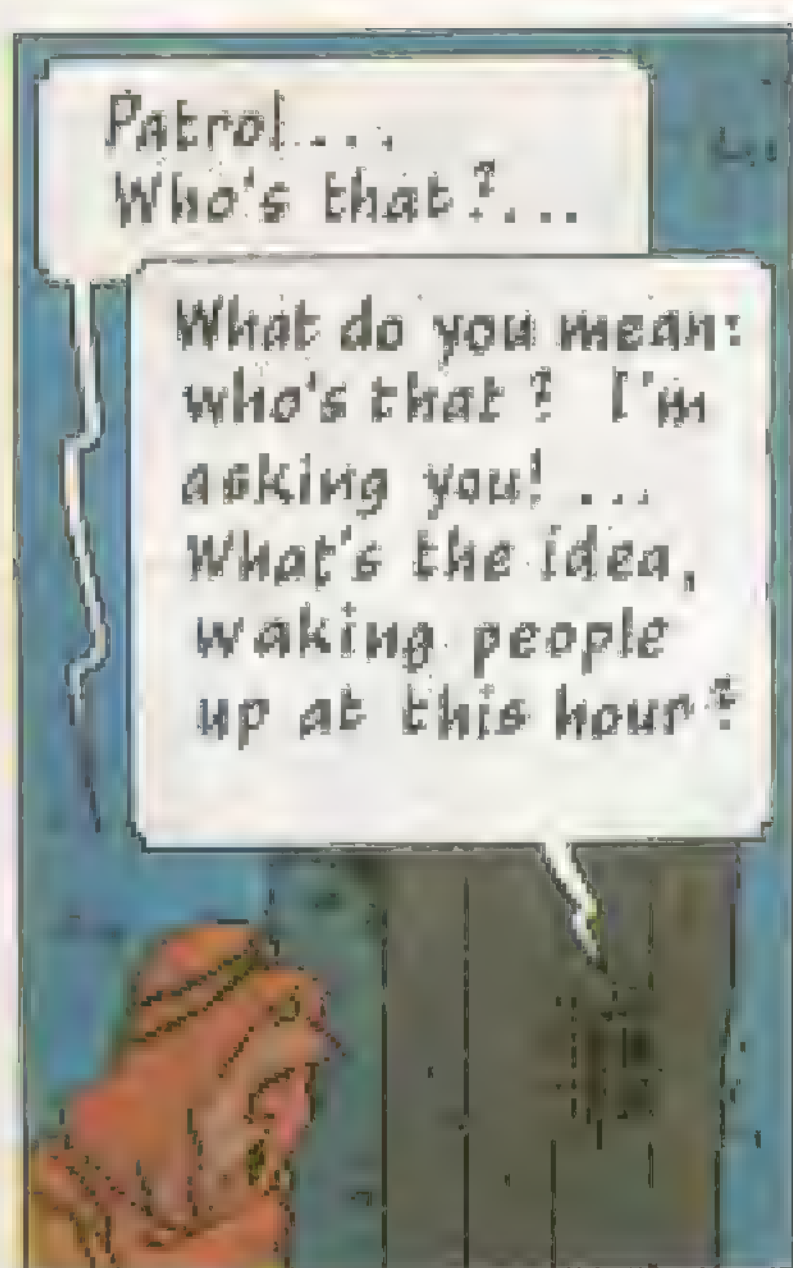






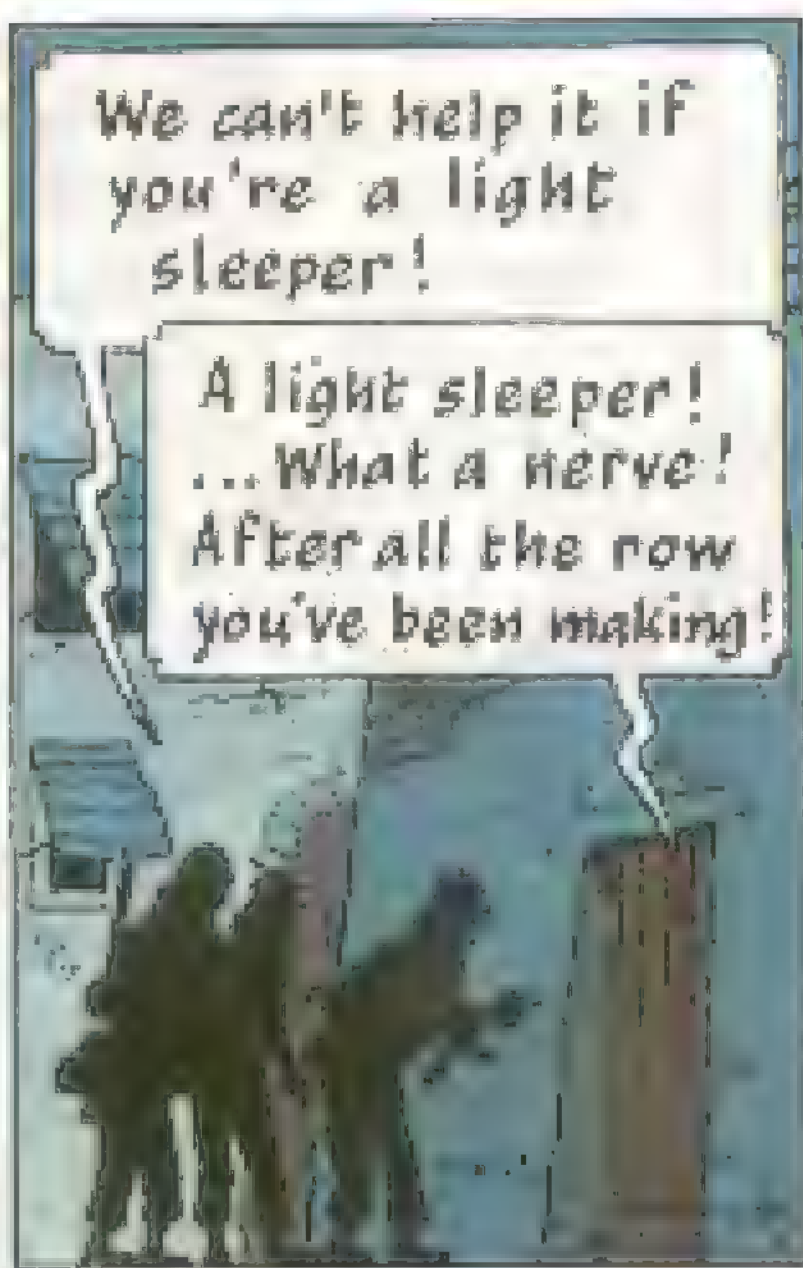






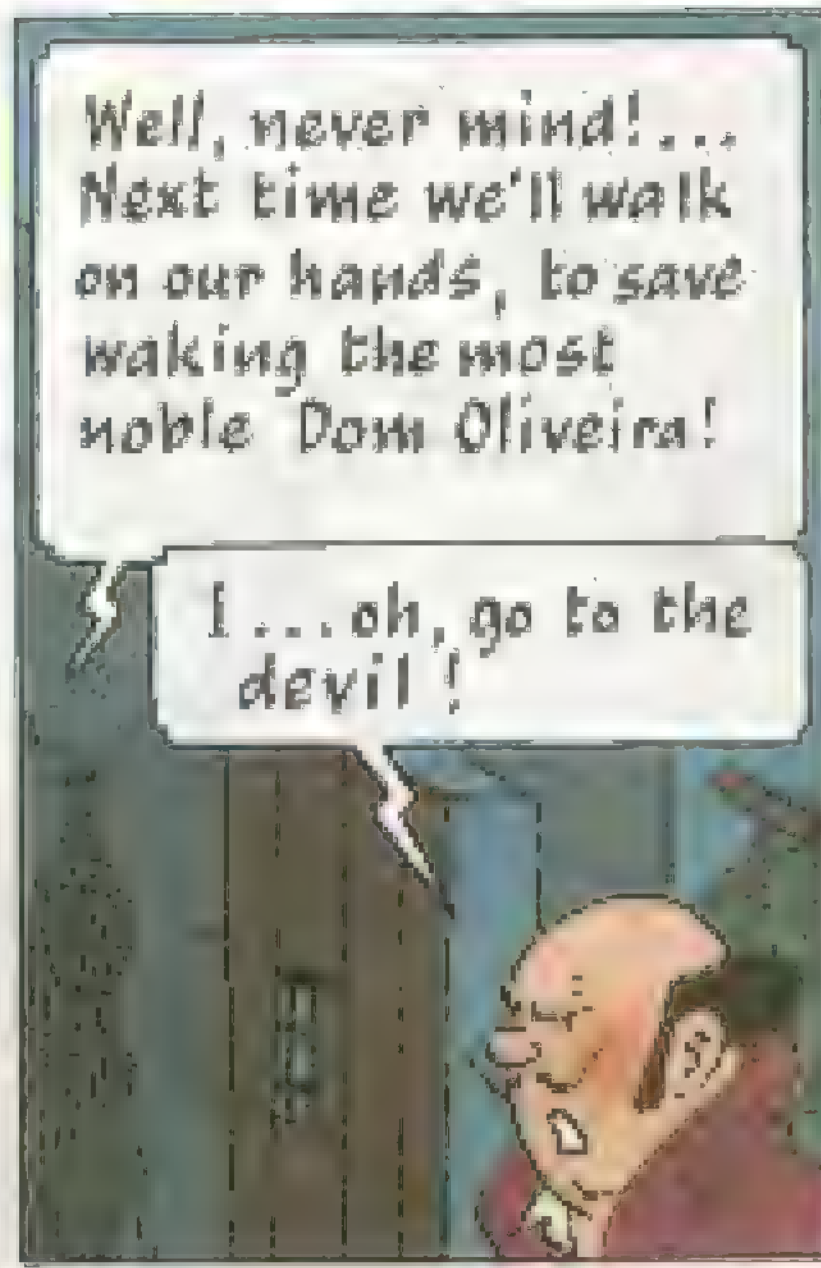
Patrol...  
Who's that?...

What do you mean:  
who's that? I'm  
asking you! ...  
What's the idea,  
waking people  
up at this hour?



We can't help it if  
you're a light  
sleeper!

A light sleeper!  
...What a nerve!  
After all the row  
you've been making!



Well, never mind! ...  
Next time we'll walk  
on our hands, to save  
waking the most  
noble Dom Oliveira!

I... oh, go to the  
devil!



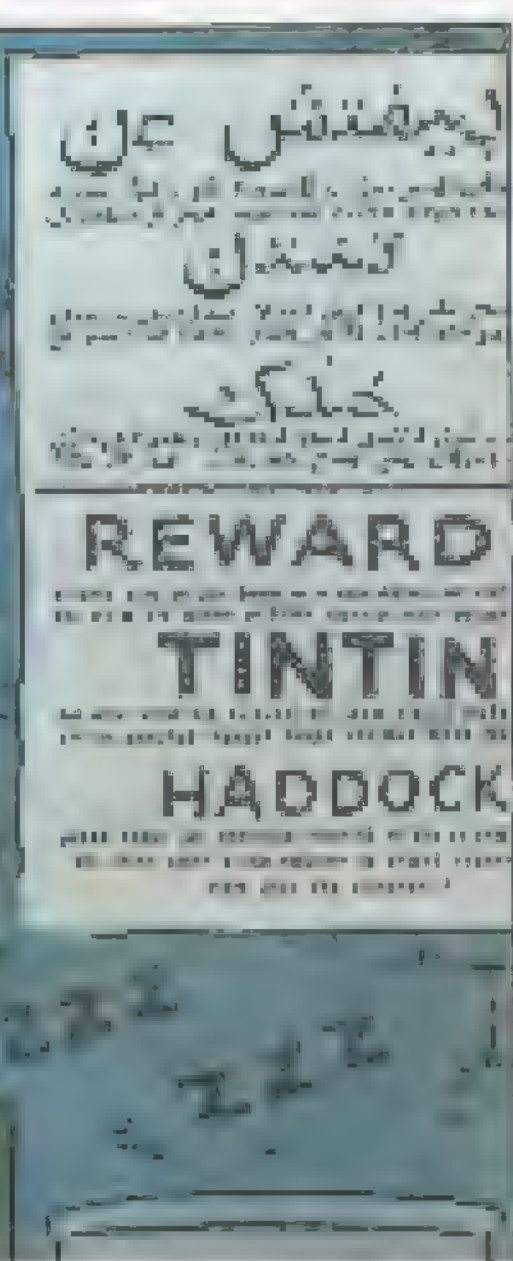
Just listen to that! There's one  
we haven't woken up, anyway!  
...What a din!... Ha! ha! ha! ha!

He! he! he!

Ha! ha! ha!



Whew! They've  
gone! That  
gave me a fright!  
Come on, Cap-  
tain, stop snor-  
ing for goodness  
sake!



Again!!!



By the beard of your  
Prophet, will you go away  
and let me sleep!

Open the door,  
Senhor Oliveira! It's  
Tintin! Please open up!



Tintin... You here! ... Come  
in quickly... quickly!



What are you doing here?  
Don't you know there's a  
price on your head?

I know... I've just  
seen the poster.

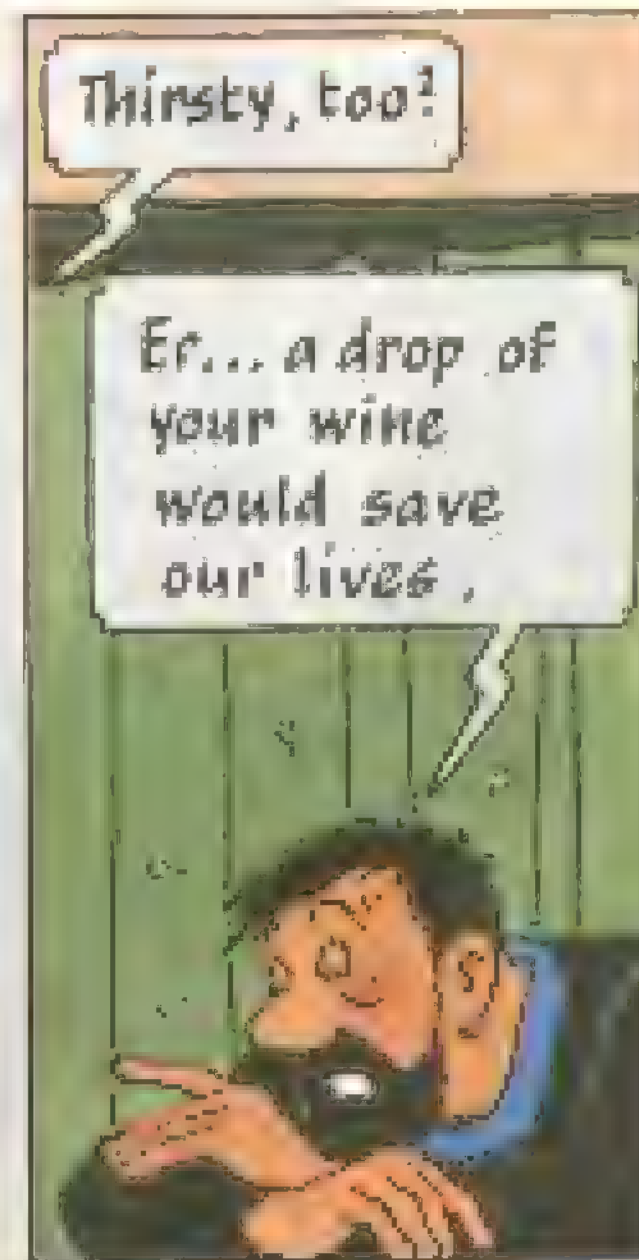
Goodnight,  
everybody.



It's incredible!... Fantastic!  
...I can't believe it! ...  
But first of all: I'm sure  
you must be hungry? ...

Rather...

ZZZ  
ZZZ



Thirsty, too?

Er... a drop of  
your wine  
would save  
our lives.



Now then, tell me what  
you're doing in  
Khemed.

It's like this...



...and so  
Abdullah...



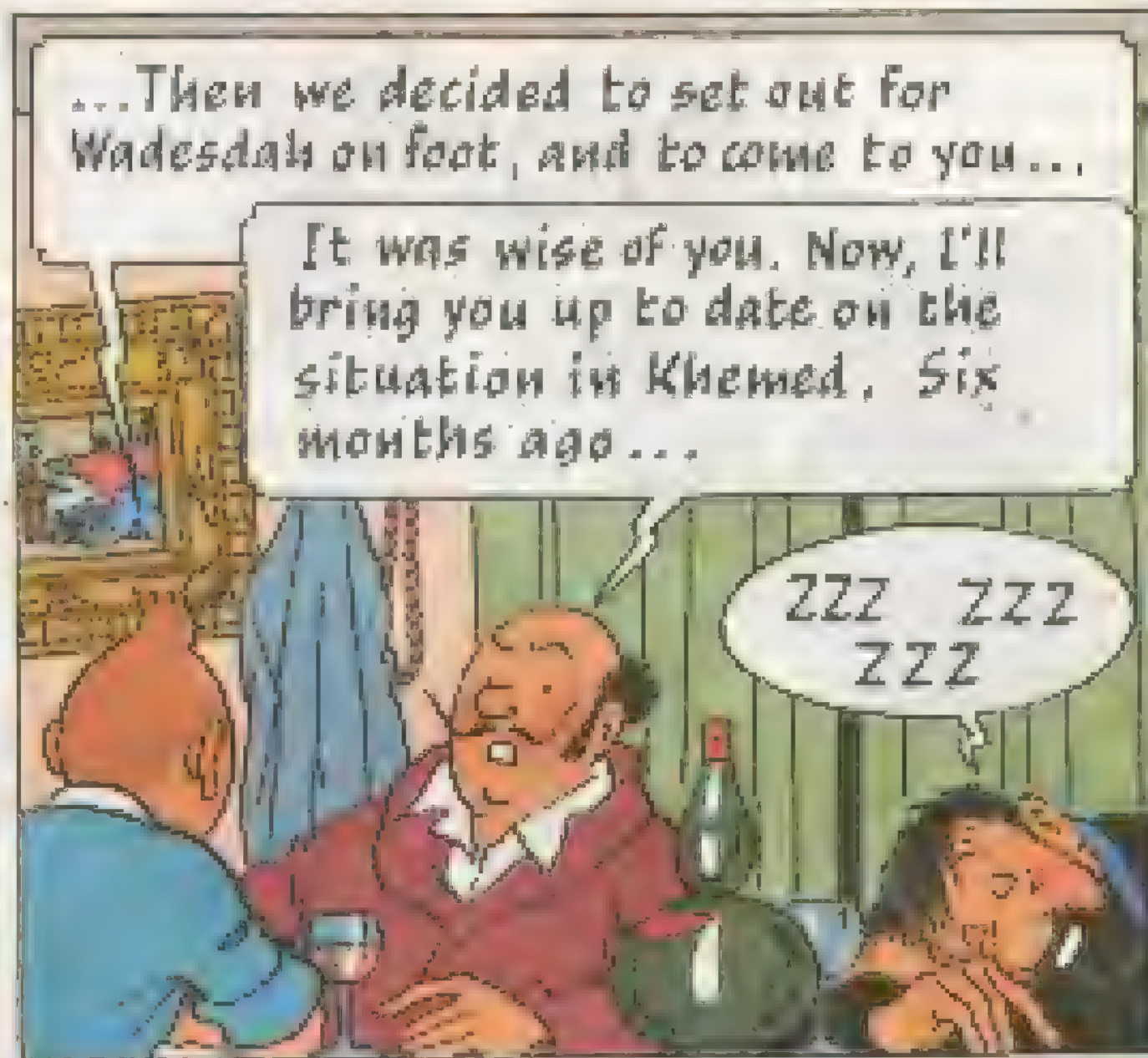
...aircraft  
for sale...



...letter from  
the Emir...



...Flew to  
Wades dah...



...Then we decided to set out for  
Wadesdah on foot, and to come to you...

It was wise of you. Now, I'll  
bring you up to date on the  
situation in Khemed. Six  
months ago...

ZZZ ZZZ  
ZZZ



**ACTION STATIONS!**



I... What was that?... Er...  
forgive me... I... I think I was  
dreaming... A nightmare... Pirates...

Oh, well...



I'll light up. That'll  
help me to stay  
awake.

Good idea.



Where was I?... Oh yes... I was saying that  
six months ago, as a result of an agree-  
ment between the Emir and Arabair, Wadesdah  
became an important link in the air route  
to Mecca. Then, a few weeks ago, it seems  
that trouble blew up between Arabair  
and the Emir. The situation began to  
deteriorate...



... As if by chance, trouble  
flared up all over the country,  
and Sheik Bab El Ehr took com-  
mand of the rebels. These rebels  
were supported by a powerful  
air force which, so to speak, came  
out of the blue. The rebels marched  
on Wadesdah, and seized power.



It all puzzles me, Senhor Oliveira.  
You see, the rebel Mosquitoes  
and the Arabair DC3's came from  
the same source... And I'd like to  
know what touched off the dispute  
between the Emir and Arabair.

Er... I've no idea  
at all.



Oh?... Well... We'll go into that  
later. The most urgent thing is to  
help the Emir. What's become of him?

He had to flee. He took  
refuge in the Jebel with  
Patrash Pasha, whose  
fierce tribesmen remained  
loyal.



**HAAAAH!**



What... what... what...  
what happened?

Your pipe, Captain.  
It set fire to  
your beard.



Come, it's time for  
sleep. Tomorrow we  
will find some way  
for you to leave the  
city, and join the Emir.

Yes. Good.



*Two days later...*

D'you see, there?...  
A patrol coming...

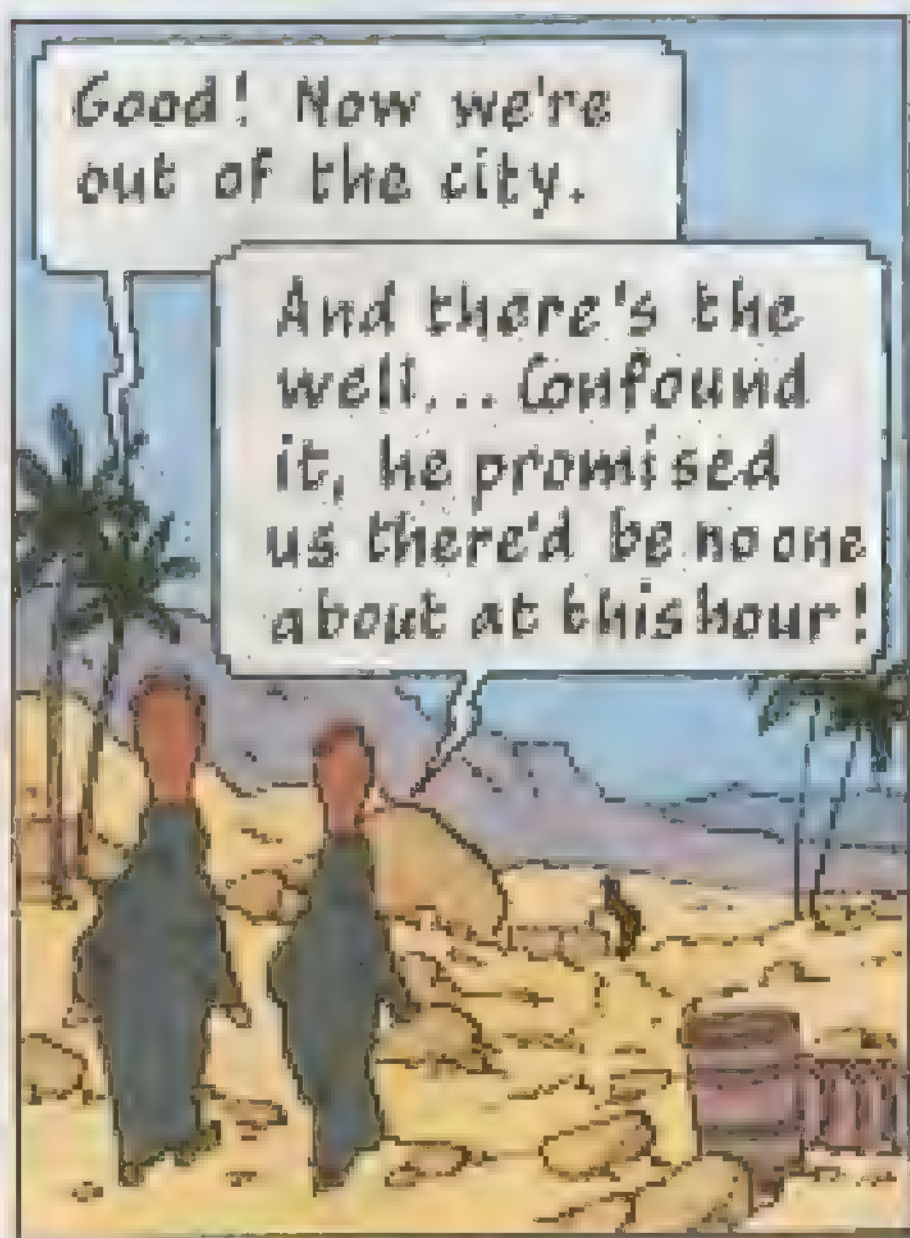
I know...  
Keep calm!



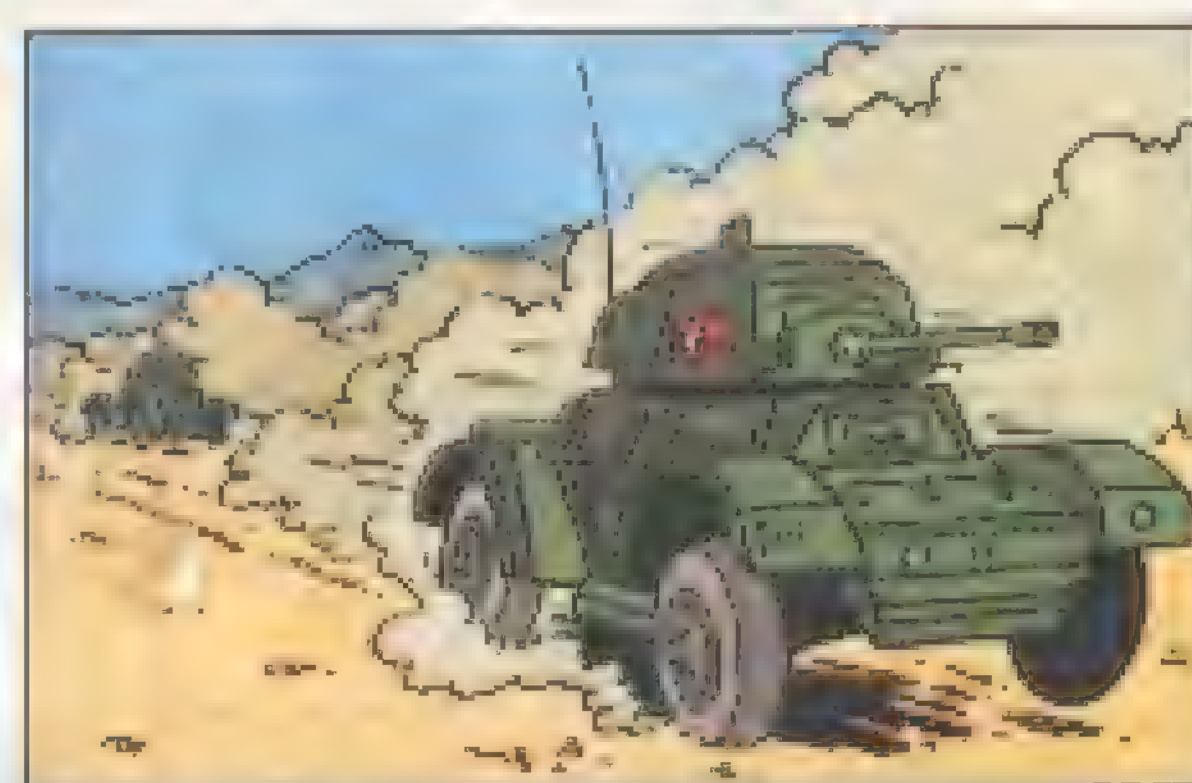
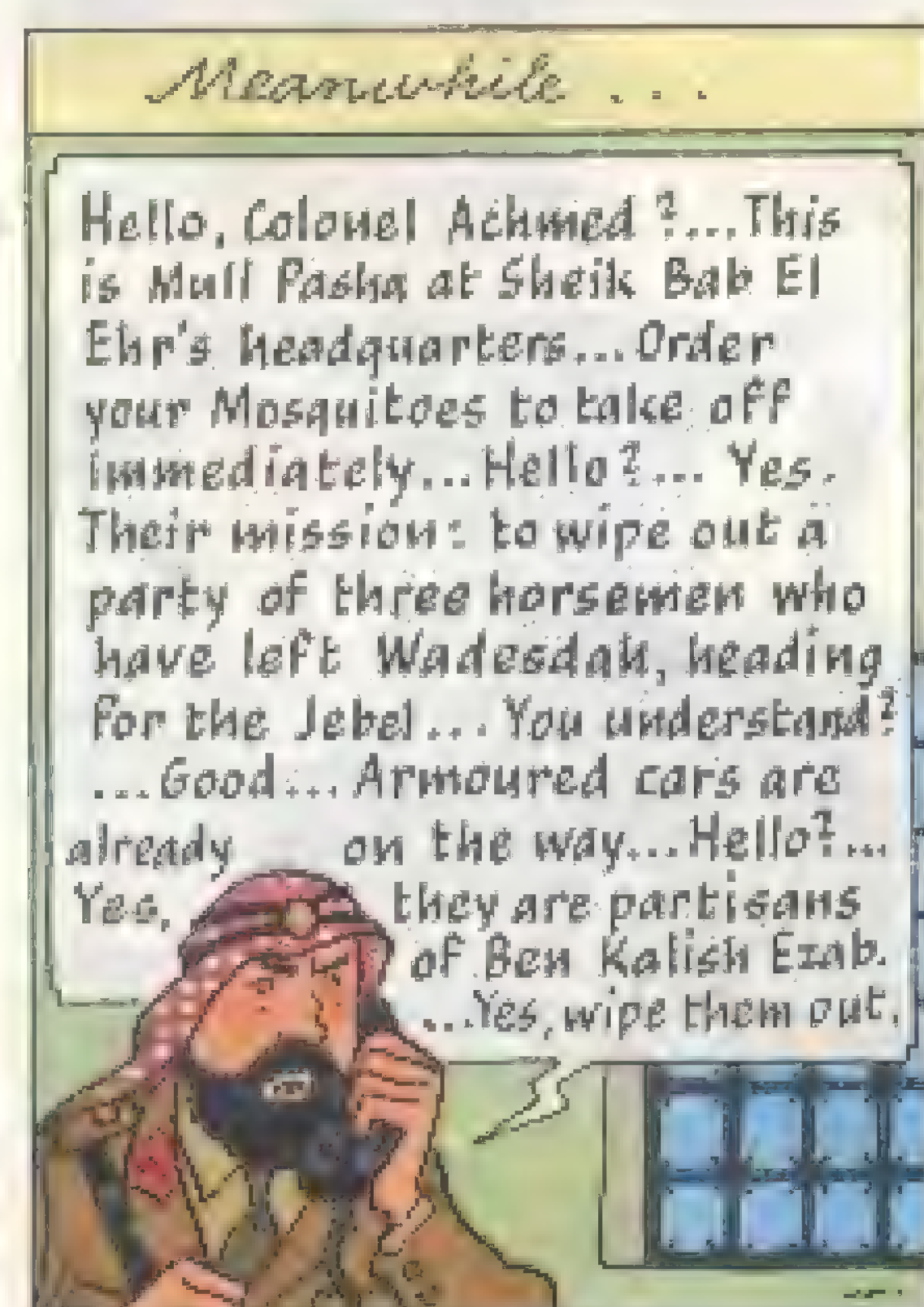
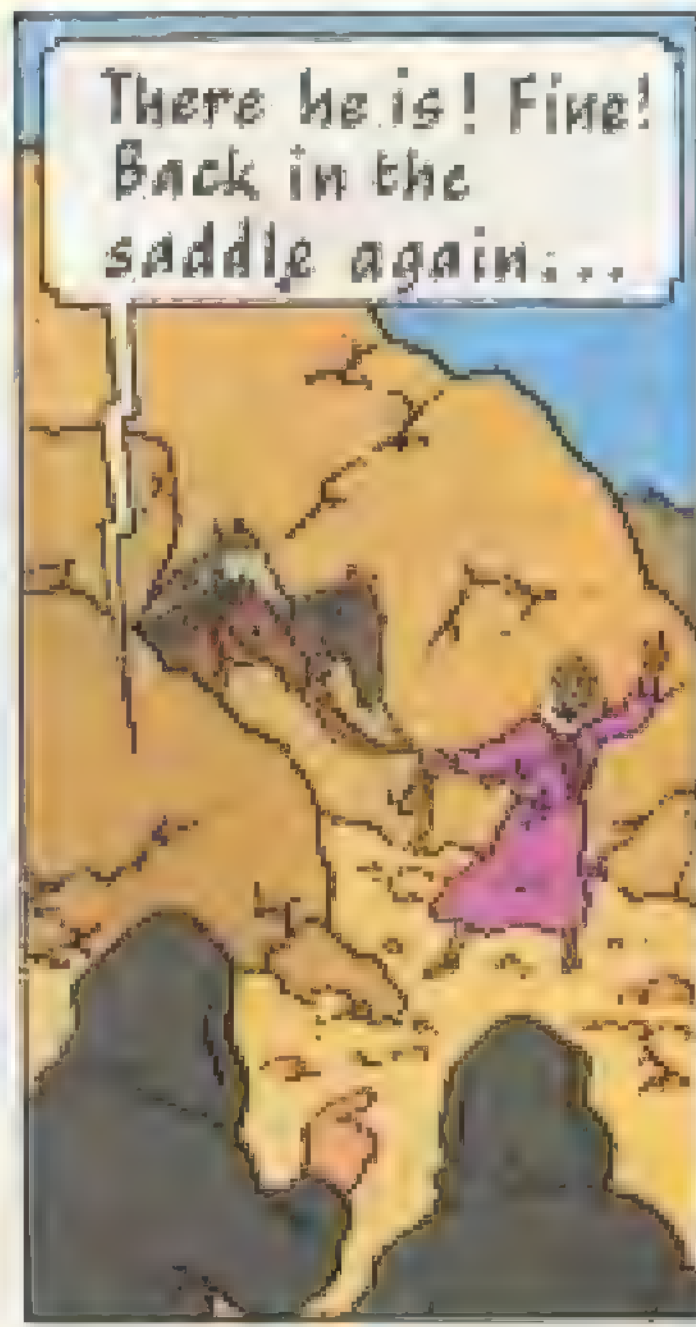
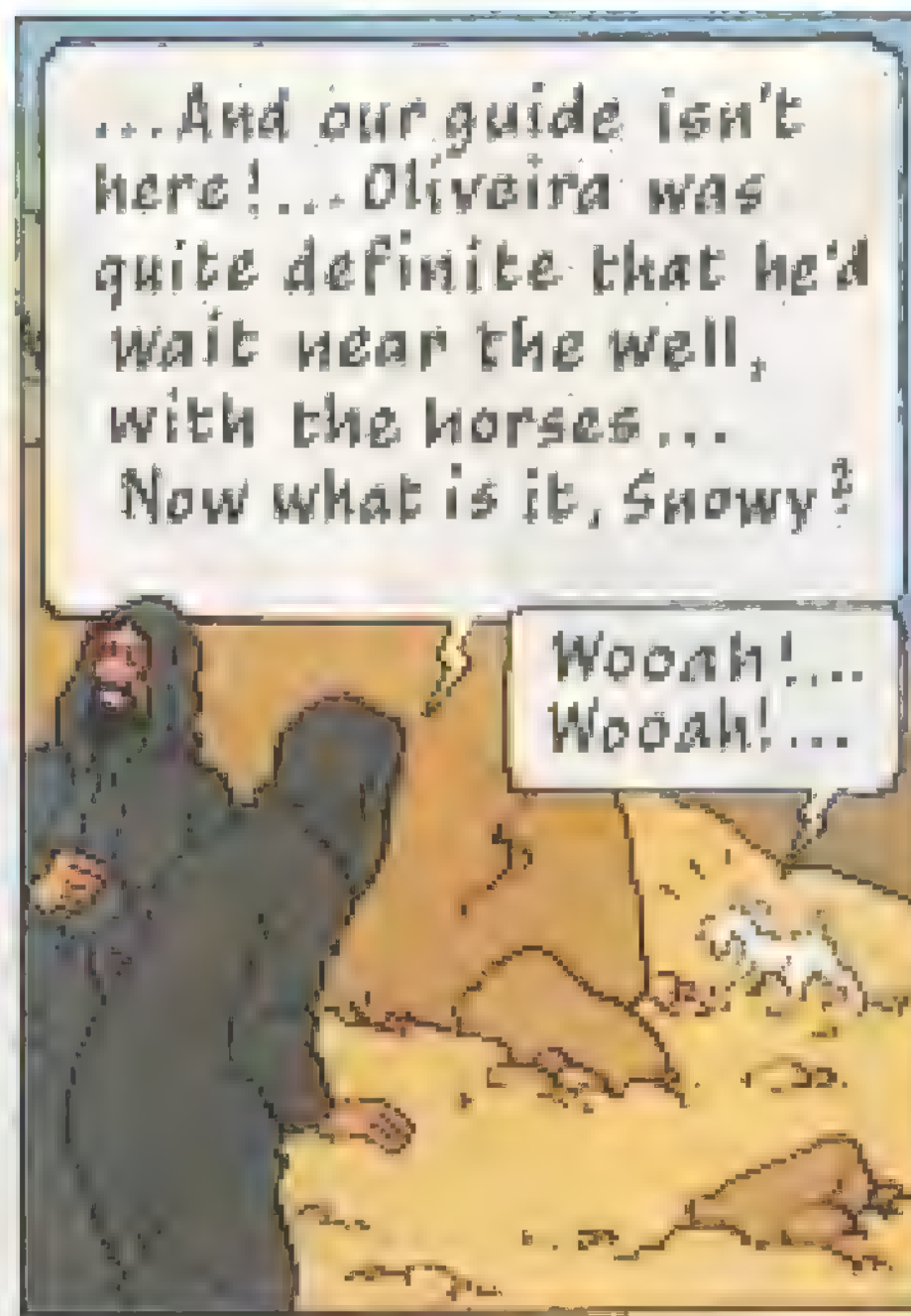
**TEN  
THOU...**



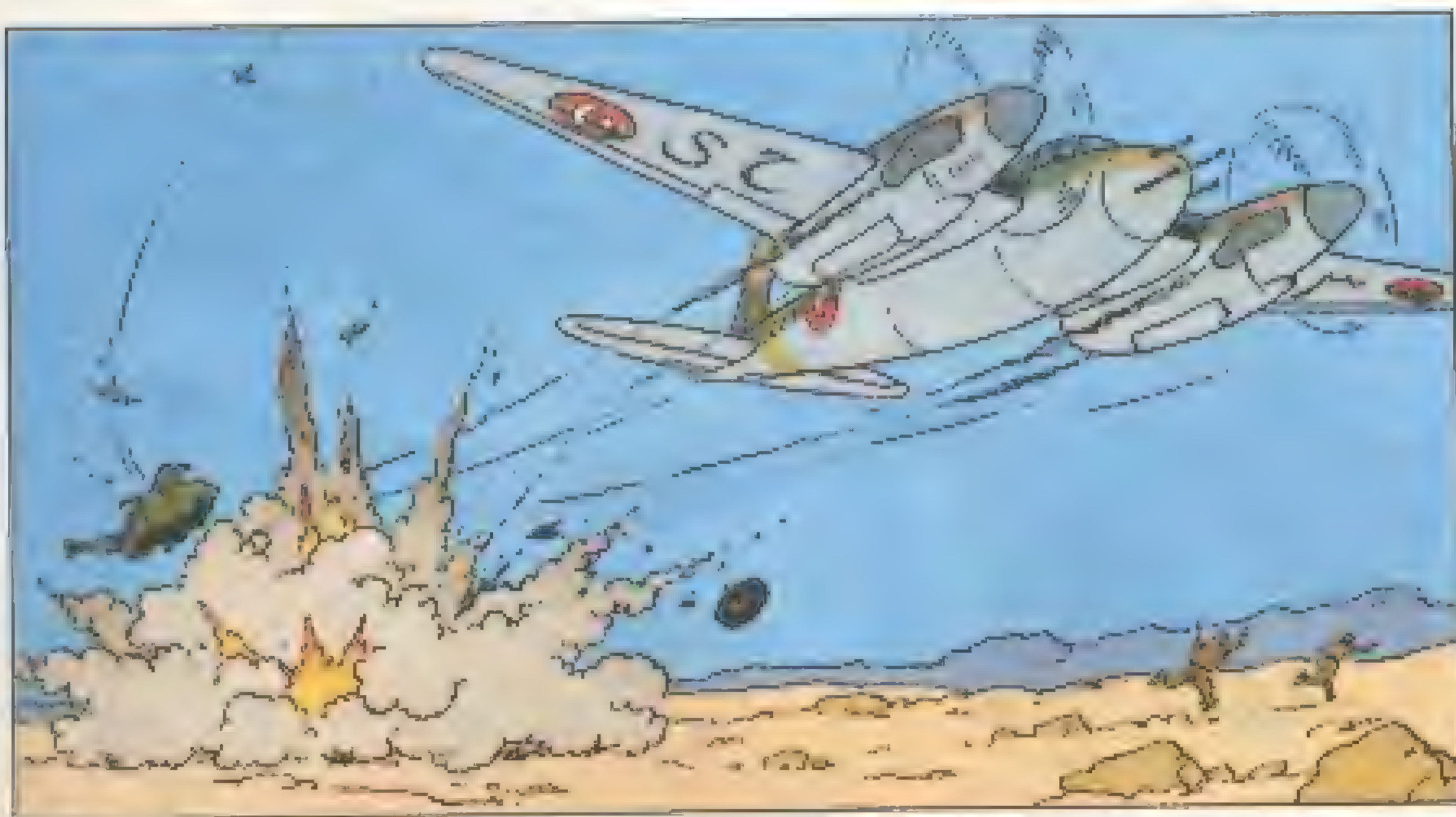












Oh!... Listen!... Gunfire somewhere in the desert.

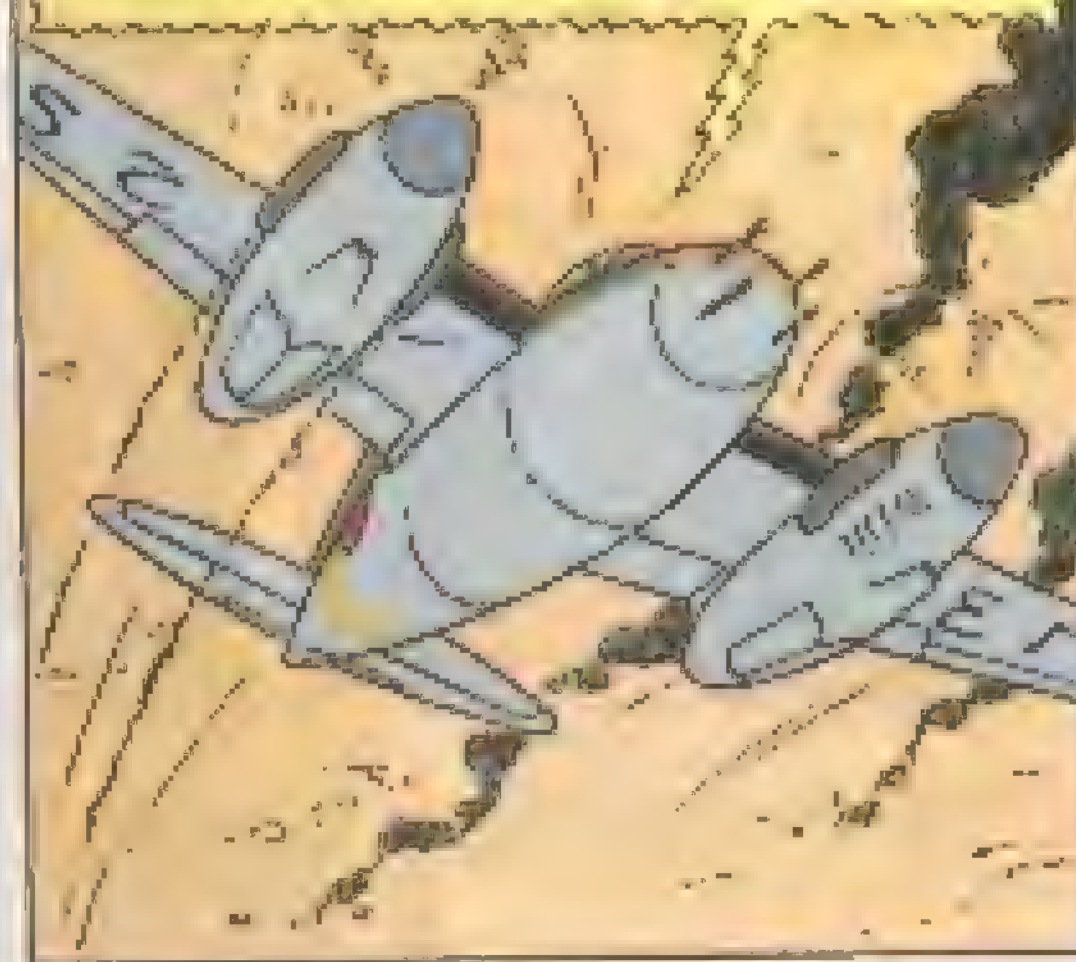


BOM  
BOM  
RAT TAT-TAT-TAT  
RAT-TAT

Our own aircraft!  
They're mad!!



Hello! Black Panther calling.  
First mission accomplished;  
the two armoured cars in flames.



Hello, yes... Ah,  
mission accomplished.  
... Excellent... The  
two armoured cars  
destroyed?...  
Congratulations,  
Colonel Achmed. Real  
aces, your pilots!



The armoured...  
**WHAT?...**



Quick, put me  
back to Colonel  
Achmed... Ah,  
it's you... Er...  
I think I mis-  
understood. You  
didn't say that  
the armoured cars  
...



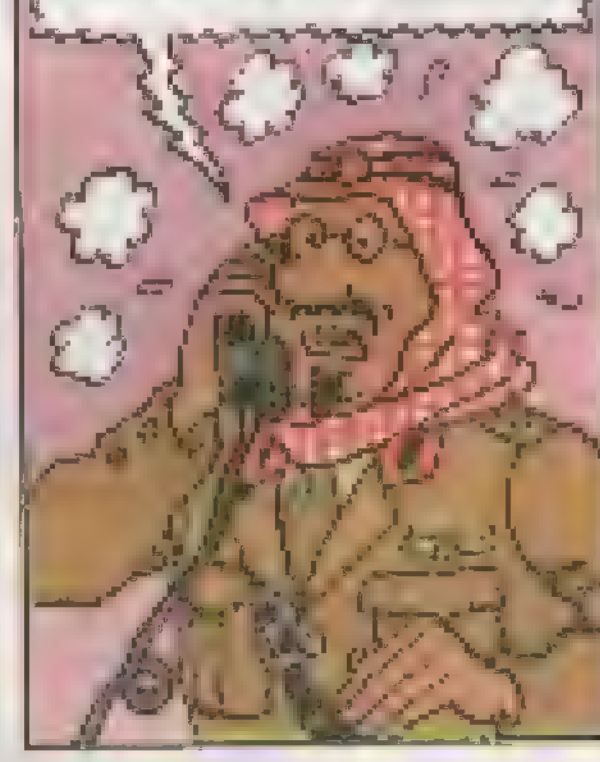
...were destroyed.  
... Yes, just as you  
ordered. I've  
already passed  
on your con-  
gratulations to  
the pilots...  
Pardon? ...



What?? I ordered  
it???... You bungling  
oaf! Only the horse-  
men were to be  
wiped out!

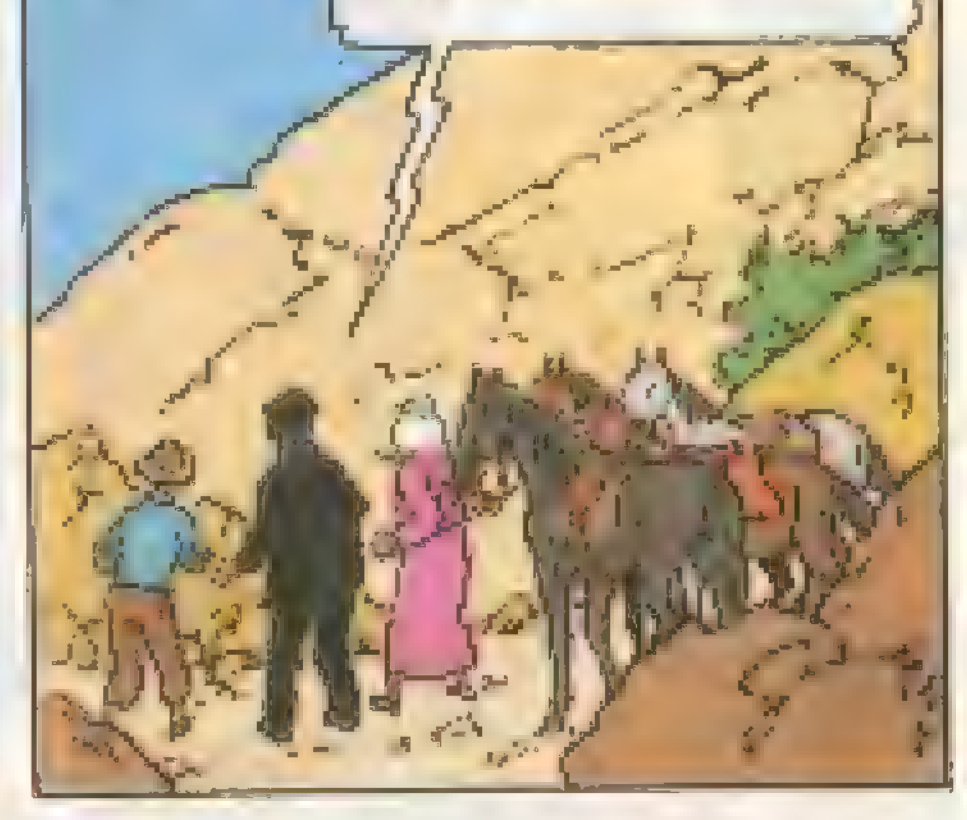


... Military  
tribunal...  
Court-martial  
... Dismissed...  
Reduced to  
the ranks...

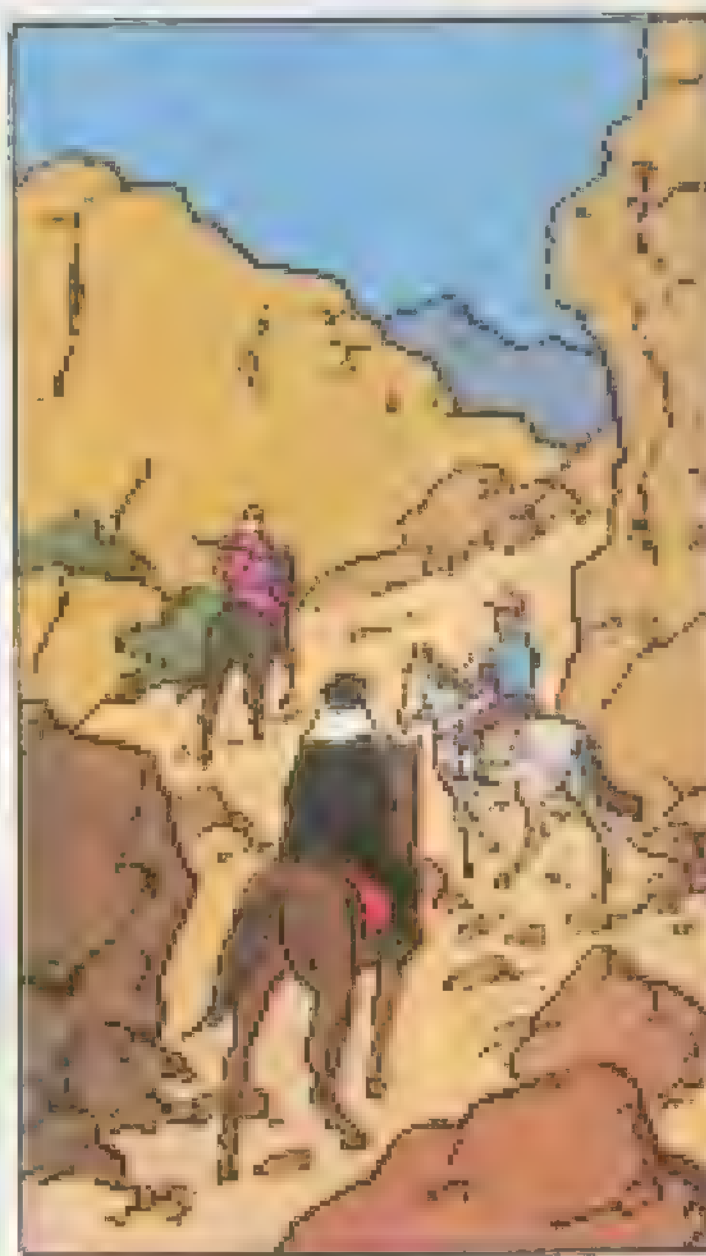


Meanwhile...

I wouldn't be  
surprised if  
they're looking  
for us.



Whew! They've gone  
over. Into the saddle:  
we've a long way to go.



Next day,  
at dawn...



Careful!... Every man pick his target!









Thundering typhoons!... A Roman temple, hewn from the rock!... Incredible!

We have arrived.

A few minutes later...

How stupendous! An entire city carved out of the mountain.

Tintin!... Captain!... You here?... It is unbelievable!

And my son?... My own little treasure? My precious darling... Where is he?

Ah, yes... We left him at Marlinspike, Your Highness. But rest assured, he is in good hands.

Poor little lamb! How sad he must be, so far from his Papa.

And now I'll leave you tied to the palm tree, so the crocodiles can come and eat you. Ha! ha! We're having fun, aren't we, Nestor?

Confounded brat!... Ah, someone's coming. They'll set me free.

Ah, Nestor. I was looking for you. Could you give me a hand? It's nothing much: simply give me a little push.

Mmm!... Mmm!

It's to test the new steering mechanism I've fitted to my roller-skates. ... Quite simple, really. They use the same principle for steering model cars.

Mmm!... Mm!

For instance, at the moment, my skates are locked right over to the left... If someone were to push me now I should turn round more or less on the same spot.

Mmm!... Mmm!

But I'm quite sure that despite his sadness my cherub is a little ray of sunshine, bringing life and gaiety into your old home.

Undoubtedly!



And you, what brings you here?... Come along in and sit down. You must be tired. And you'll certainly be hungry and thirsty. I will have some refreshments brought to you.



Well, Your Highness, we are here to try and help you; also, to get to the bottom of a mystery, in which Arabair seem to have an important part.

Arabair? The dogs!... They will pay dearly for their treachery... I gave them permission to establish a base at Wadesdah, an important link on the route to Mecca...



One day, about three months ago, my little Abdullah, my flawless jewel, expressed a wish to see the Arabair planes loop the loop a few times before landing at Wadesdah...



Nothing simpler, don't you agree?... And it would have given my lambkin such pleasure!... Well, instead of seizing this opportunity of pleasing my little sugarplum, they refused, on some trumped-up excuse...

But Highness...



Naturally, I was very angry and threatened to terminate our agreement. I also used another threat: that I would reveal to the world that Arabair are involved in slave trading.

WHAT?!



GRRR...



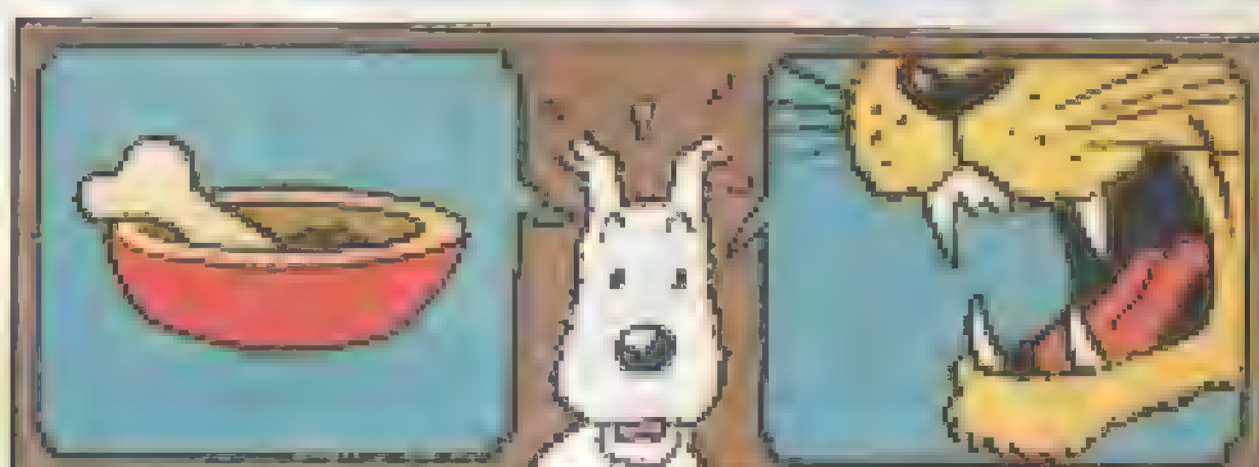
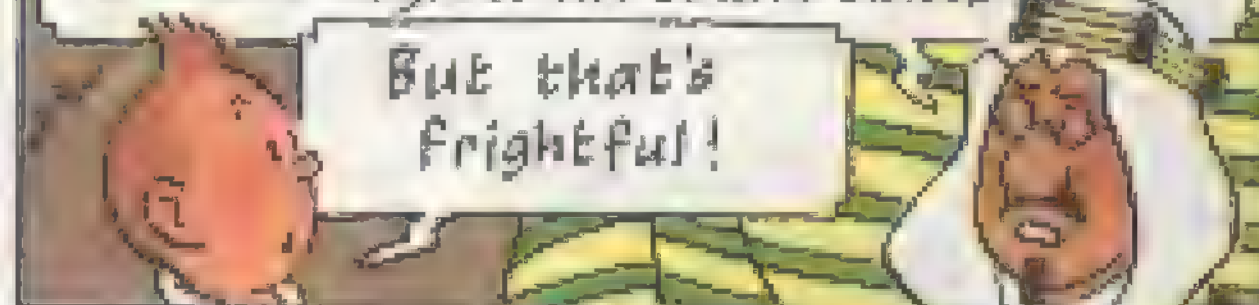
Slave trading, no less... Their planes touching down at Wadesdah on the way from Africa are always full to bursting with native Sudanese and Senegalese. These are Mohammedan converts, making their pilgrimage to Mecca.

Yes, go on...



On the other hand, on the return journey their planes are mostly empty... Why?... Because somewhere between Wadesdah and Mecca these unfortunate negroes are sold as slaves.

But that's frightful!

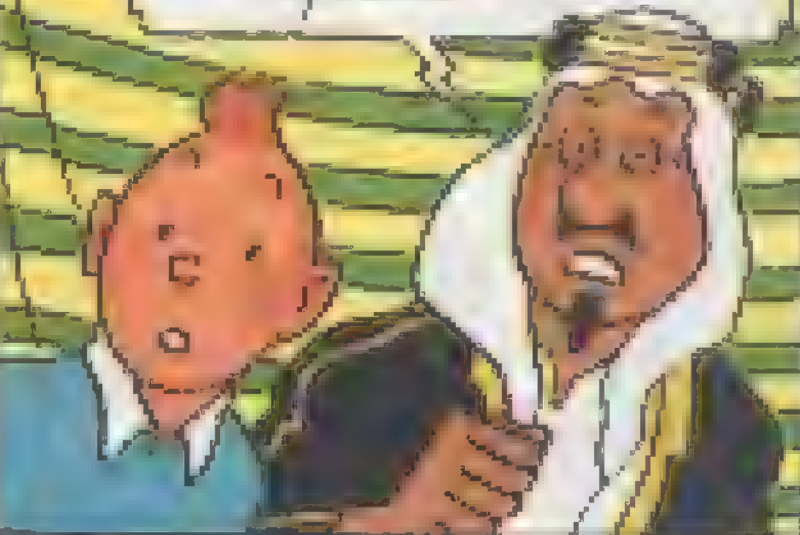


Er... Yes... But to get back to Arabair: these jackals stirred up trouble in my country, and thanks to their support, the accursed Bab El Ehr was able to seize power... But it won't be for long... I'll throw him out, that mangy dog, that stinking hyena, that slimy serpent, that...

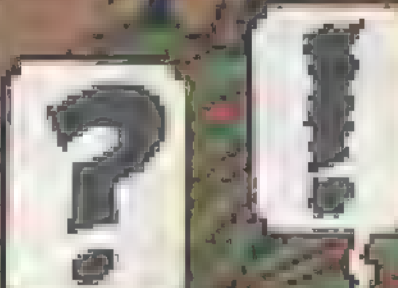


**GRAOW**

By Allah!... Let us hope your dog hasn't gone near Ayesha!



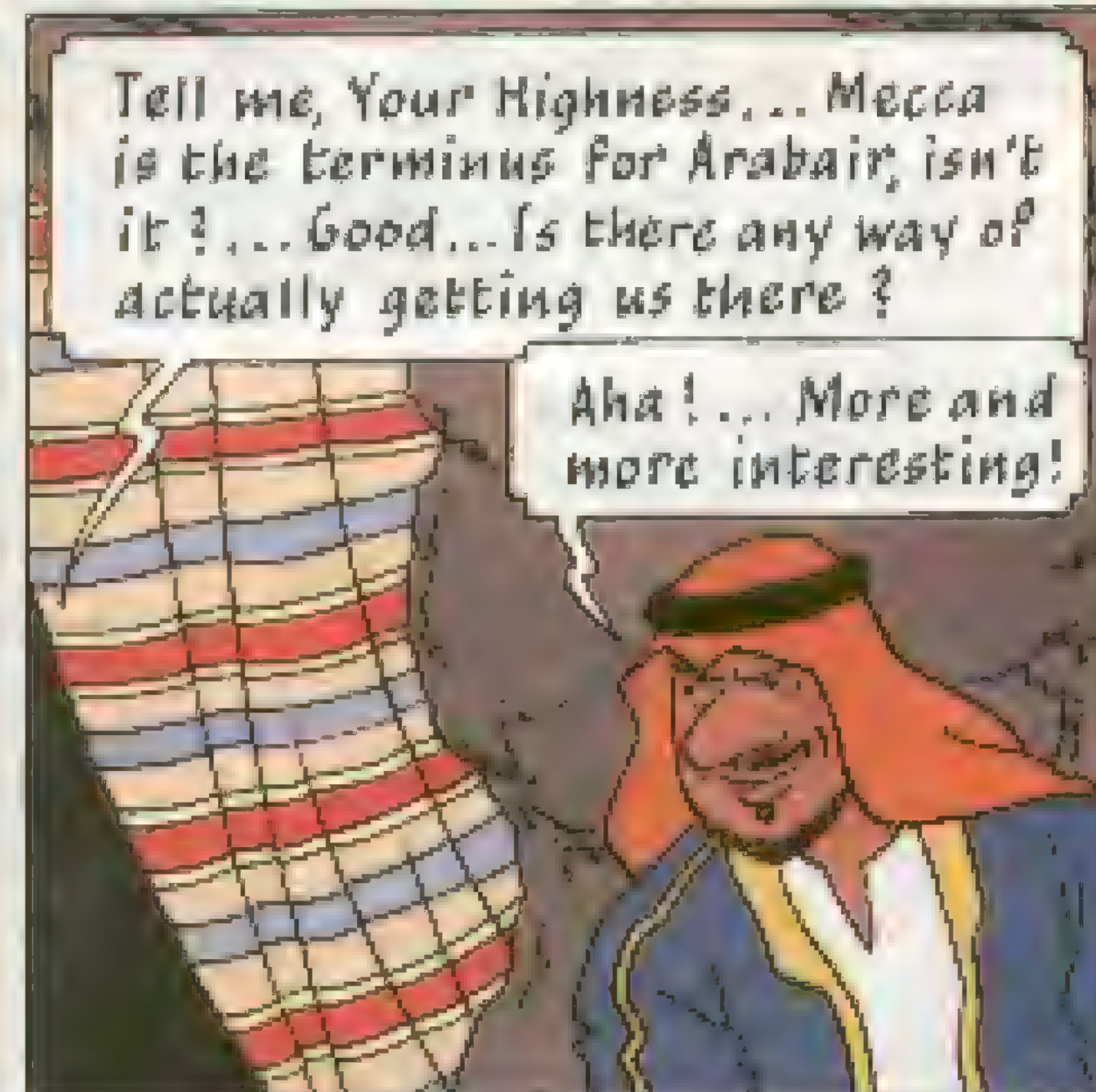
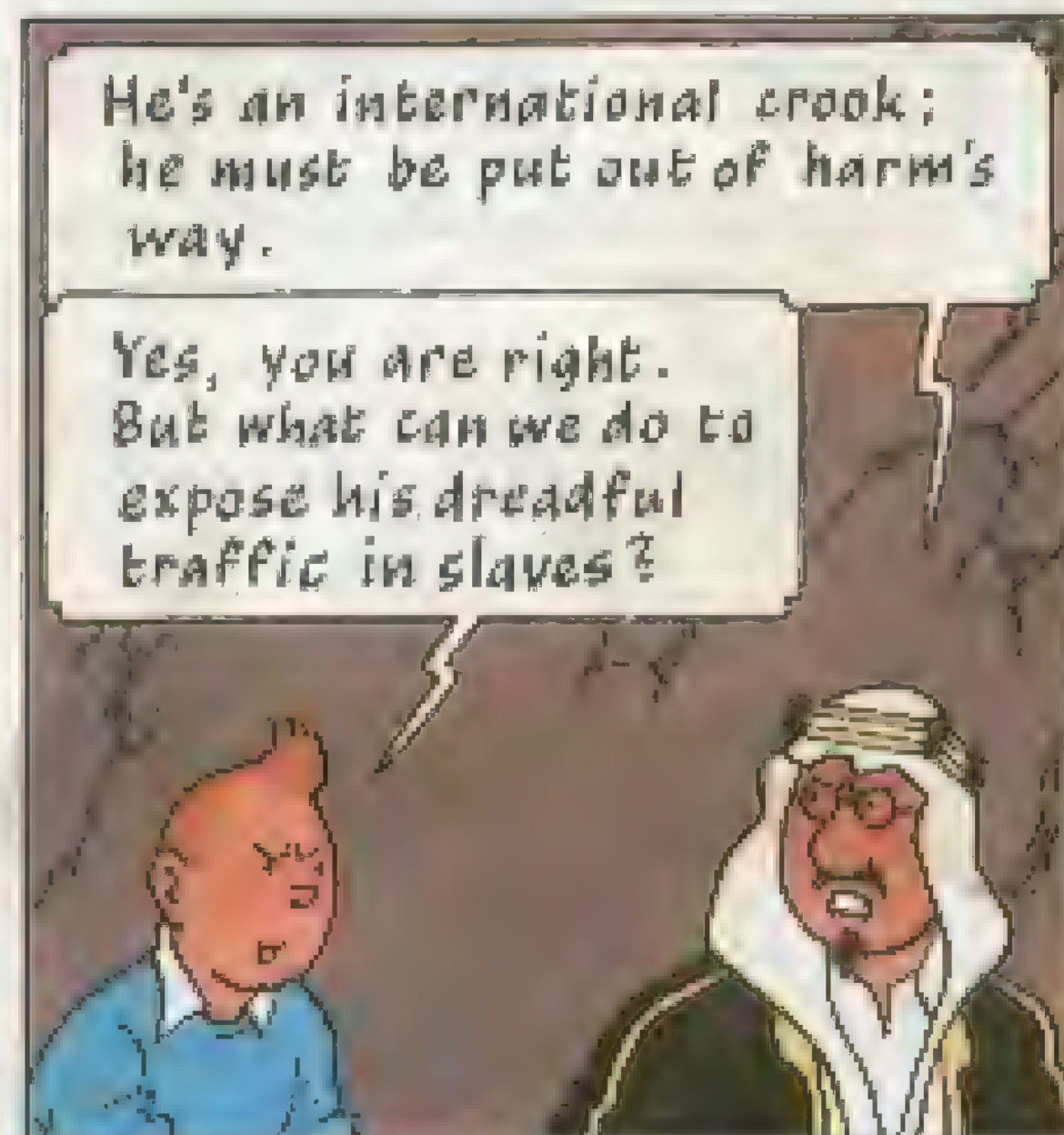
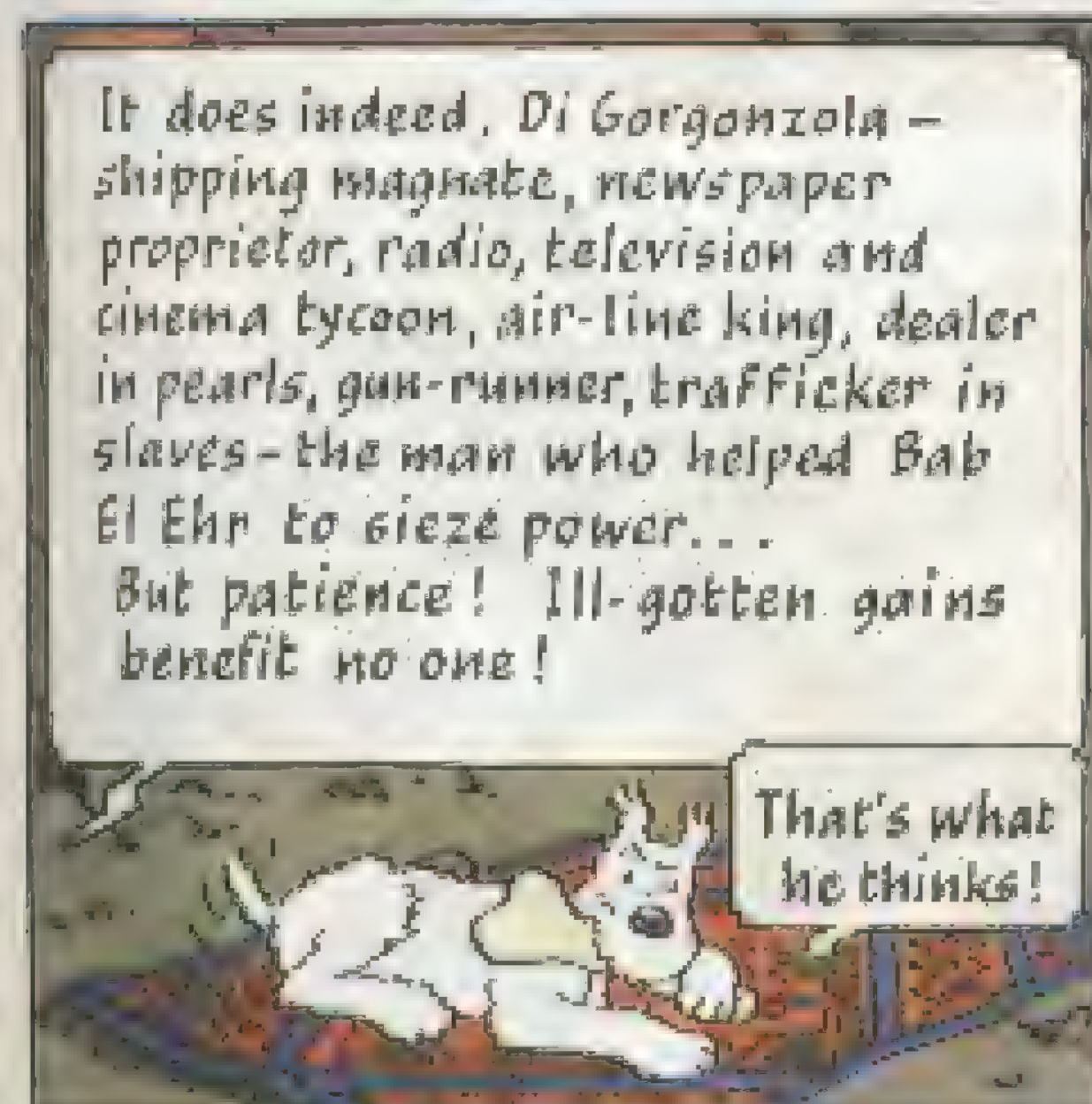
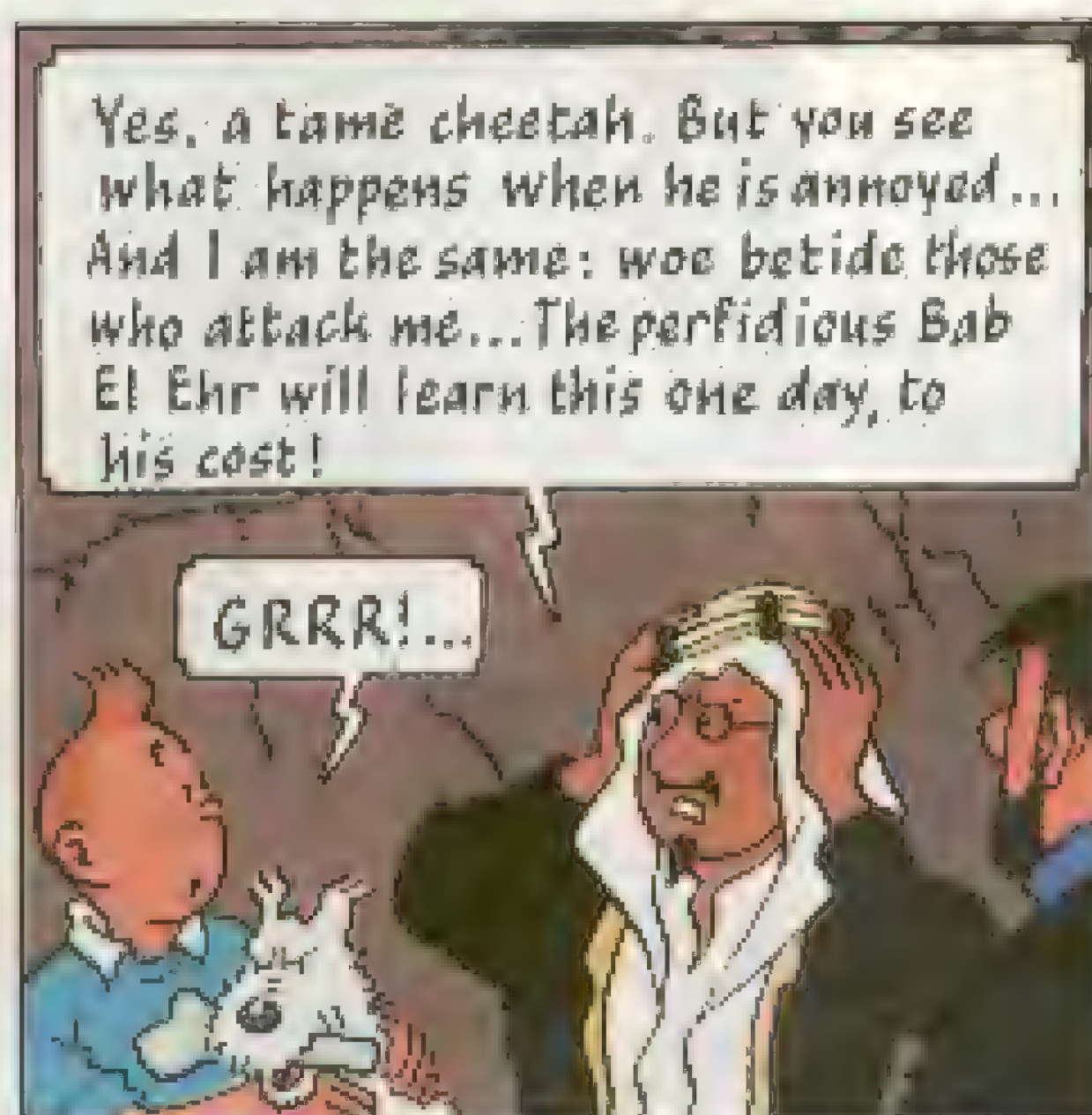
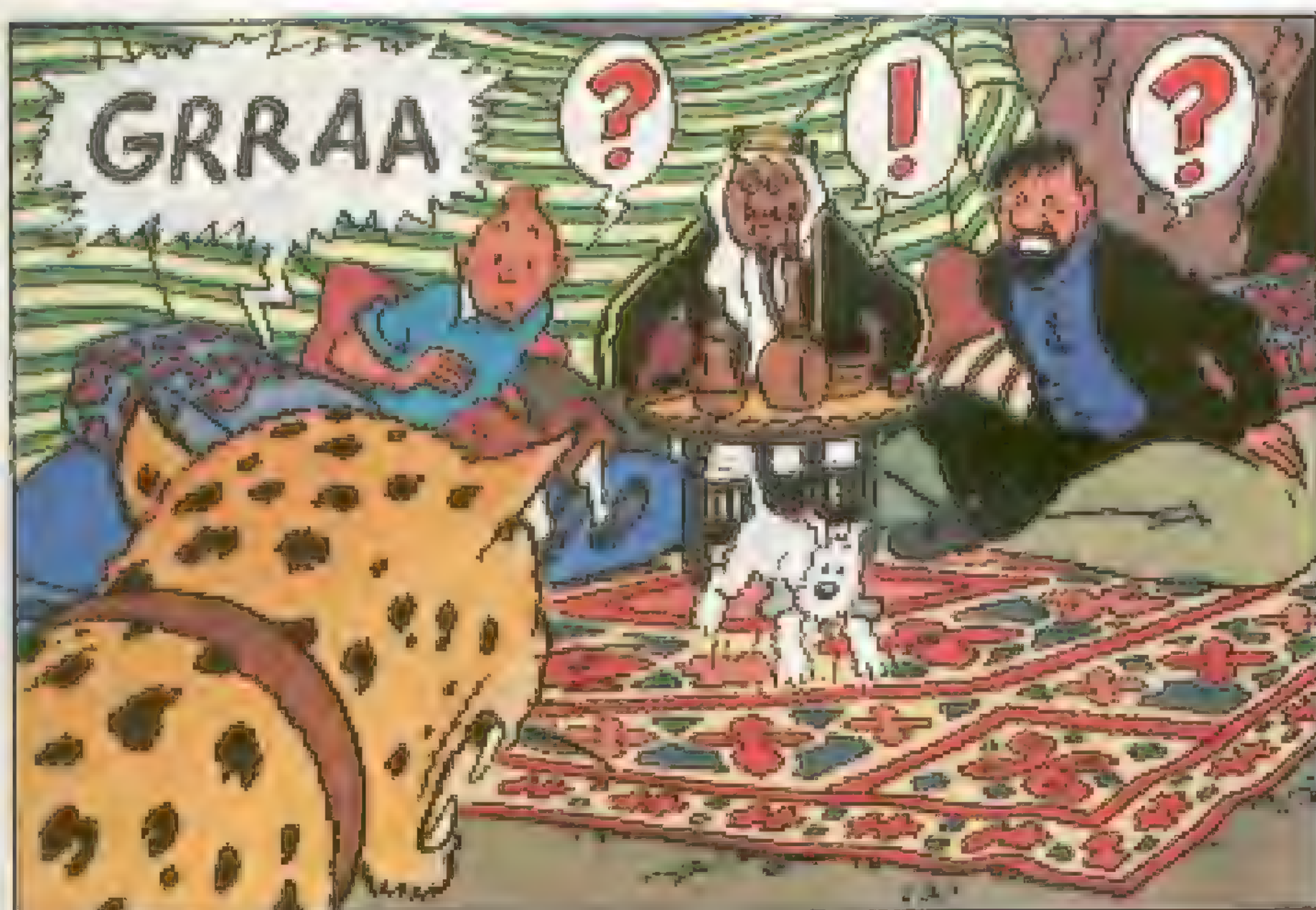
**GRRRAOW**



**CRACK GRAOW**









To Mecca? That's not easy at the moment. But if you will give me two or three days, I will find means of putting you aboard a sailing-ship, which will take you there.

Thank you, Highness.



Aha! This will please Bab El Ehr...



GRAOW!



Again? What has happened now?



It is Ben Yusef, O Master... Ayesha jumped on him... See, it will be at least three weeks before he is well... It seems that he trod on Ayesha's tail...

Oh, poor creature!



Three days later...

There, everything is arranged. You leave tomorrow at dawn, with two trusted men. They will lead you to a point on the coast where a small vessel will be waiting to take you to Mecca. But be on your guard. Di Gorgonzola is a dangerous man.

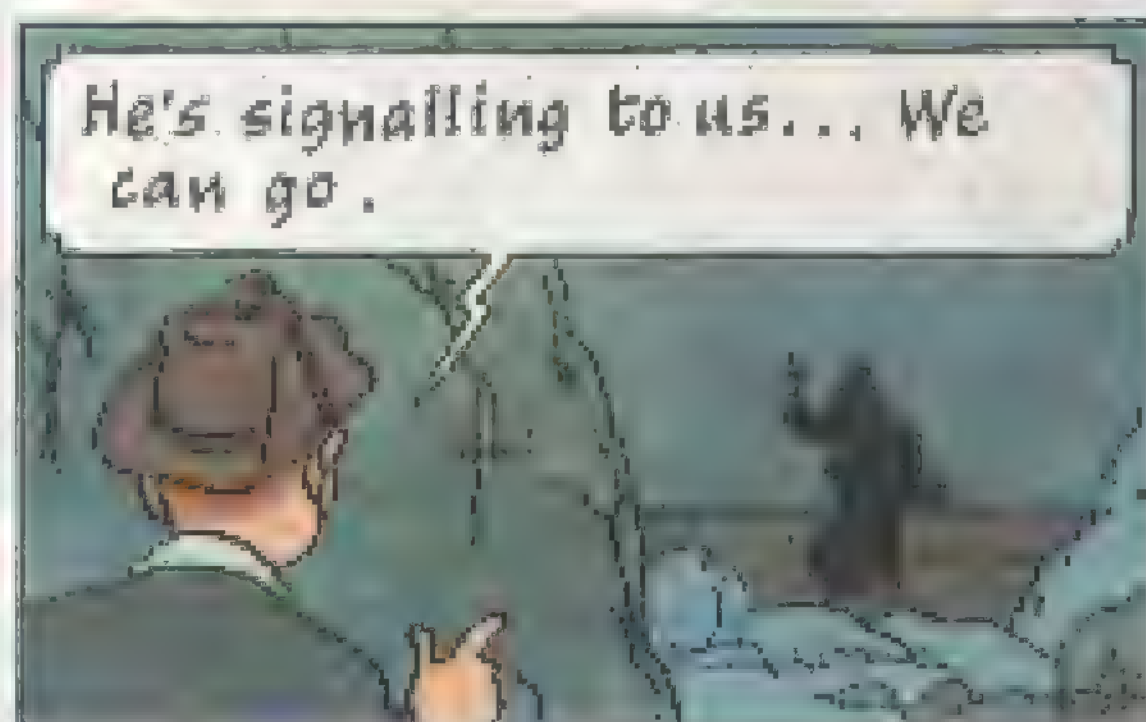


Two days have passed...

Here we are... You may dismount... But stay while I make sure that the boat has arrived.



He's signalling to us... We can go.



Ah, so that's the tub we're going to board. It's a dhow... No; I beg your pardon: a sambuk.



Look, they have just put a boat out.



Danger! Danger! A mounted patrol!







By the beard of the Prophet, something suspicious is going on over there.

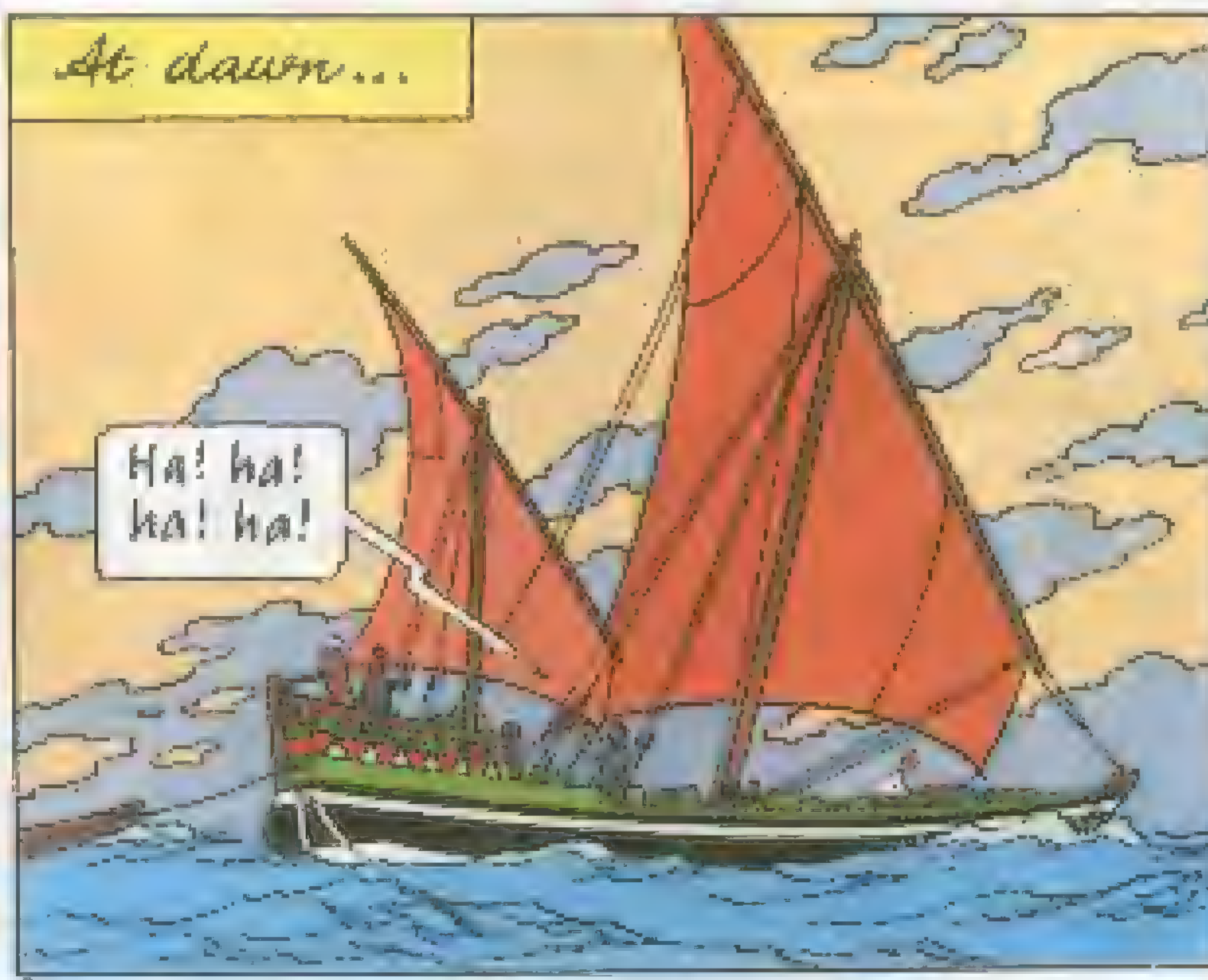
Halt!... Who goes there?



By Allah!... They have stumbled on a patrol!...

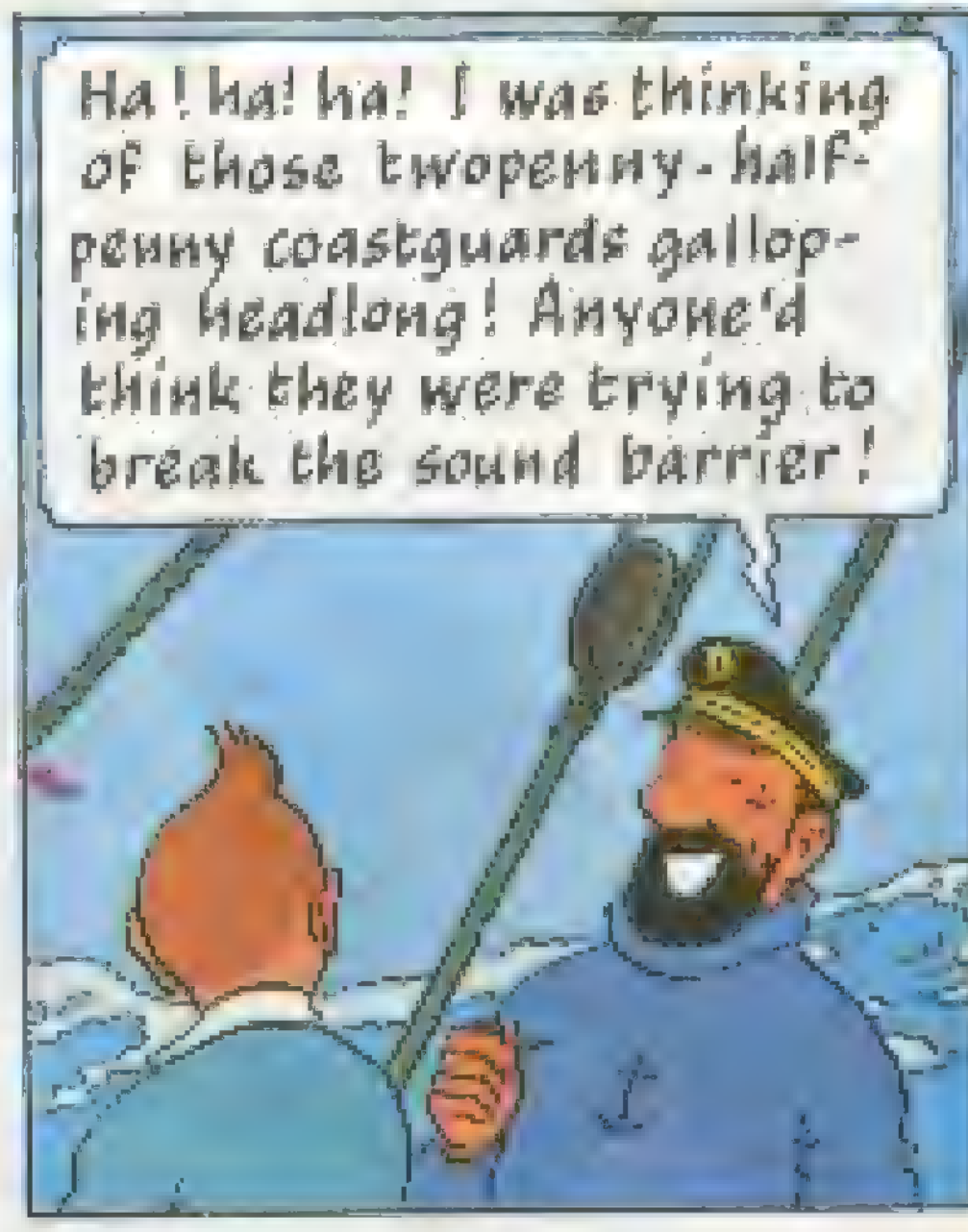


Ha! ha! ha! Soldiers? Them? ... Don't make me laugh! One shot into the air and they bolted like rabbits!

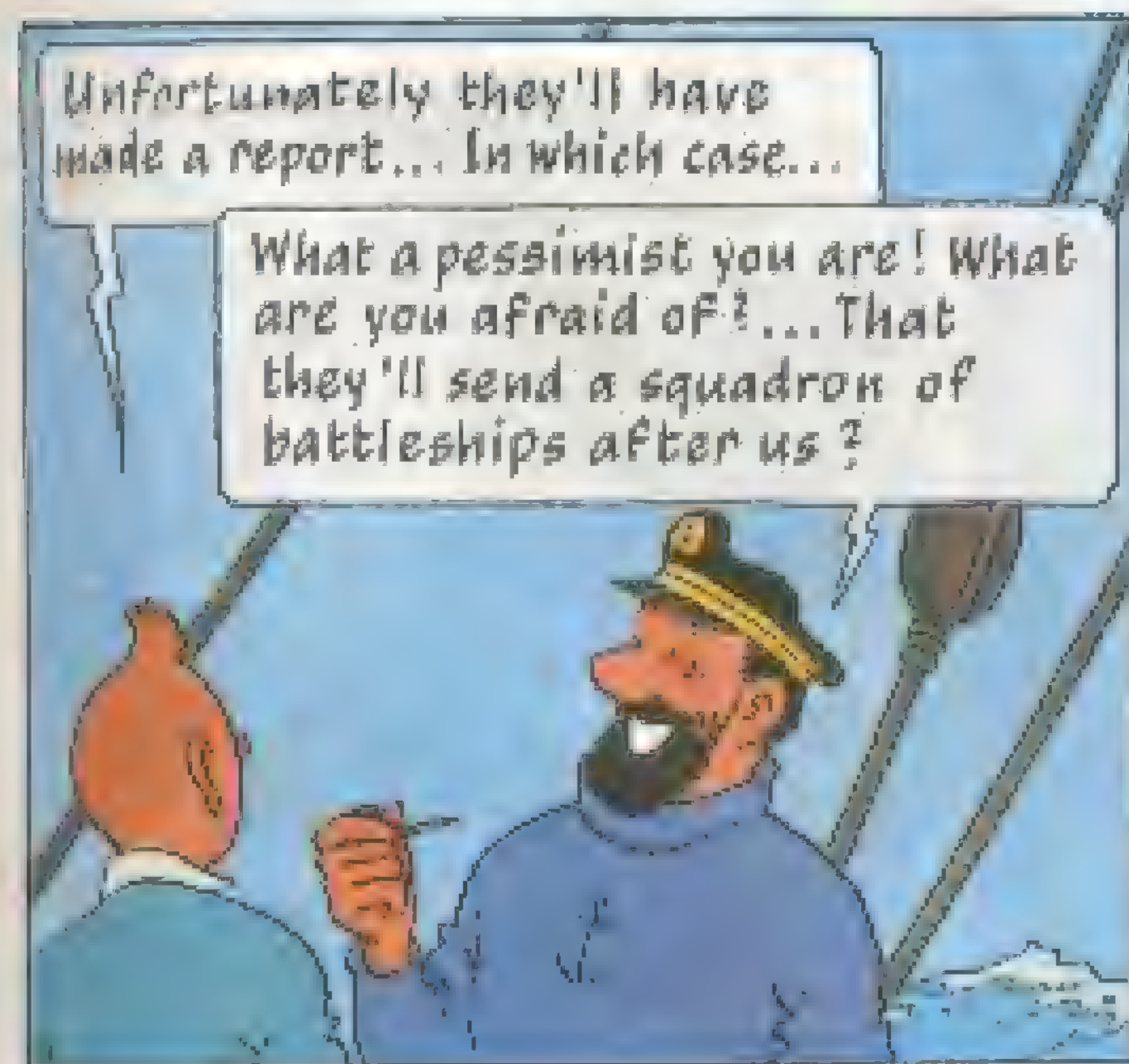


At dawn...

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

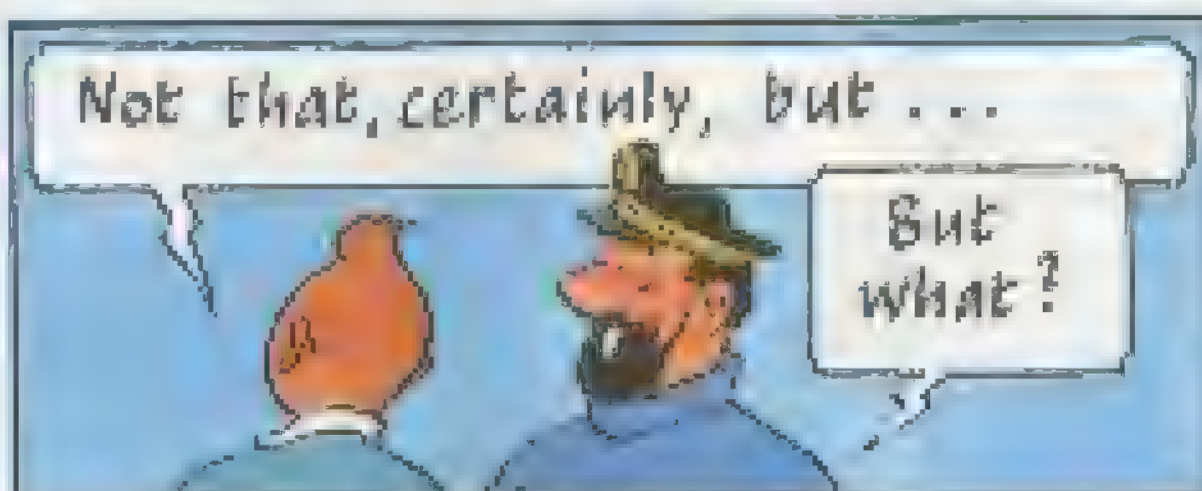


Ha! ha! ha! I was thinking of those twopenny-halfpenny coastguards galloping headlong! Anyone'd think they were trying to break the sound barrier!



Unfortunately they'll have made a report... In which case...

What a pessimist you are! What are you afraid of?... That they'll send a squadron of battleships after us?



Not that, certainly, but...

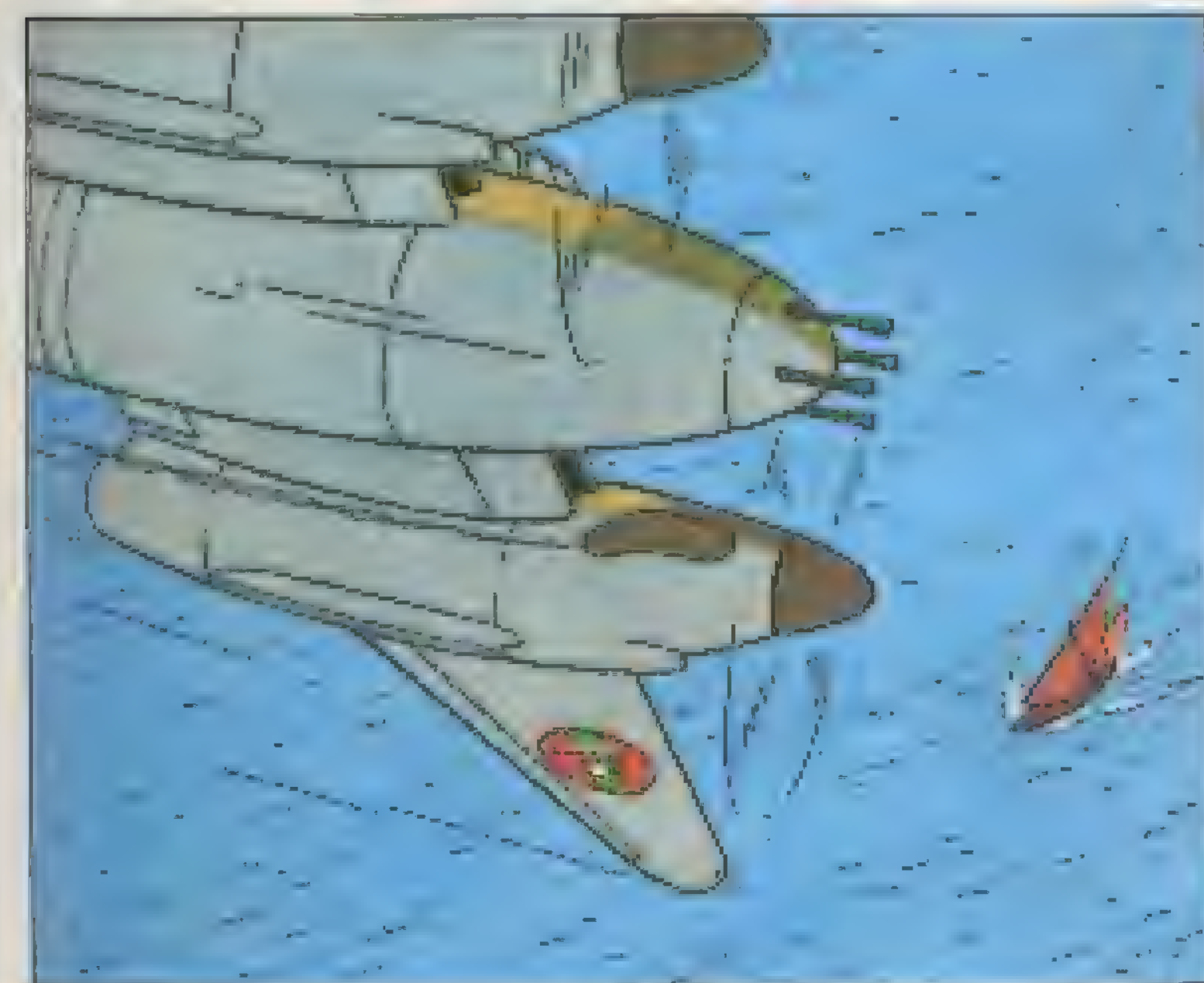
But what?



Over there, Captain!... That's just what I feared!

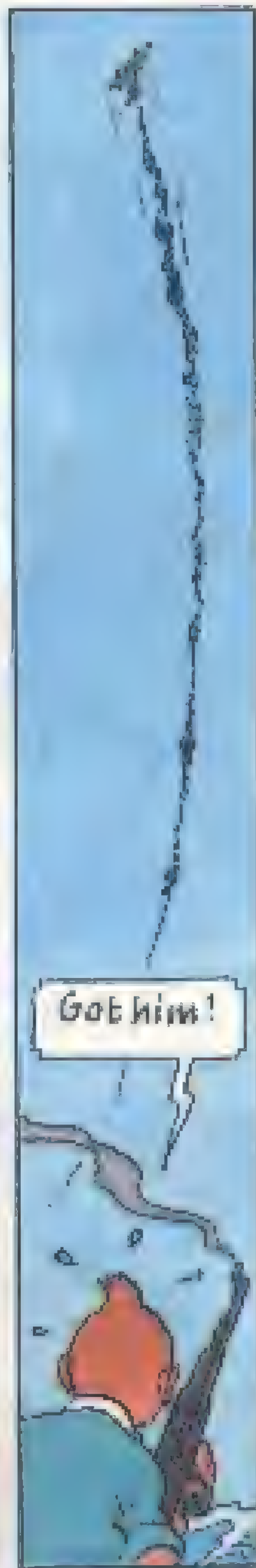
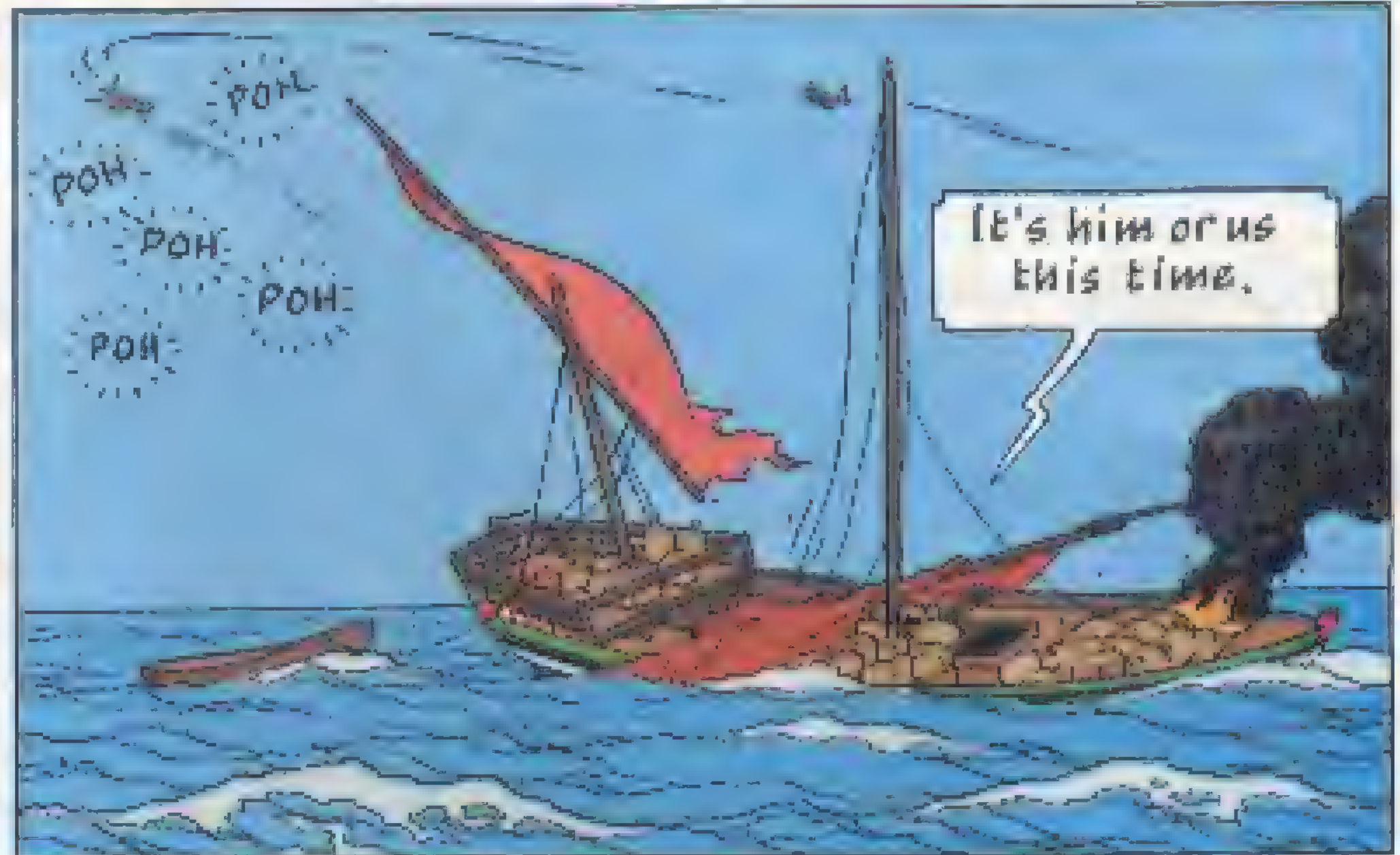
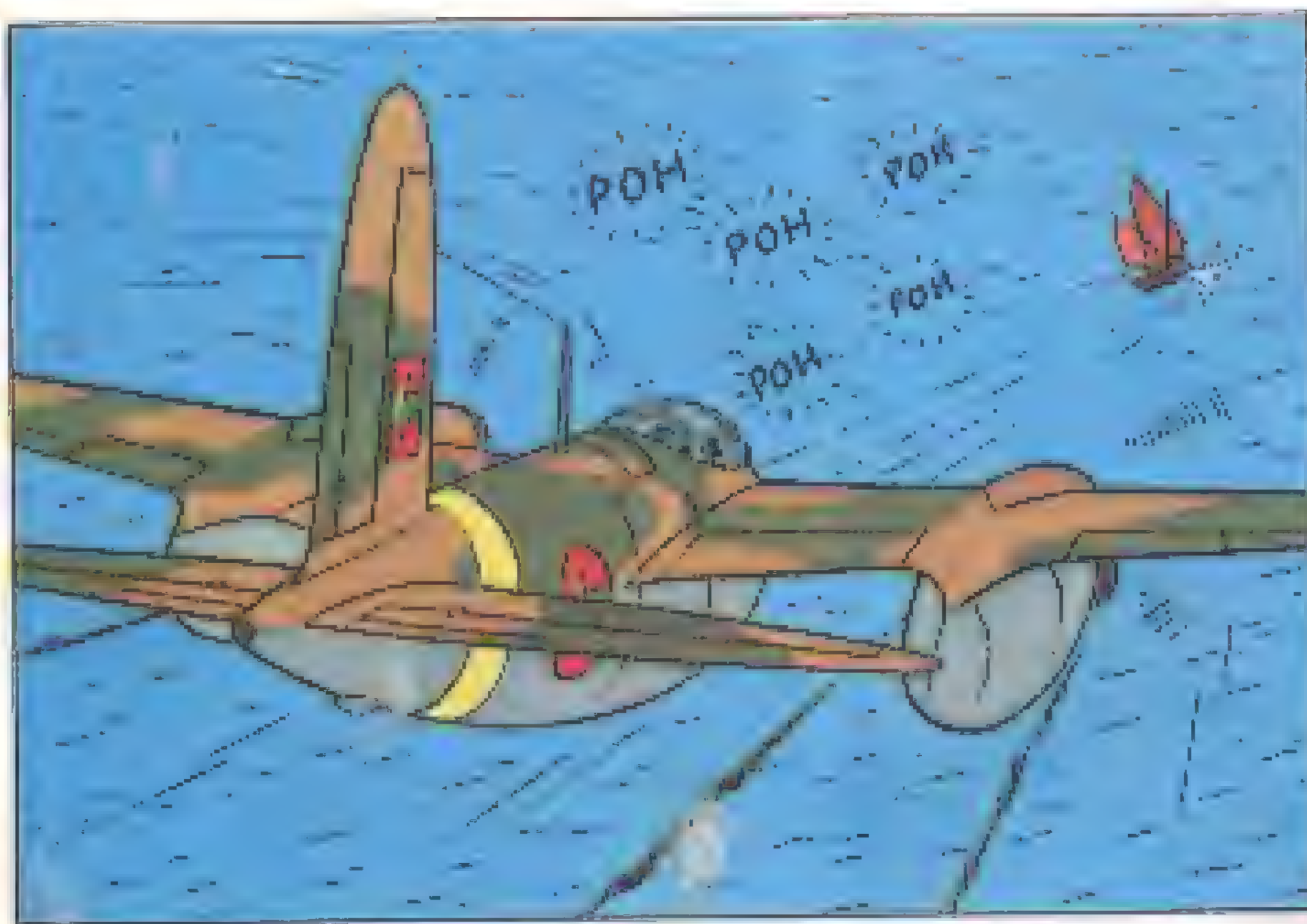


Thundering typhoons! Mosquitoes!



They're coming back!... This is going to be hot! ...Everybody down!







I don't know what happened... Some coward hit me from behind.

But who?... We're on our own. The crew have taken the boat and made off.

Quick, get down... That's what knocked you out!

Thundering typhoons! My nose!

So sorry... But there's no time to waste. We must build a raft, or we'll be grilled alive.

*A quarter of an hour later...*

Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... We've saved two cases of provisions, and no tin-opener; it's enough to drive you crazy!

What about trying with your knife?

Oh! There's the pilot from the plane we shot down!

Him!!! Let him take care of himself... Er... Is he far away?

No, quite near. Here, help me rescue him.

You've done a good job, eh? You trigger-happy thug! Who are you, anyway? What's your name?

Skut.

What do you mean, scoot? I'll teach you manners, you blithering bombardier. I'll soon deflate you! Ectoplasm!

But...but...my name Skut... Piotr Skut... Me Esthonian...

Look out!... Mind your knife!

**BANG**

Er... Oh! Skut... So your name's Skut, eh? ... Er, I... Well, don't let it bother you!

*Meanwhile...*

Hello! hello!... This is R3KO... This is R3KO calling K6VM... Over.

Hello! Hello! This is K6VM... This is K6VM... Come in R3KO... Come in... Over.



Meanwhile...

May I have the pleasure of this samba, Princess?

But of course, Marquis.



What an ideal yacht for a cruise!

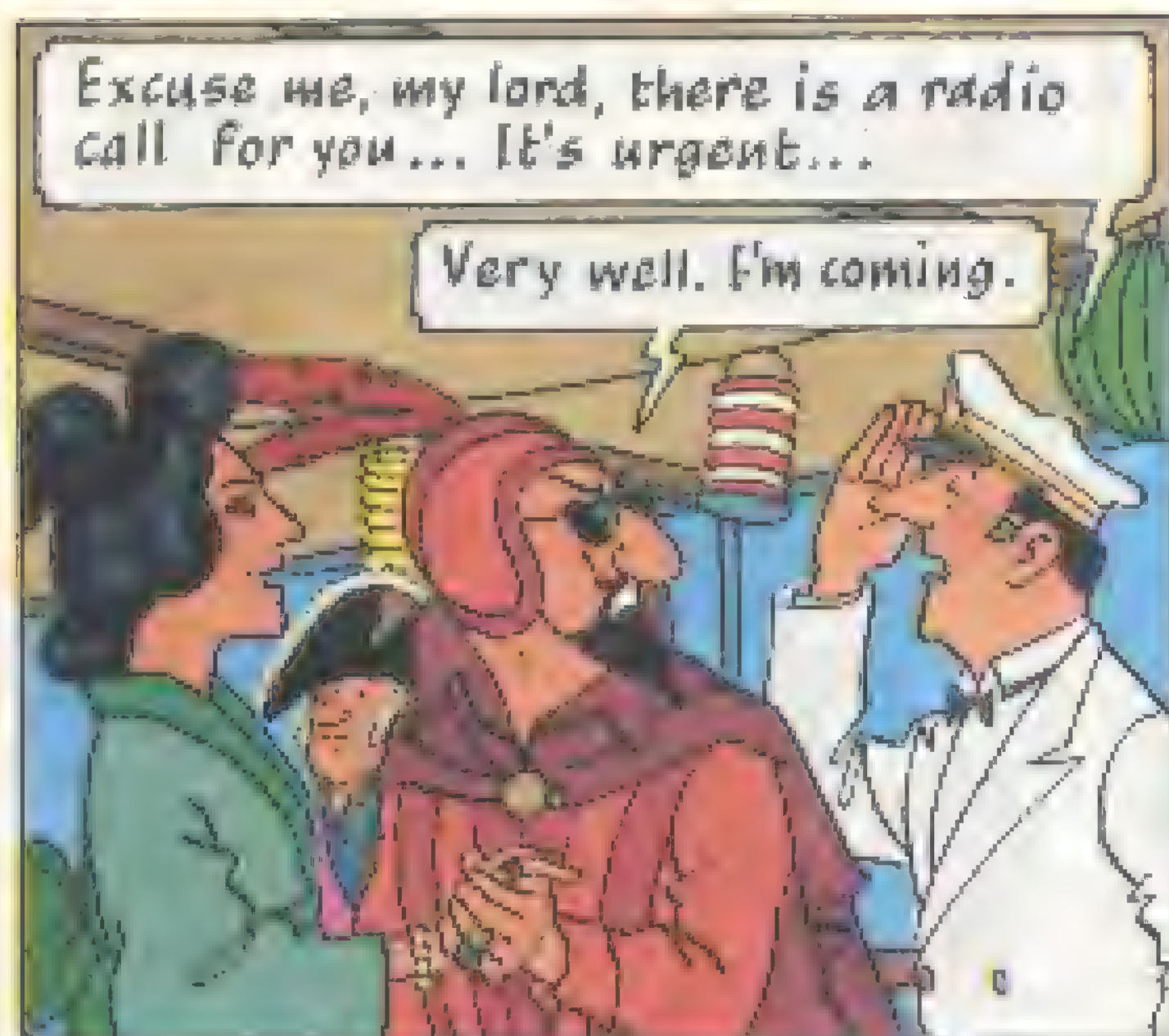


The "Scheherazade" is certainly a wonderful ship... And what a good idea to have a fancy-dress ball on board... Ma-a-arvellous!



Excuse me, my lord, there is a radio call for you... It's urgent...

Very well. I'm coming.



You see, dear lady? Business, always business. I am indeed a slave... Will you forgive me?

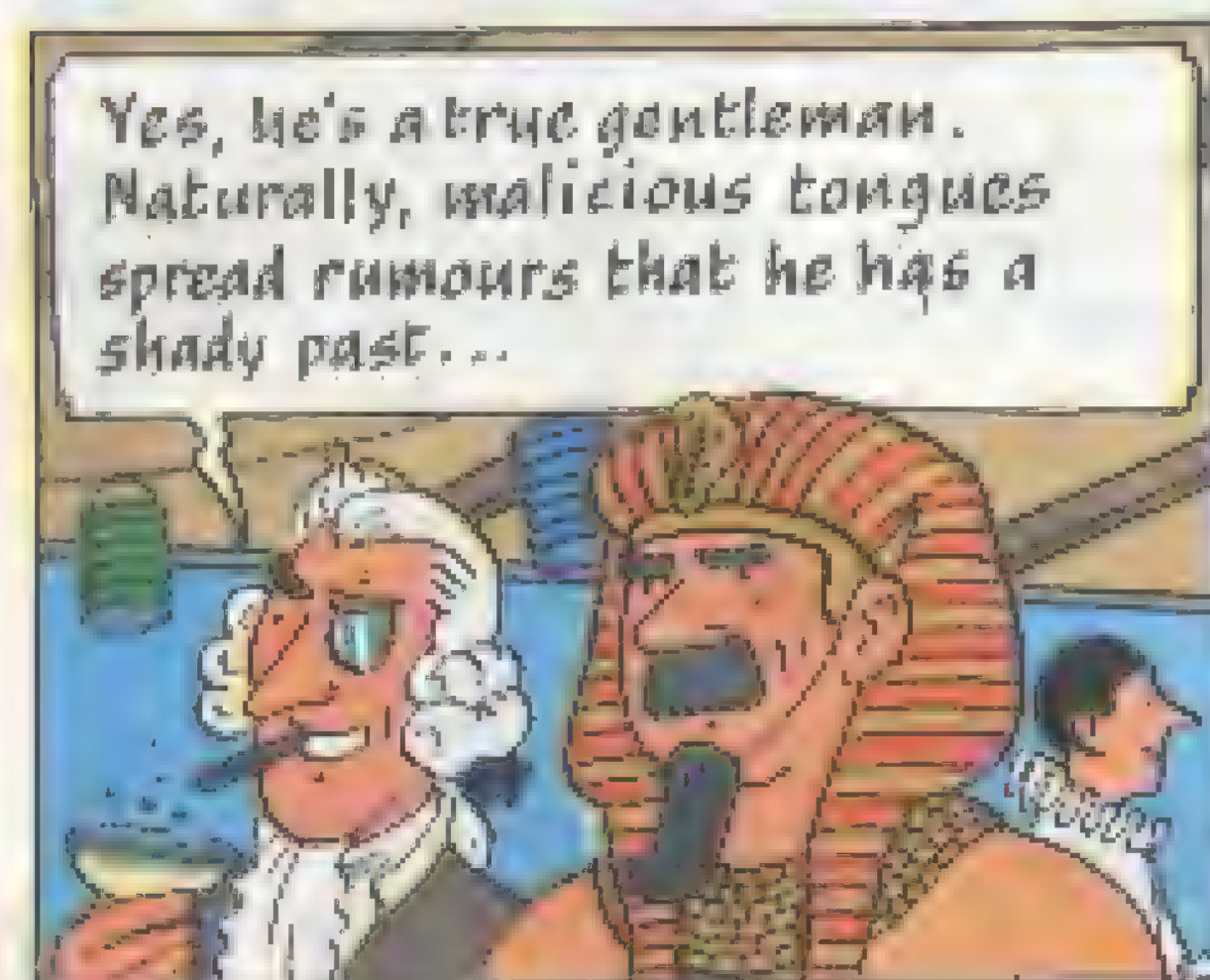
Don't give it a thought.



What an entrancing host he is. This cruise aboard the "Scheherazade" is really too enchanting!



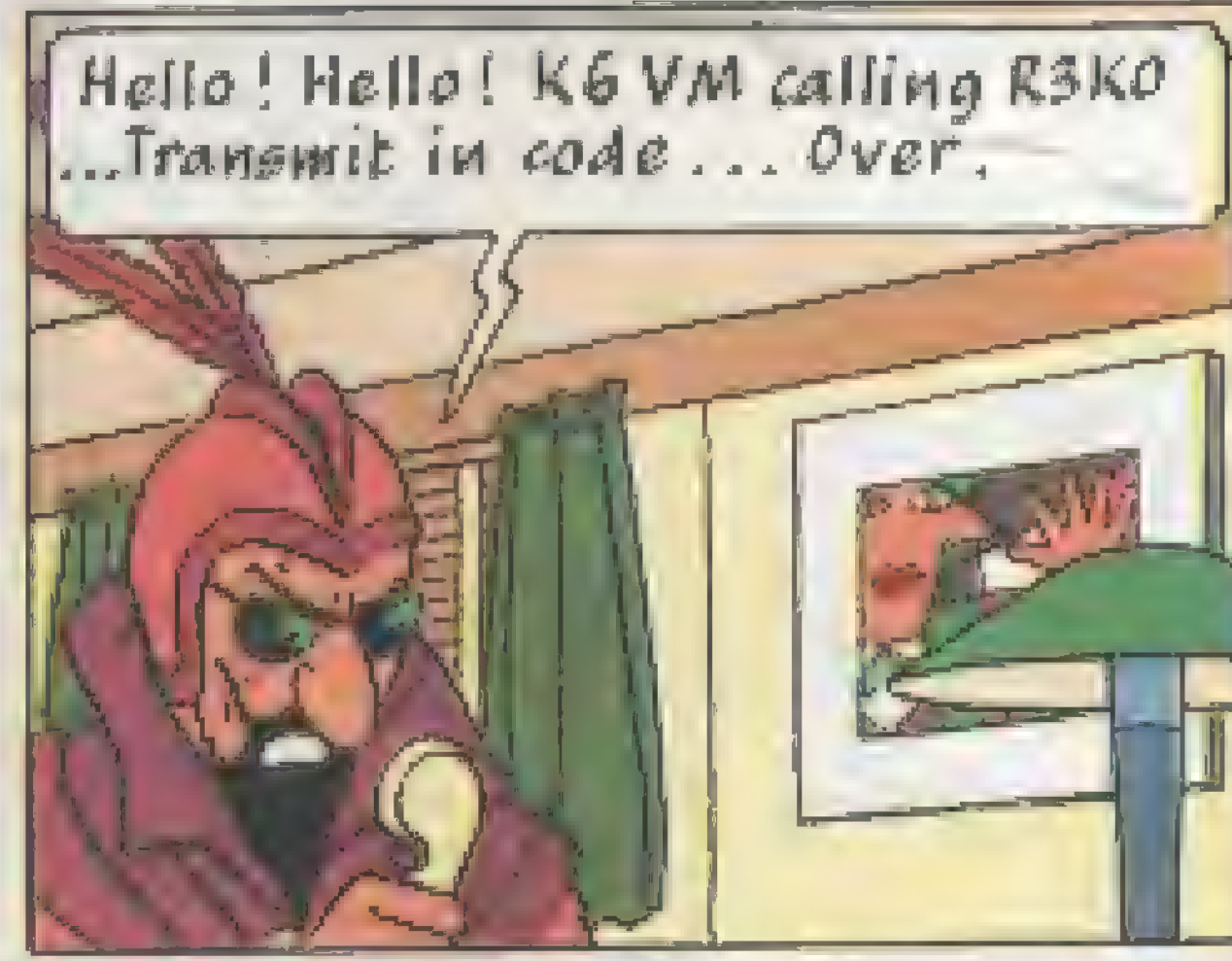
Yes, he's a true gentleman. Naturally, malicious tongues spread rumours that he has a shady past...



It's only to be expected that such luxury arouses envy. One must admit...

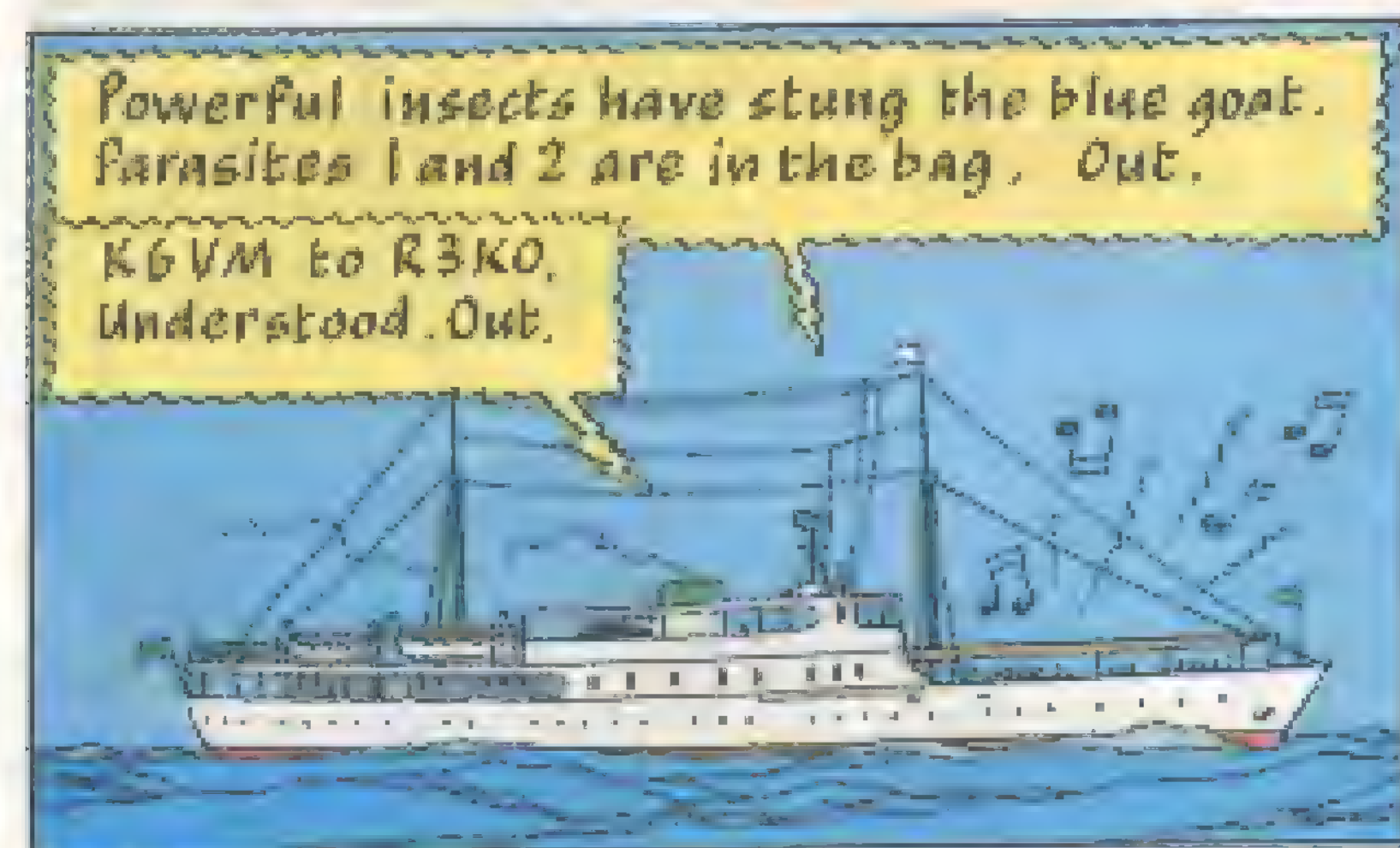


Hello! Hello! K6 VM calling R3KO... Transmit in code... Over.

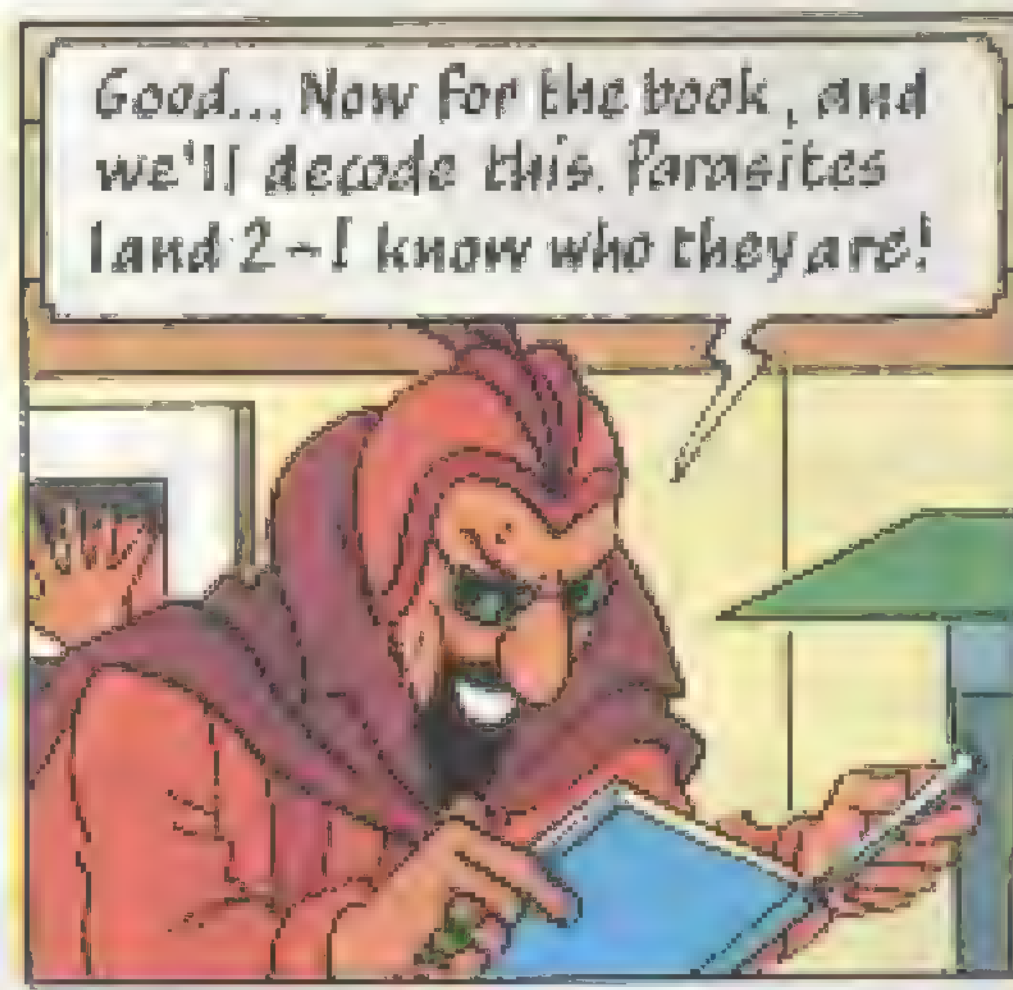


Powerful insects have stung the blue goat. Parasites 1 and 2 are in the bag. Out.

K6 VM to R3KO. Understood. Out.



Good... Now for the book, and we'll decode this. Parasites 1 and 2 - I know who they are!



There... I have it... Excellent! Mull Pasha has done well. We're rid of those two meddlers!



If this goes on, Captain, we'll soon be on Dr. Bombard's diet: plankton and sea-water.

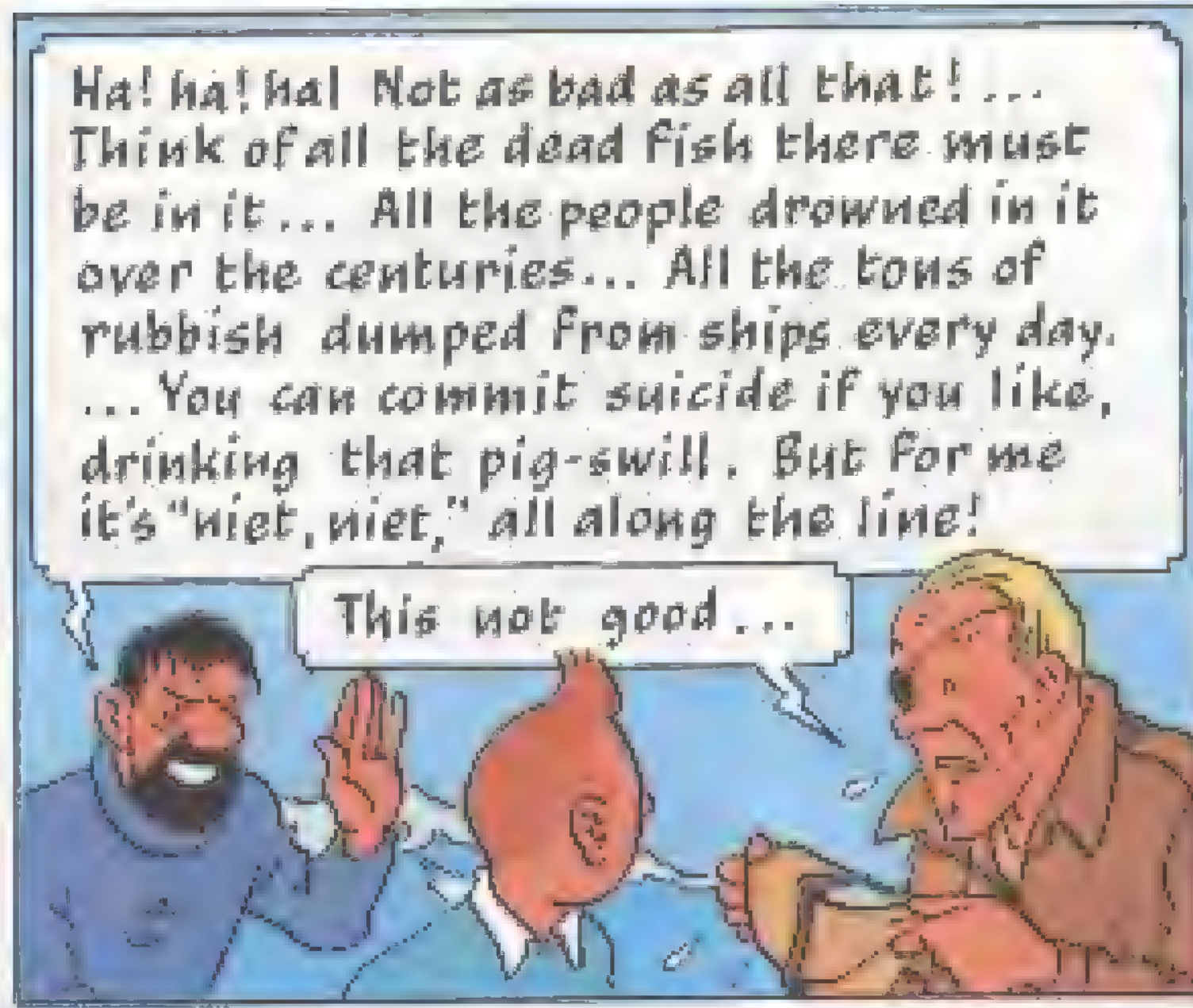






Me?... Drink sea-water?... Are you out of your mind?

Try some, Captain. It's not as bad as all that.



Ha! ha! ha! Not as bad as all that! ... Think of all the dead fish there must be in it... All the people drowned in it over the centuries... All the tons of rubbish dumped from ships every day. ... You can commit suicide if you like, drinking that pig-swill. But for me it's "niet, niet," all along the line!

This not good...



Besides... Besides...



Besides... Besides...



YIPPEEE



There!... A ship!... Saved!



A ship... Just when you've swallowed that liquid manure! Ha! ha! ha! What a scream!

A ship! It's true!



Ha! ha! ha! This'll be the death of me!



Let's hope... let's hope they spot us!



SPLOSH

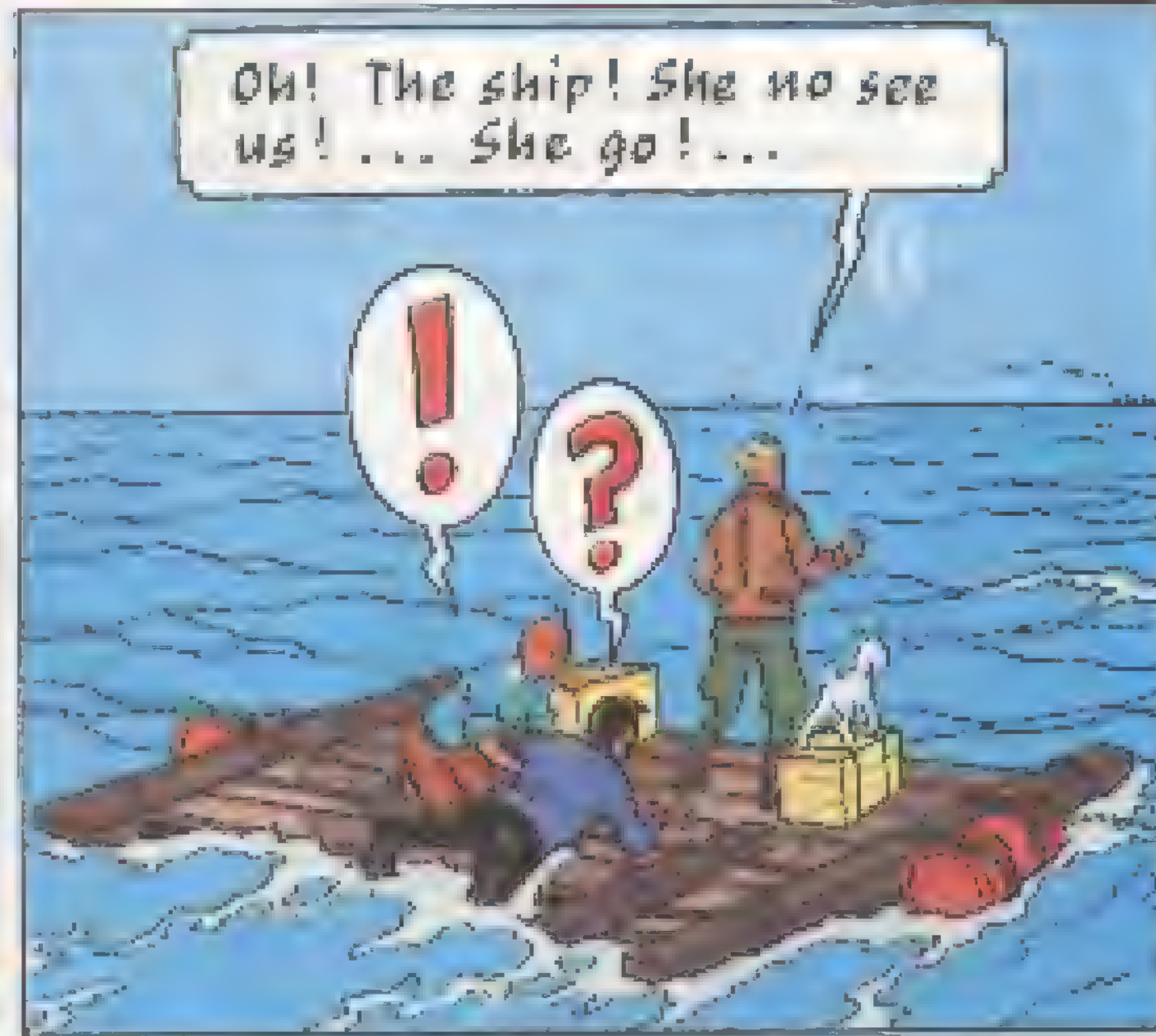


Who wasn't going to drink any sea-water? That'll teach him!



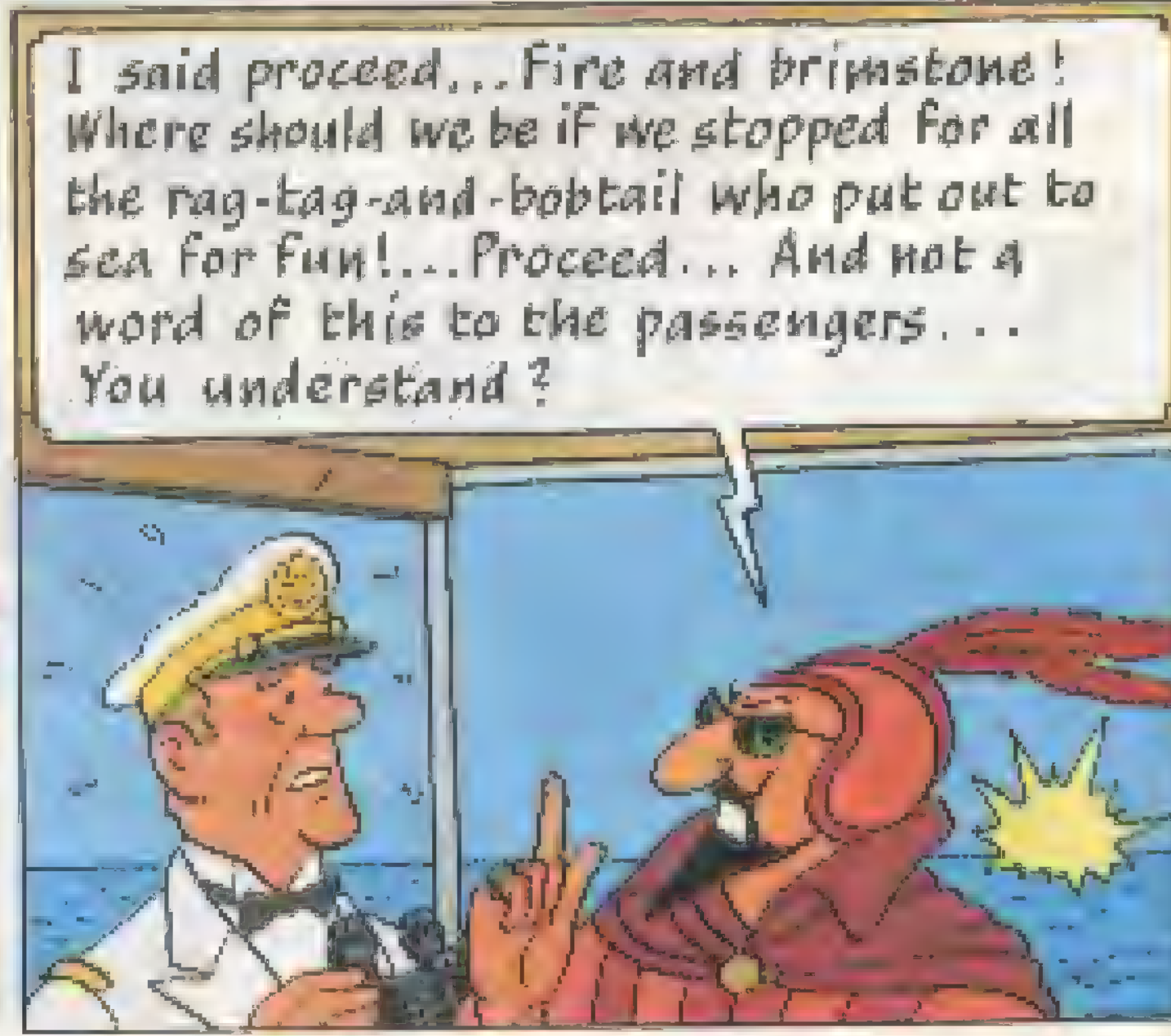
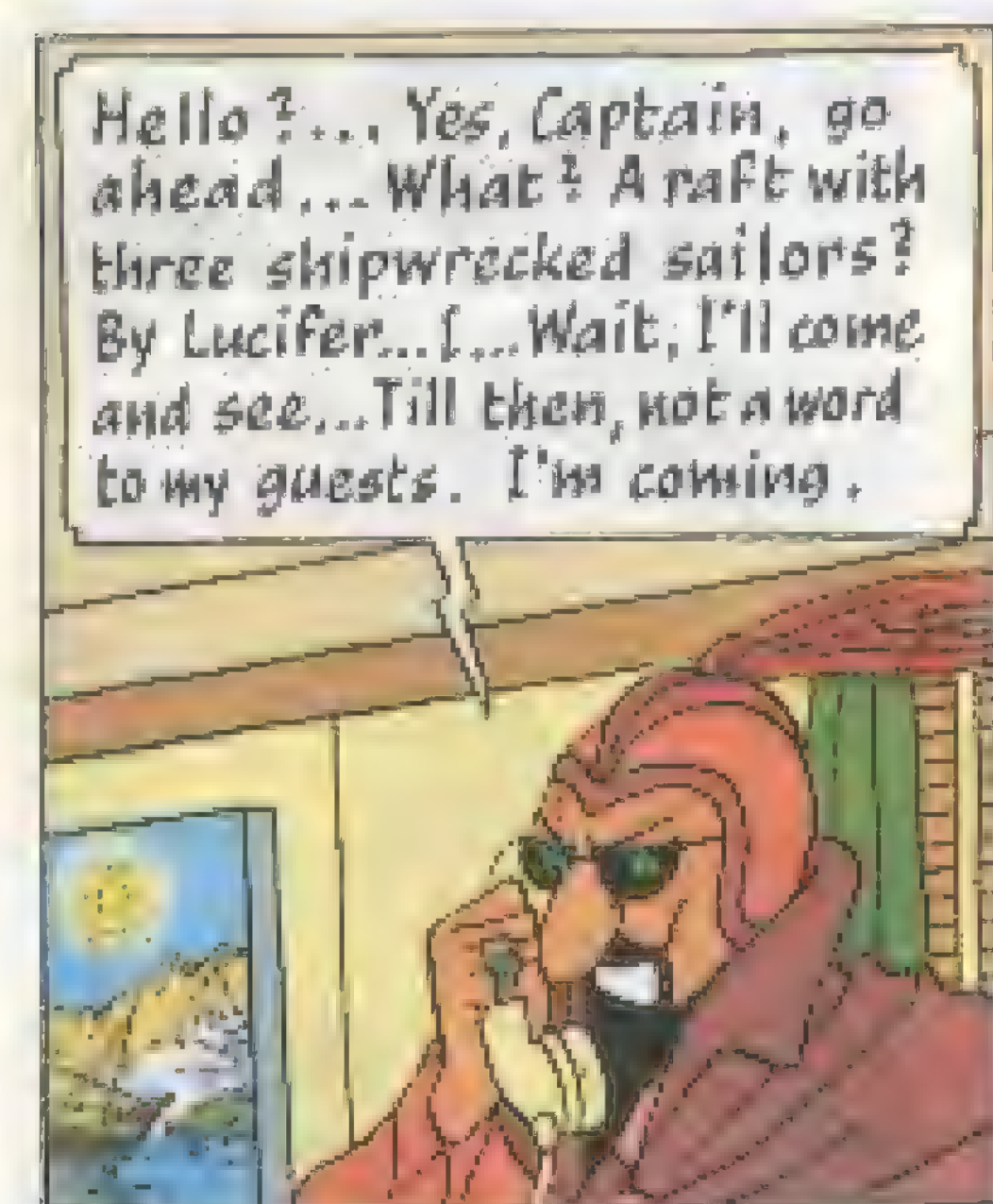
So you decided to have some after all!

Me? Not on your life!... Not a drop!... Glub!

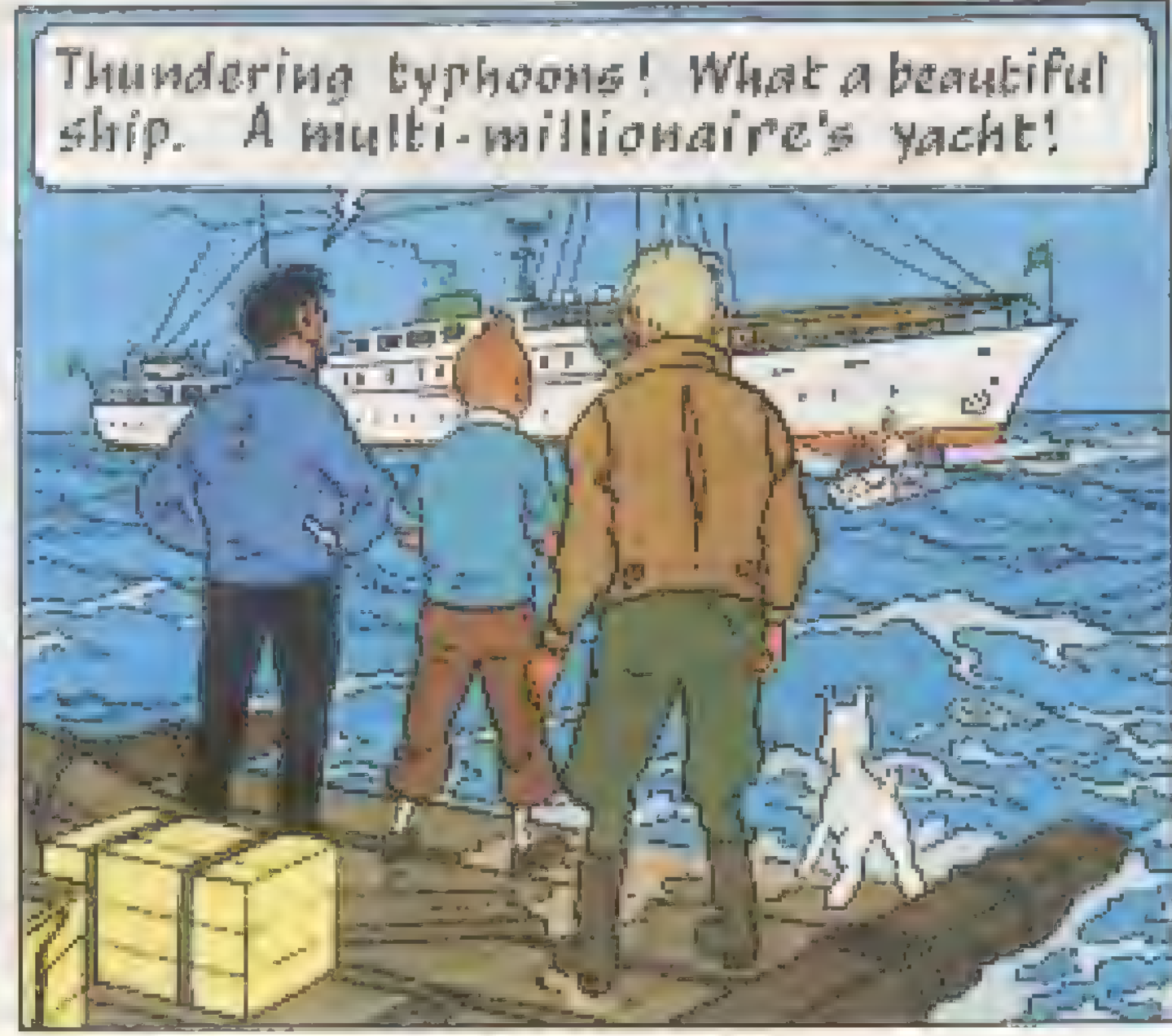
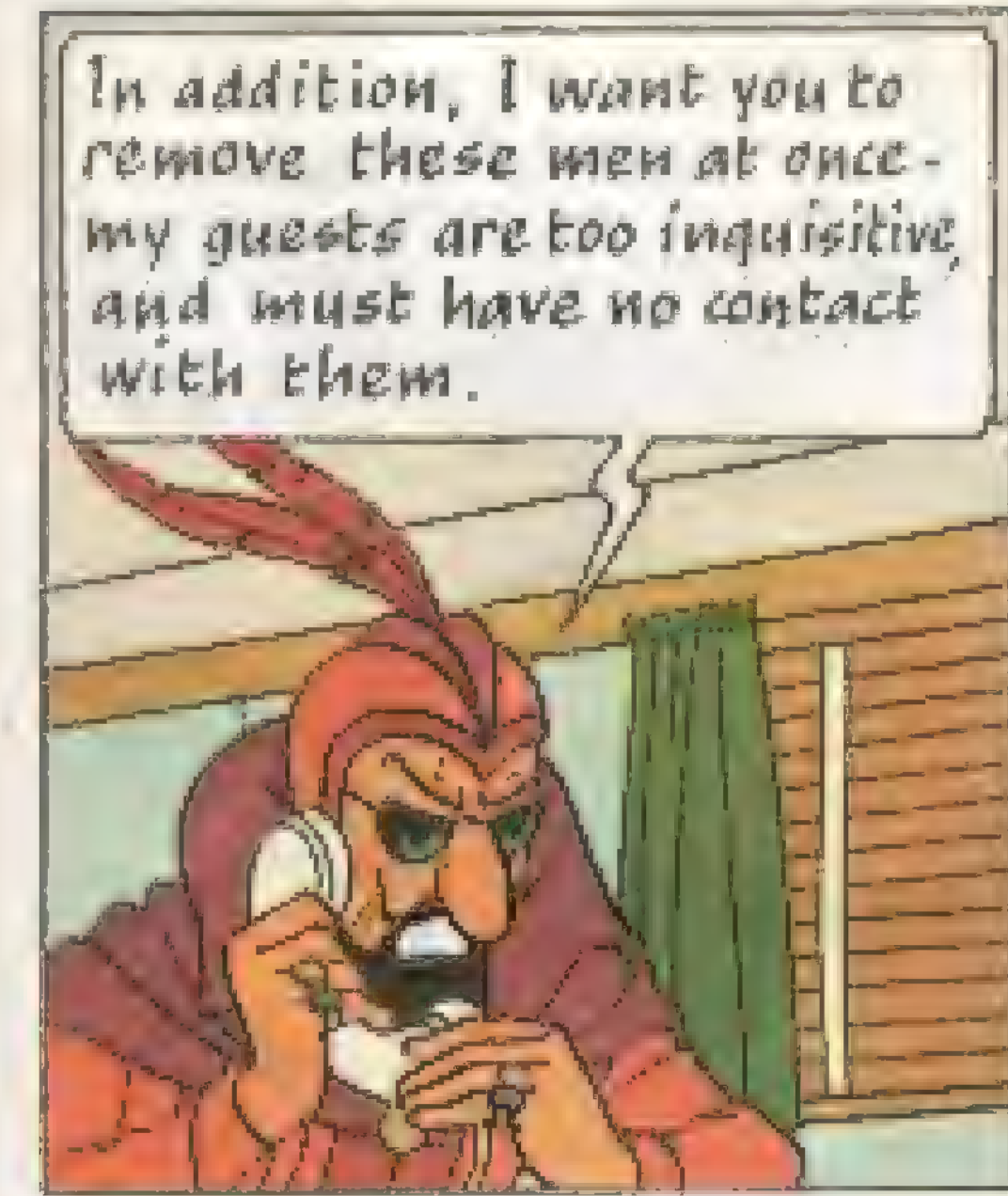
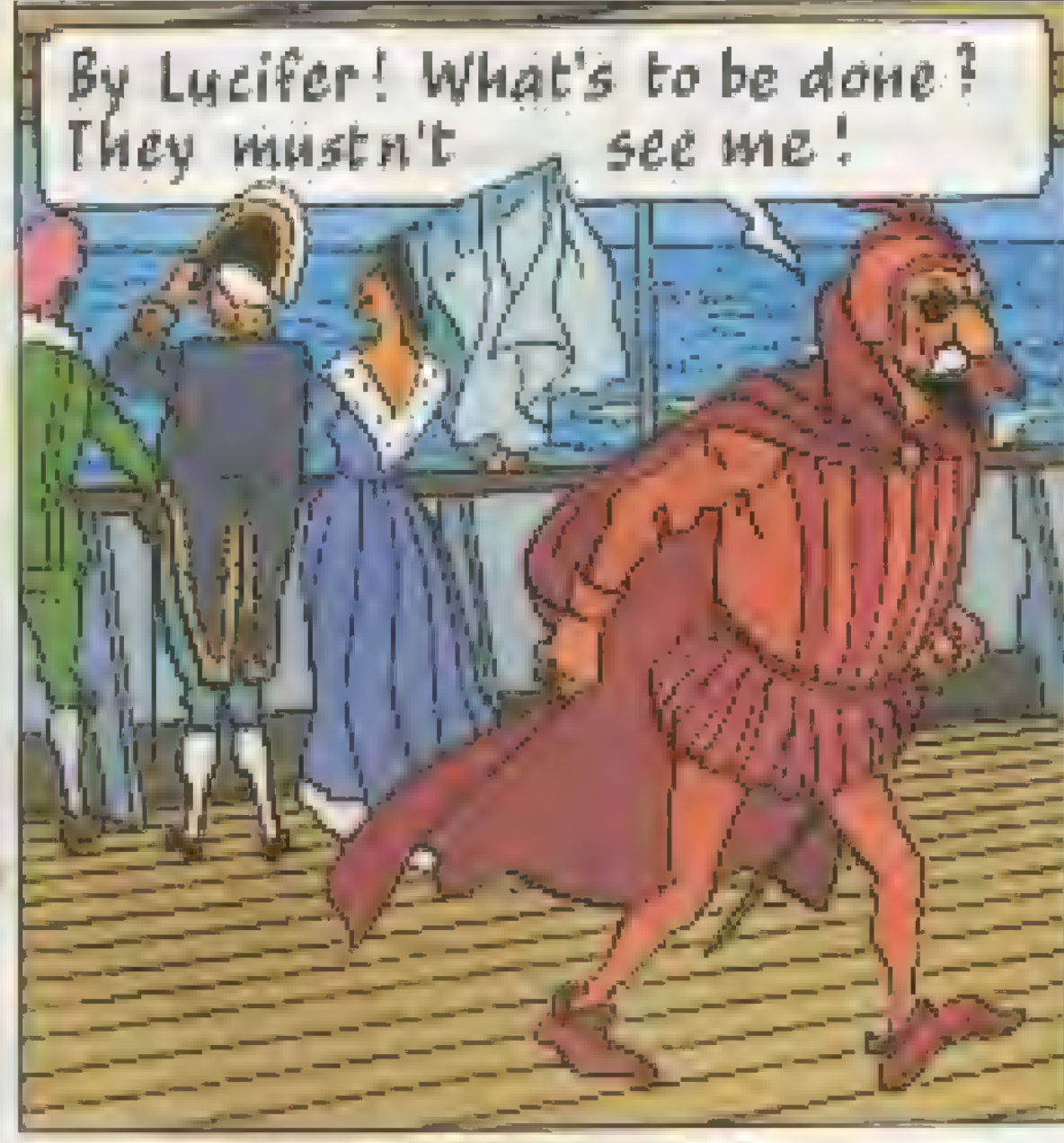
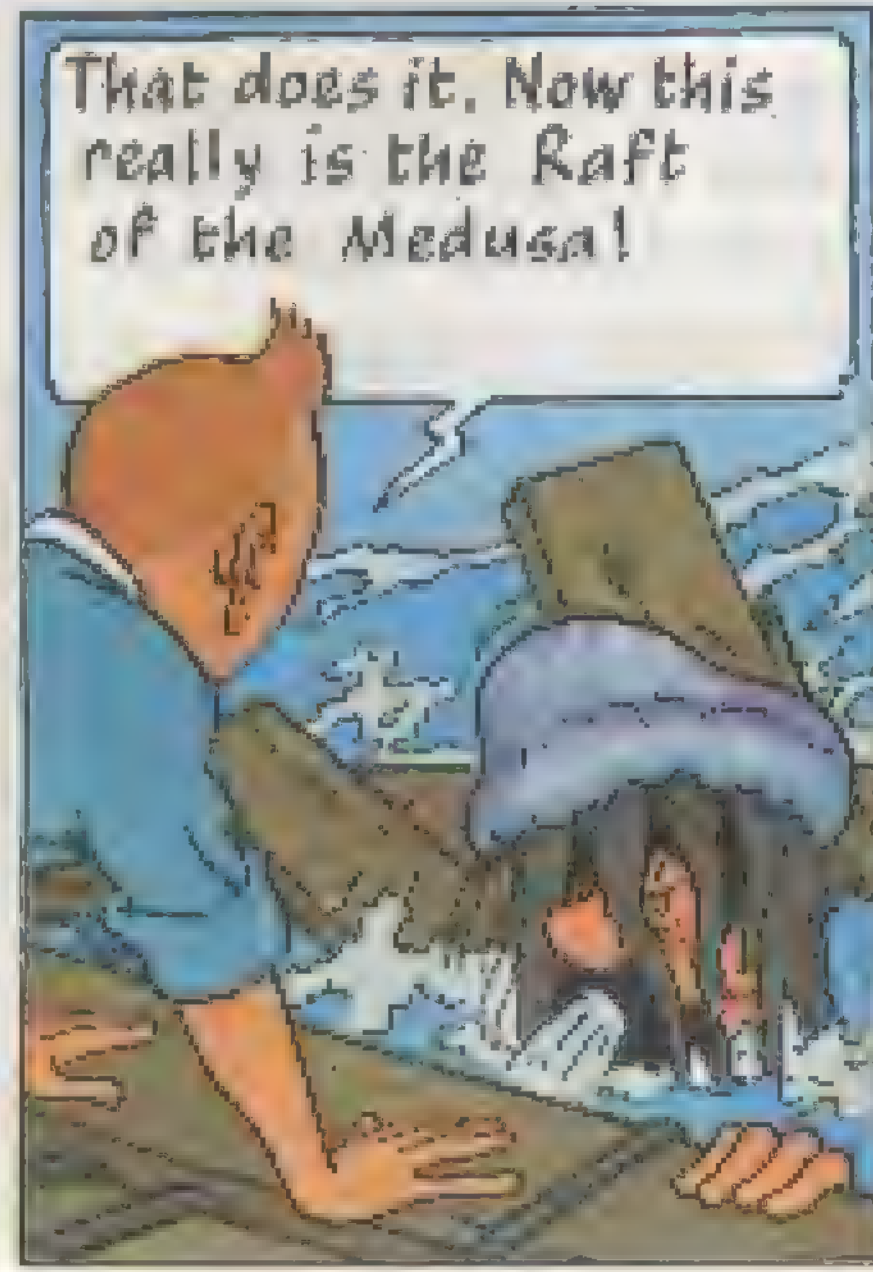
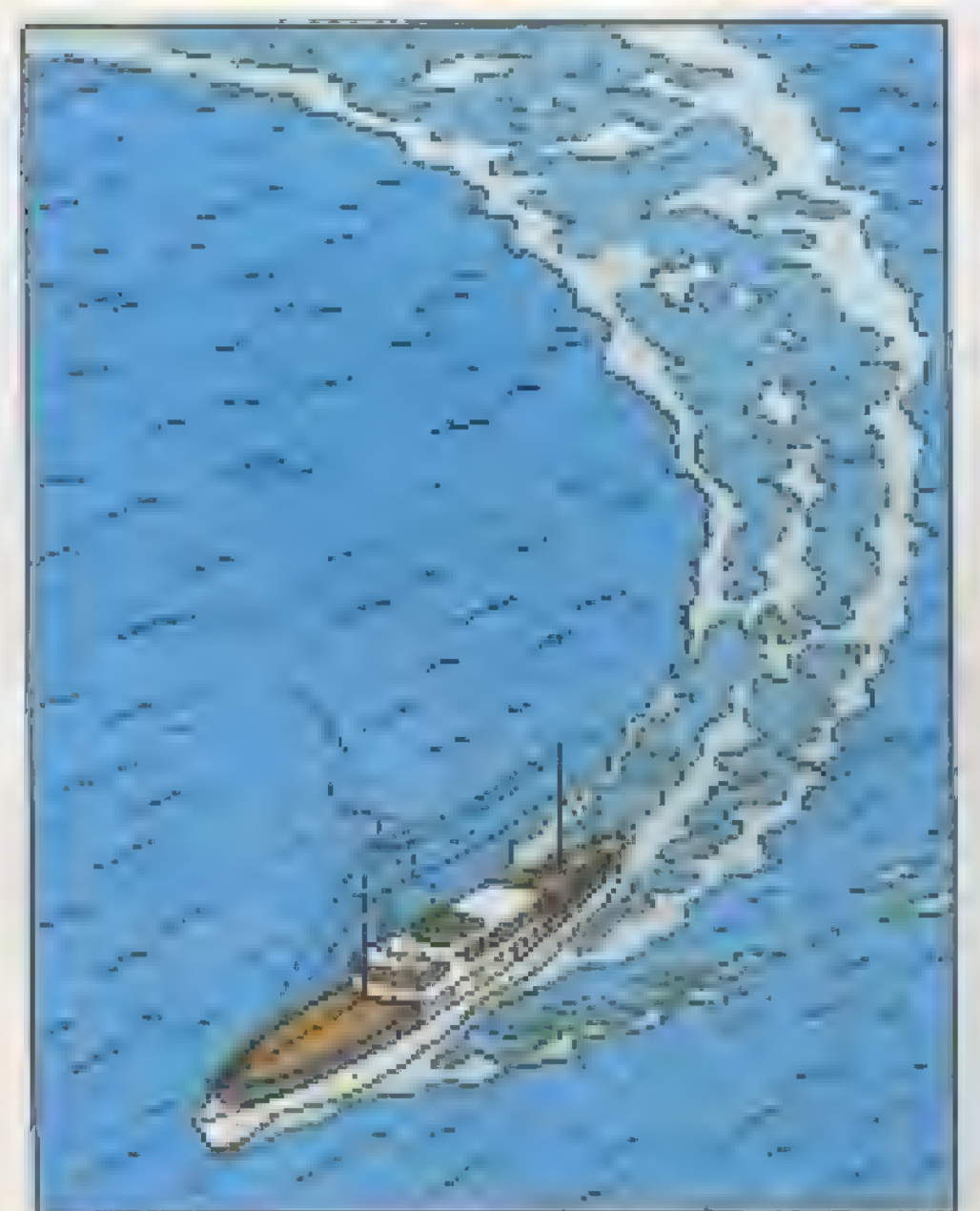
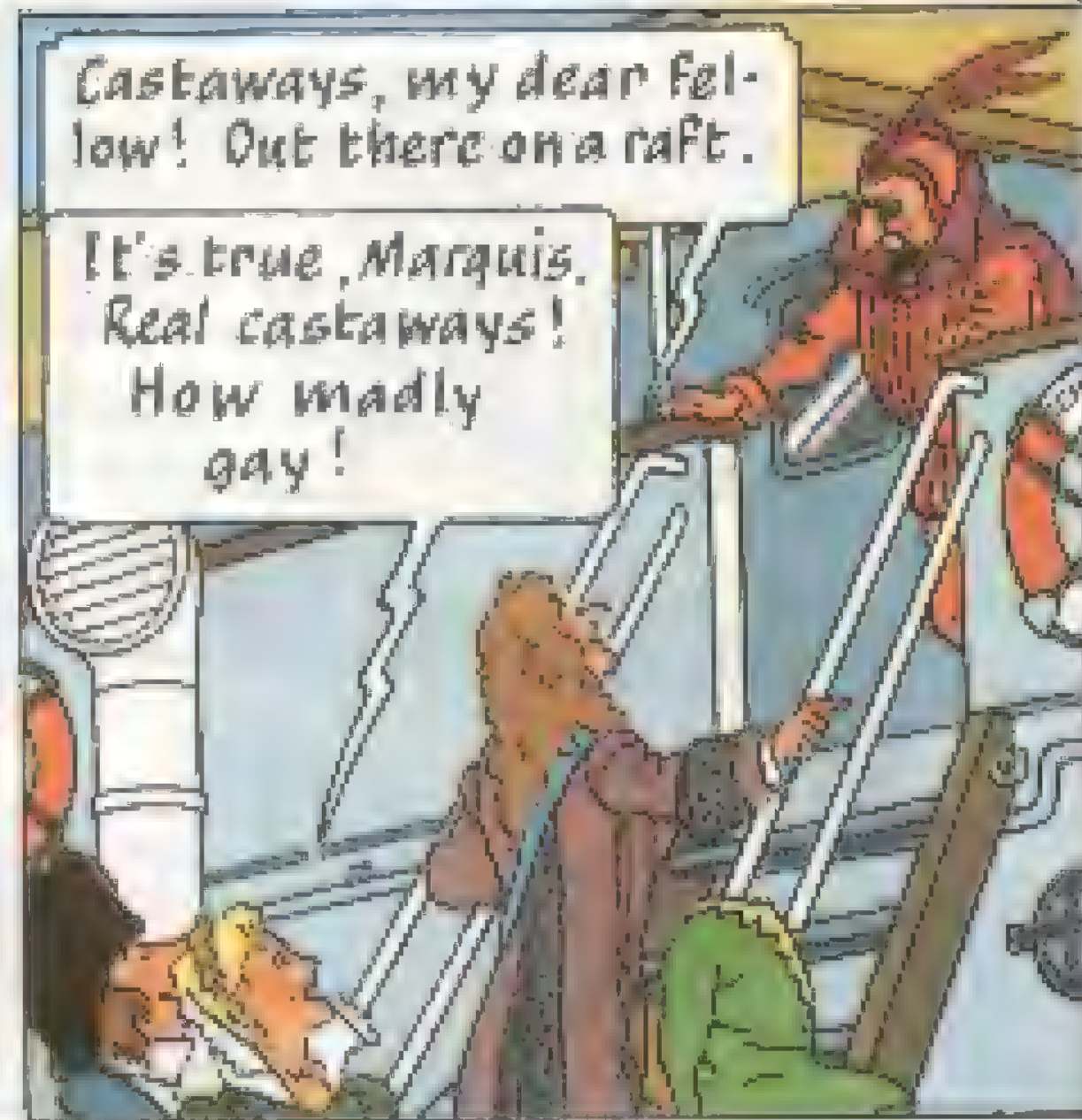


Oh! The ship! She no see us! ... She go! ...











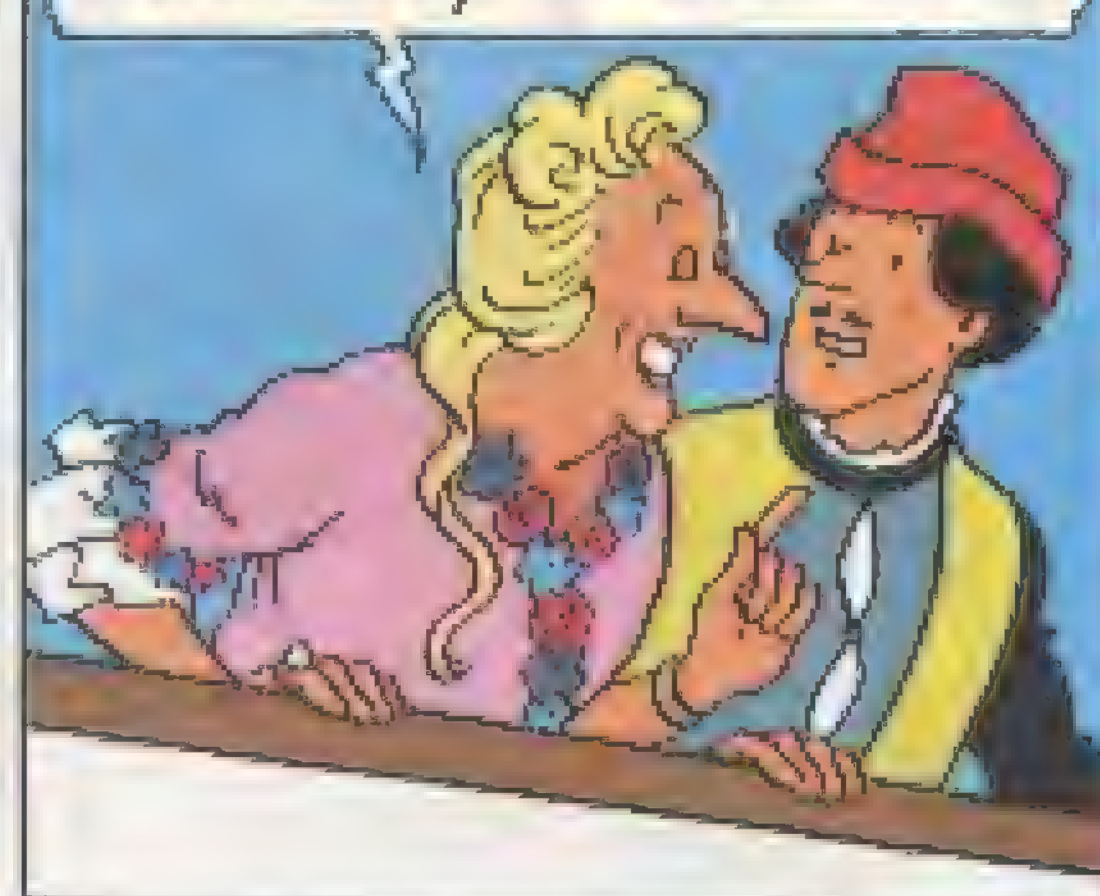
Thundering typhoons! What a magnificent yacht! Whose is she? ... Hey, are they having a carnival on board?



Almost... A fancy-dress ball... And what a bunch they are: high society, I can tell you; nothing but dukes, duchesses and film stars - all the nobles.



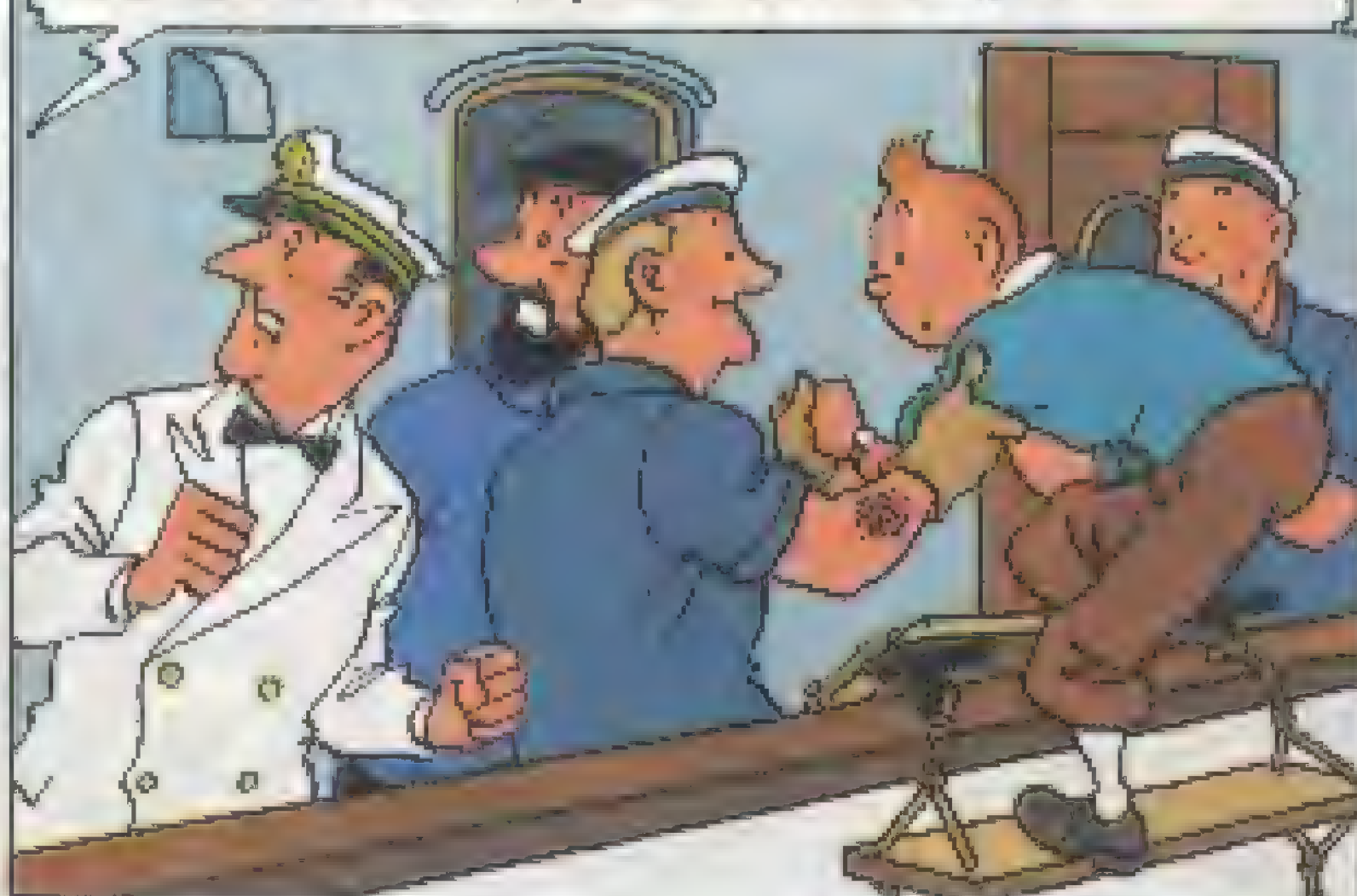
Per la Madonna! Can you believe it!... It's Tintin, and his friend the deep-sea fisherman, Paddock.



I must go and welcome them. Art must embrace the children of Adventure!



In the name of the Marquis di Gorgonzola, welcome aboard, carissime mie!



Signora Castafiore!... Run for it! What shall we do?... Hop back on the raft?

My dear Tintin!



Delighted to see you again, my dear Paddock...er...Harrock.

...In roll, Signora Castafiore! Harrock'n-roll!



I'm so sorry, Signora, but his lordship has given orders: these poor men are completely exhausted. And then...there's the risk of infection, you know.

But my good man, I'm not ill!



*A little later...*

Well, Parker, have you questioned them?

Yes, m'lord. They were aboard a sambuk, being taken to Mecca...



... This morning, their boat was machine-gunned and set on fire by aircraft from Khemed. After shooting down one of the planes, they made themselves a raft. They then rescued the pilot of the aircraft.

Well done, Parker. Thank you.



If your lordship will pardon me, I think I should mention that Signora Castafiore, who knows the two castaways, welcomed them in your lordship's name.

Diavolo!

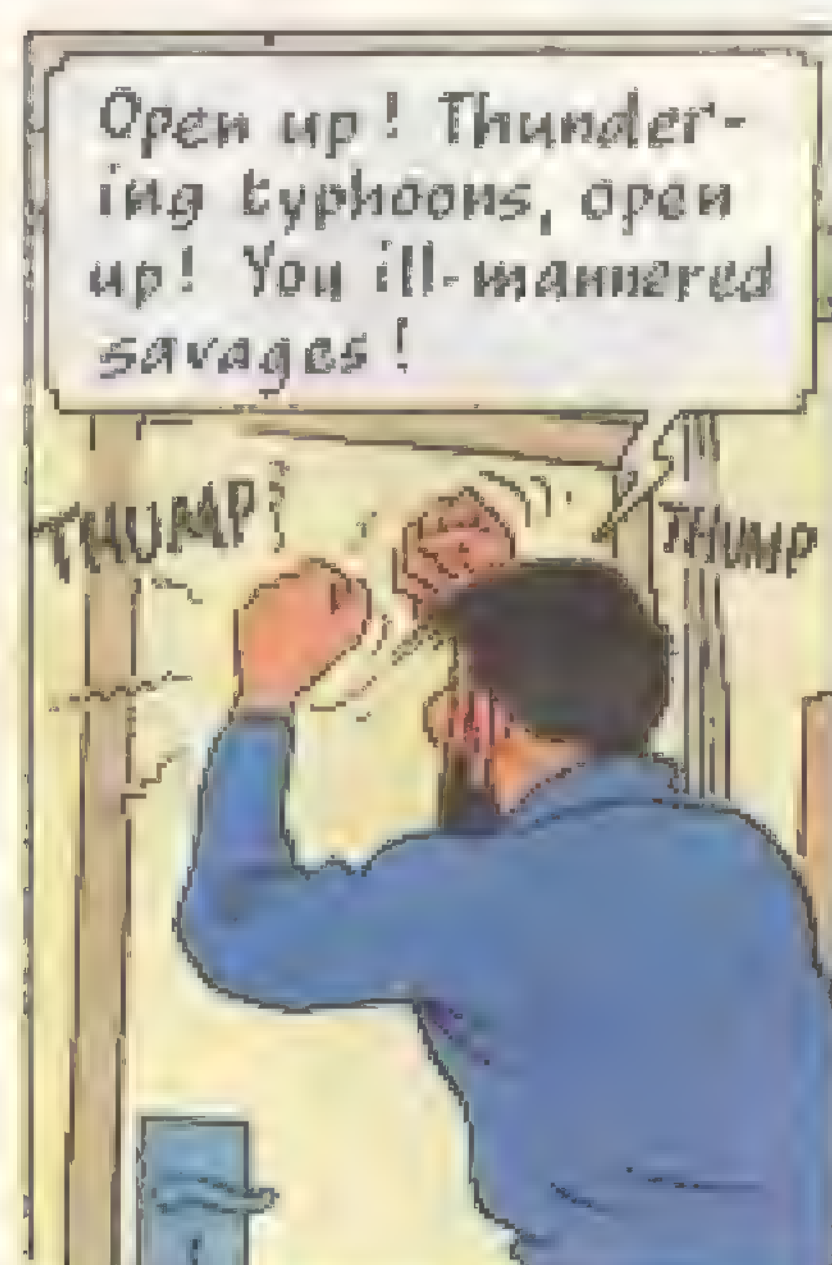
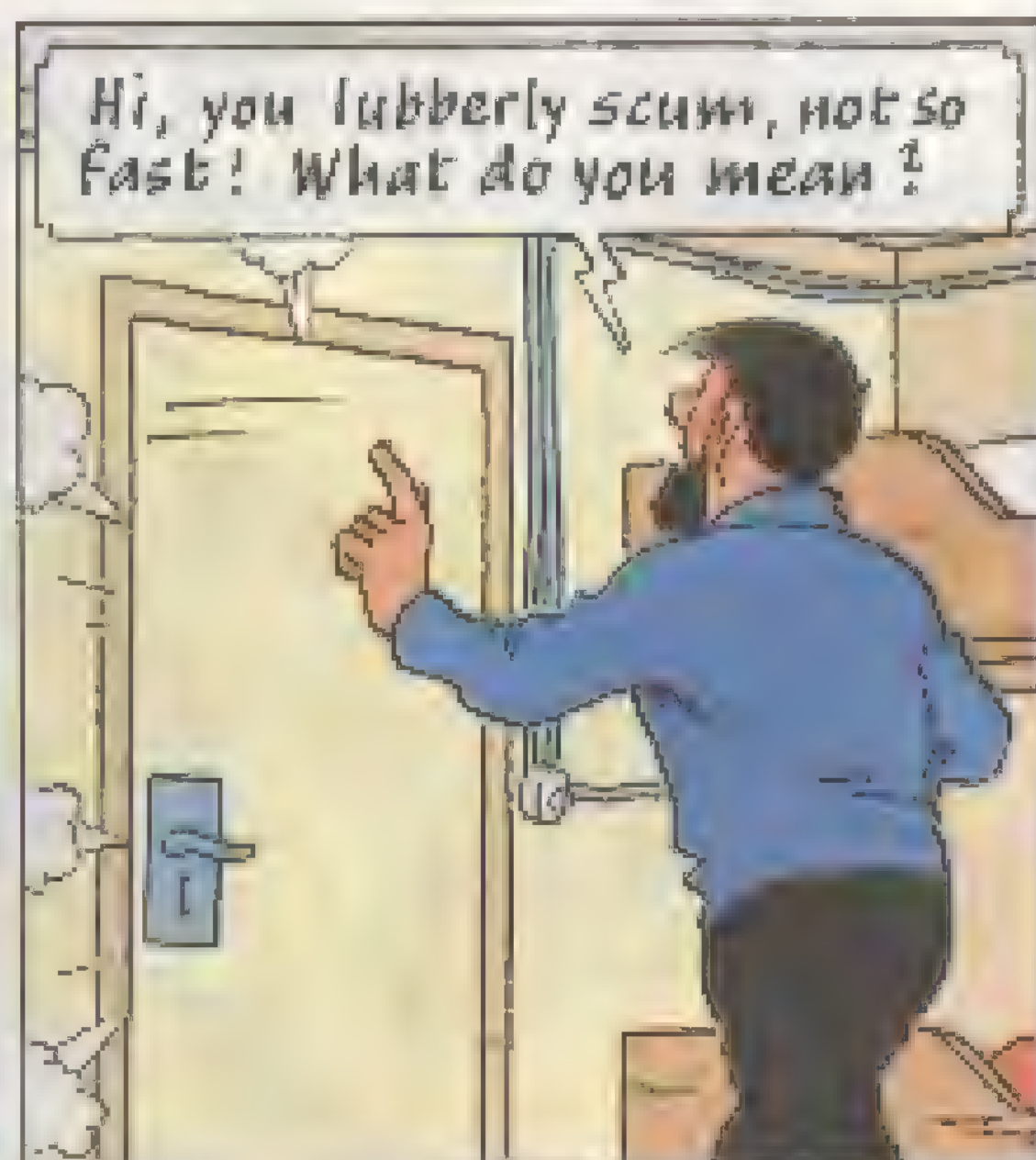
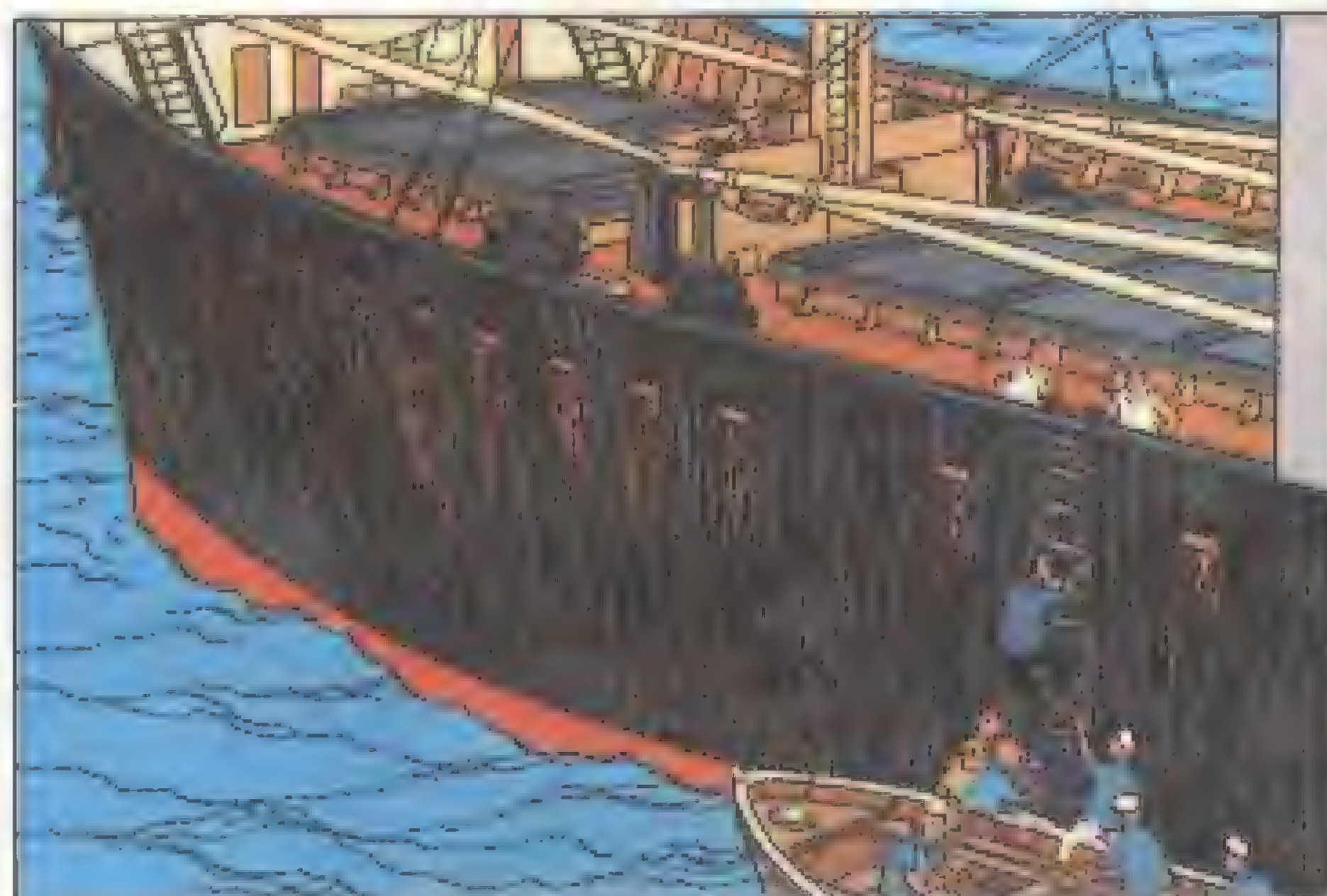
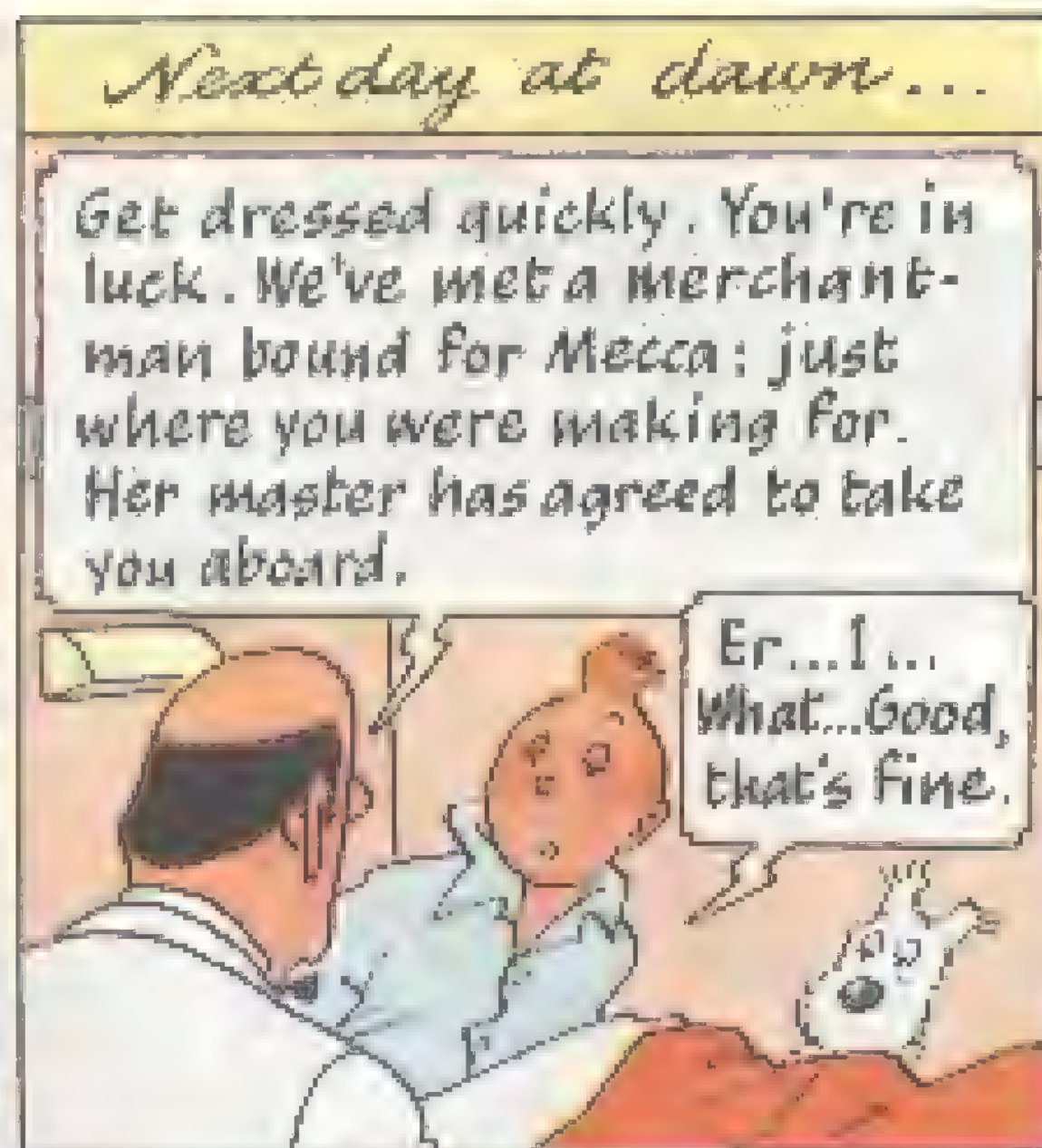
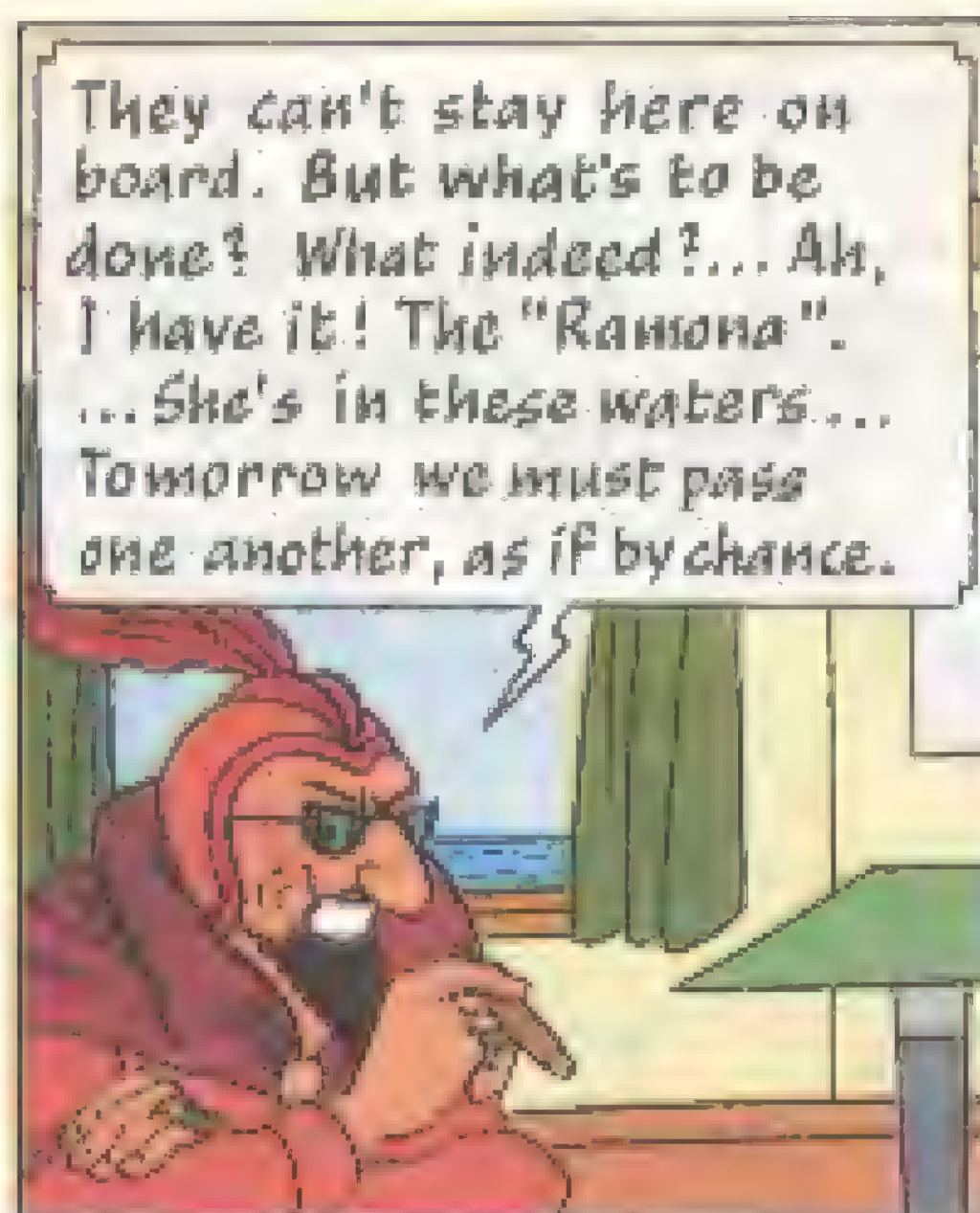


The Marquis di Gorgonzola's yacht!... It's fantastic... I must be dreaming.

Come on, Tintin... Up in the clouds again?... Hey! Tintin!





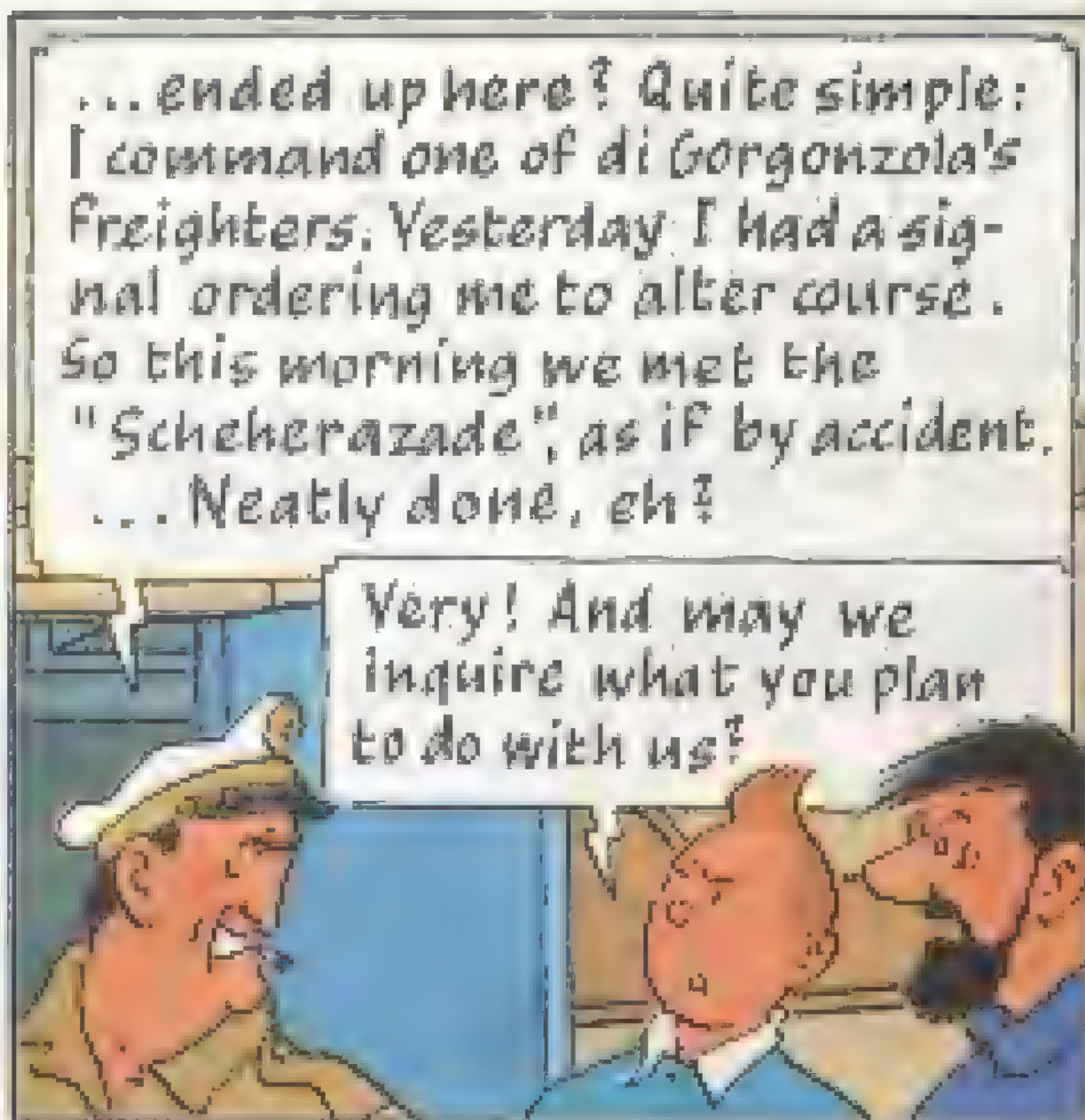






This is a happy reunion, eh, old bottle-nose? We must have a drink on it.

Allan! What's going on? How have we ...



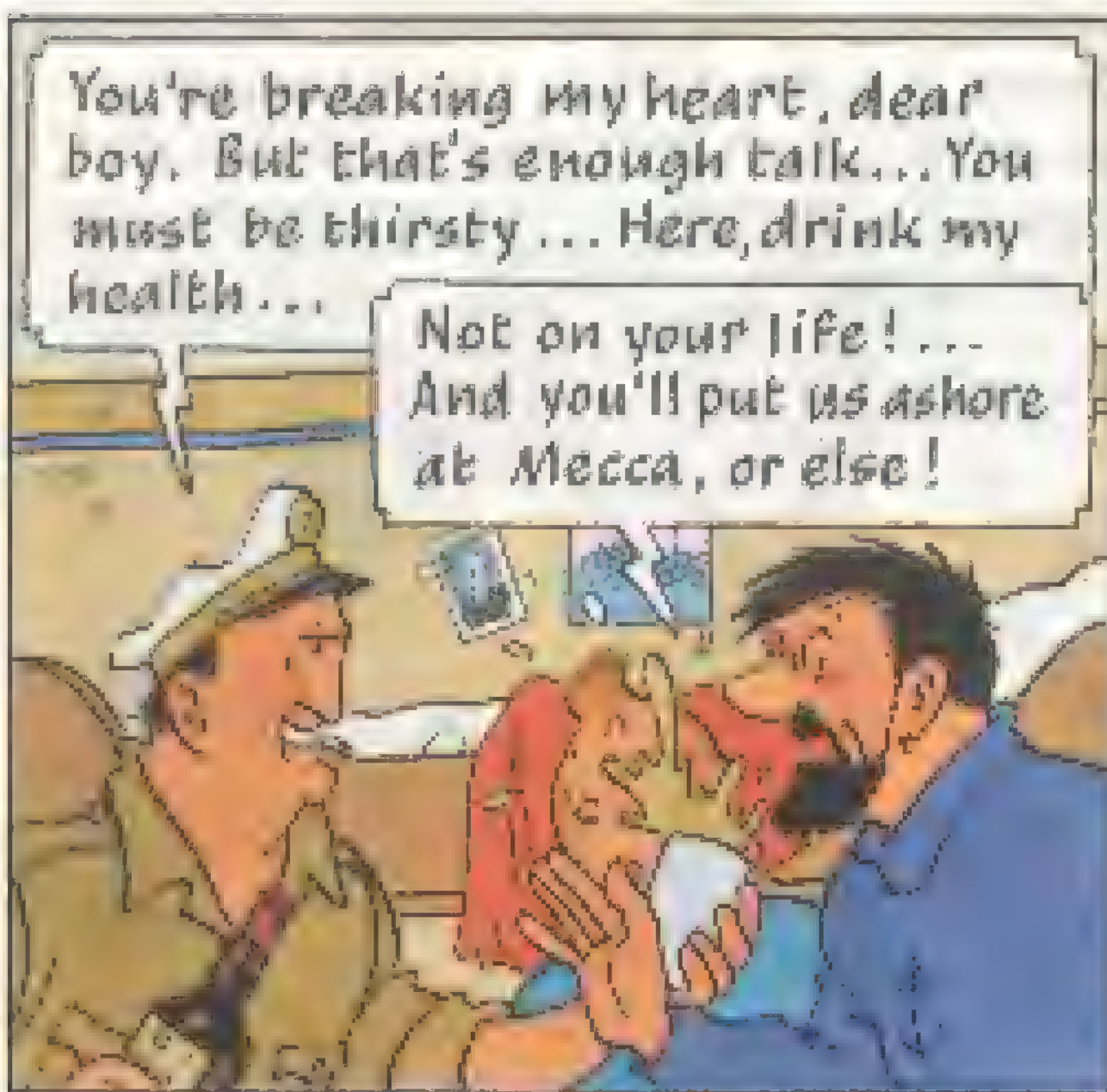
... ended up here? Quite simple: I command one of di Gorgonzola's freighters. Yesterday I had a signal ordering me to alter course. So this morning we met the "Scheherazade", as if by accident. ... Neatly done, eh?

Very! And may we inquire what you plan to do with us?



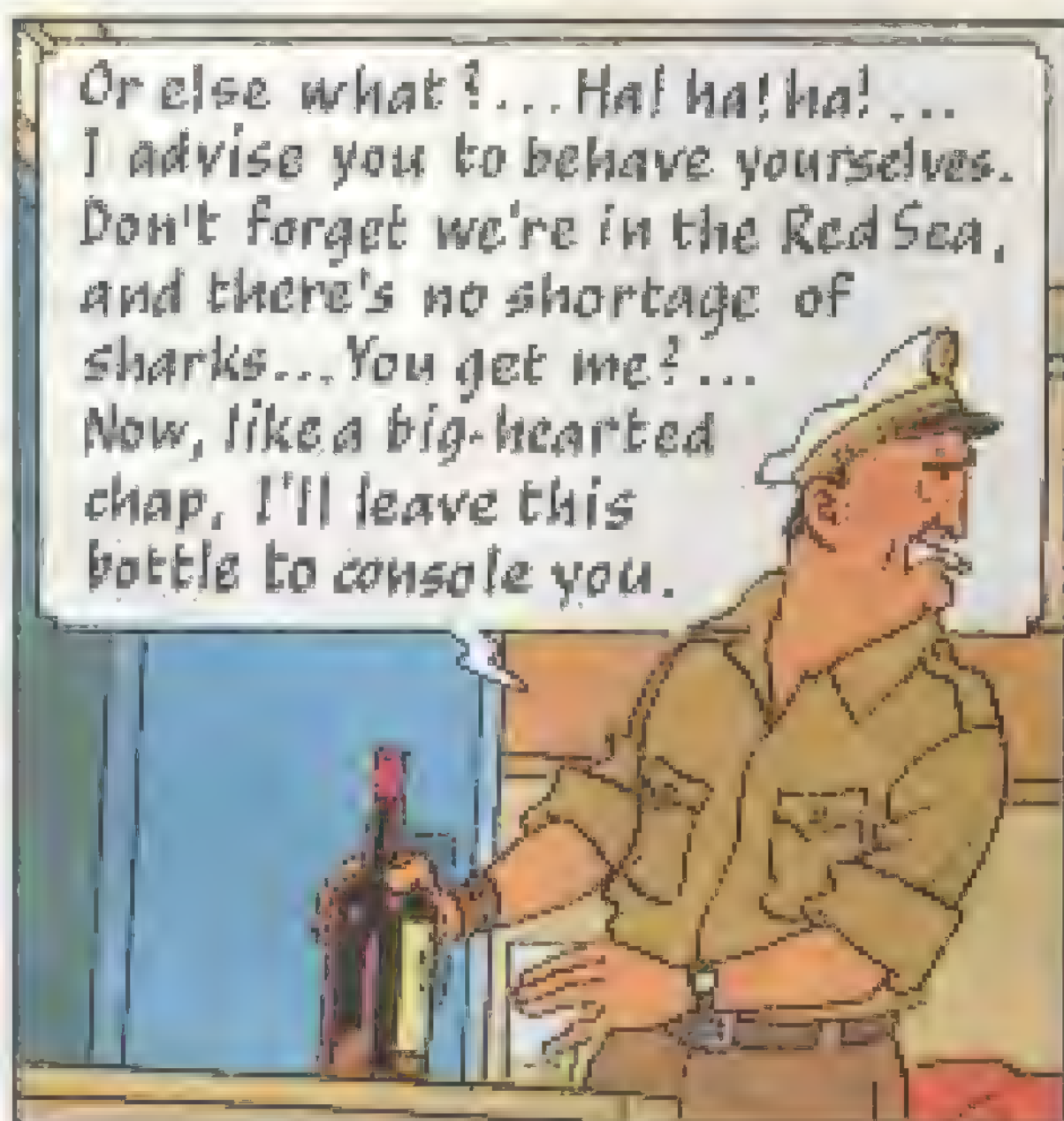
If you're sensible, you'll be put ashore. But not at Mecca... At Wadesdah!

Wadesdah! But that's murder! Sheik Bab El Ehr has put a price on our heads ...

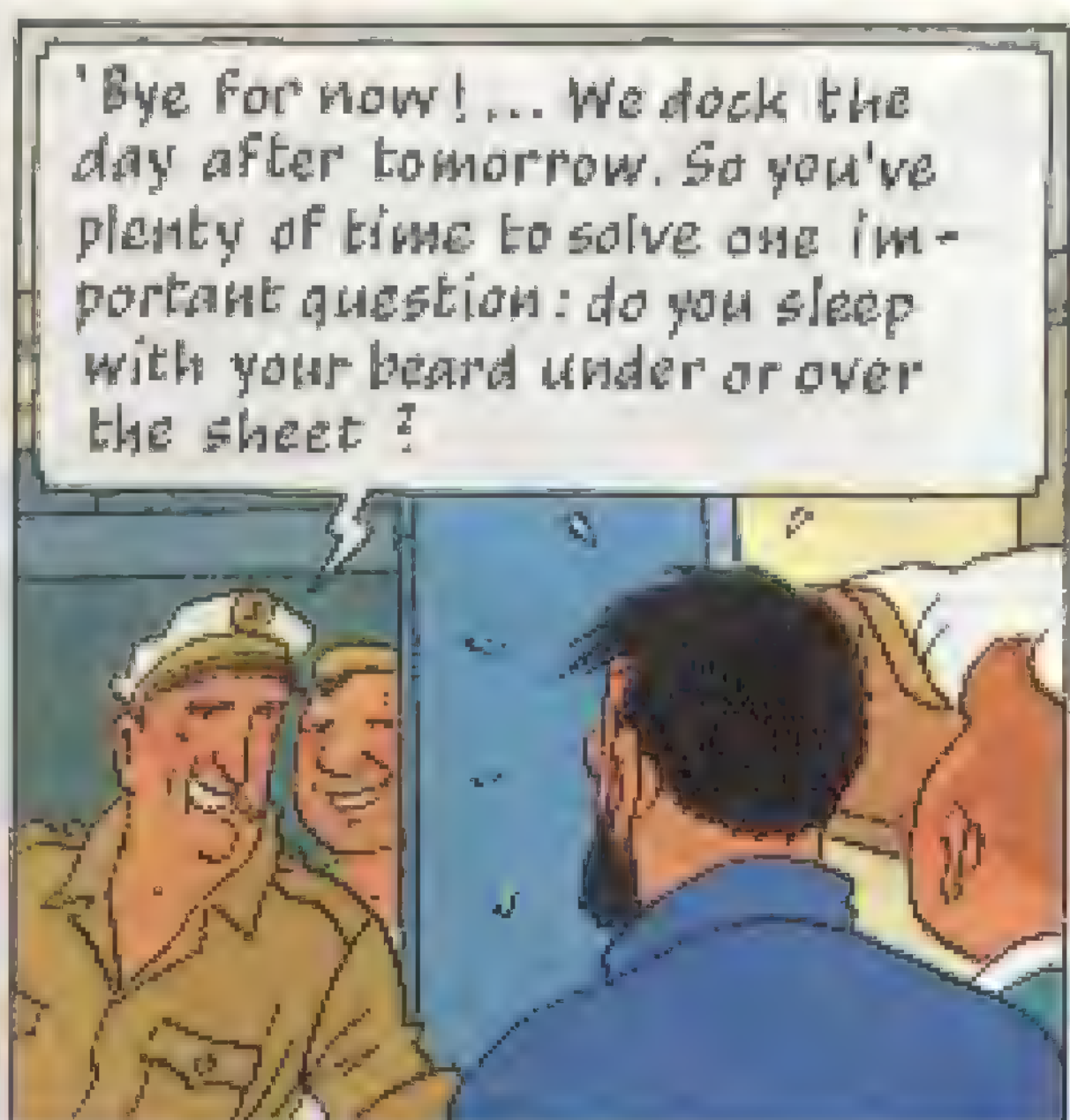


You're breaking my heart, dear boy. But that's enough talk... You must be thirsty... Here, drink my health...

Not on your life! ... And you'll put us ashore at Mecca, or else!



Or else what? ... Ha! ha! ha! ... I advise you to behave yourselves. Don't forget we're in the Red Sea, and there's no shortage of sharks... You get me? ... Now, like a big-hearted chap, I'll leave this bottle to console you.



'Bye for now! ... We dock the day after tomorrow. So you've plenty of time to solve one important question: do you sleep with your beard under or over the sheet?



Ha! ha! ha! ... That's a good one! His beard!

Yes, he won't sleep a wink tonight!



Over? ... No, not that way ...

Under? ... Blistering barnacles! Not that way either!



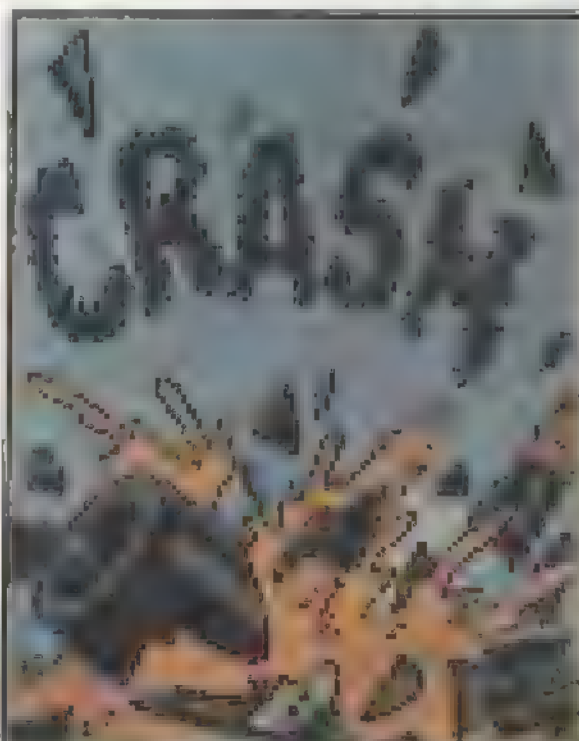
Stay! ... Once a drunkard...

... always a drunkard!



Go on! Just a little sip...

Well, why not?







Over?...



To Beelzebub with the bed-clothes! I'm too hot anyway!



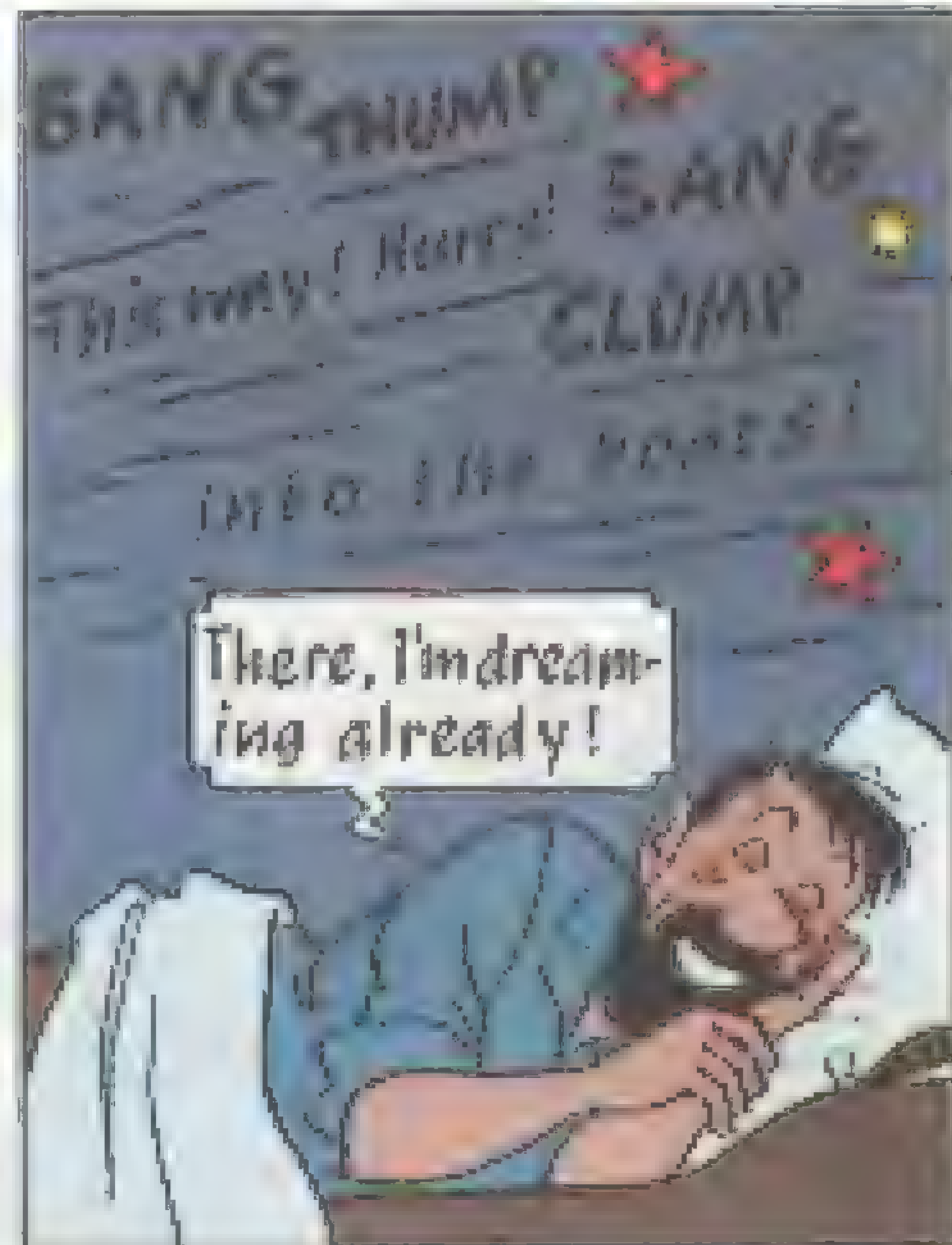
There... That's the answer!



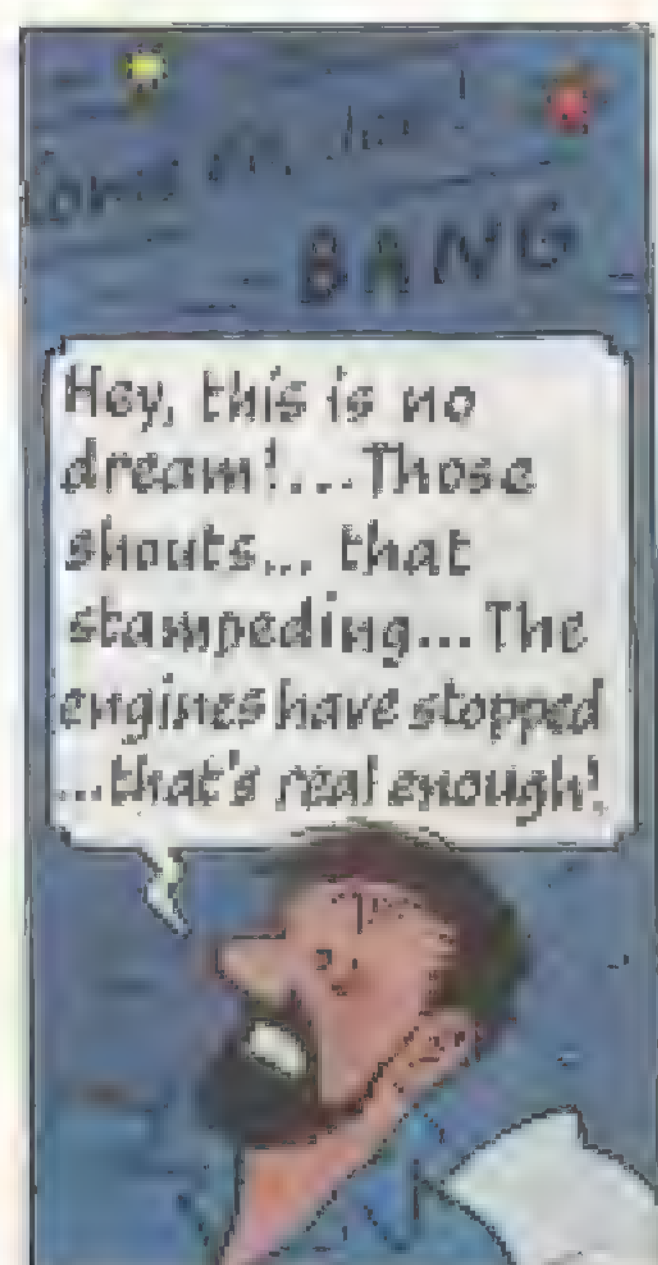
Under?...



Now for some sleep... at last.



There, I'm dreaming already!



Hey, this is no dream!... Those shouts... that stampeding... The engines have stopped... that's real enough!



Show a leg, there!



?



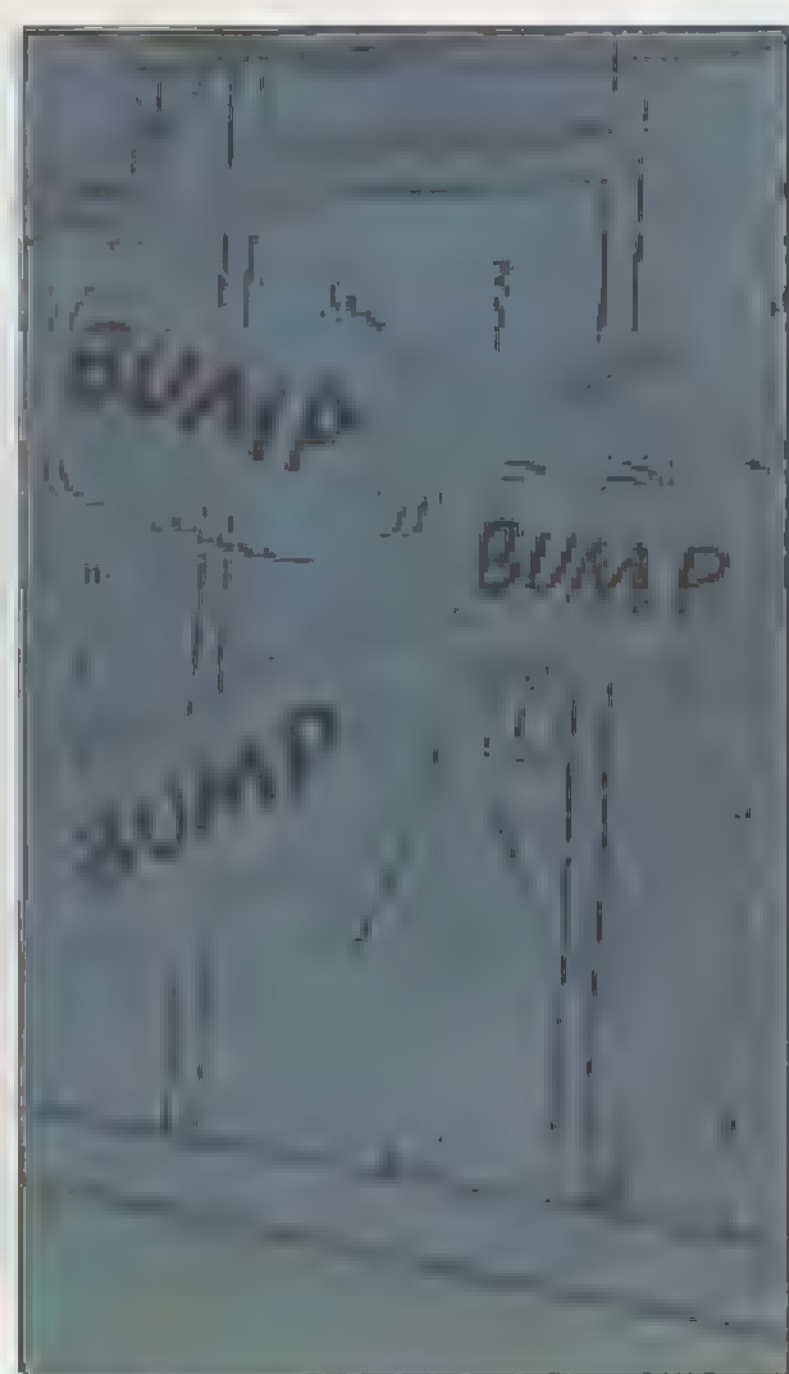
Did... did you fall out of your bunk?

Where d'you think I came from?... Mars?... Blistering barnacles, get up!... I think that bunch of rats are abandoning ship!



Open up, thundering typhoons!... Open up before I get violent!

Captain, this sea-chest. Let's try to force the door.

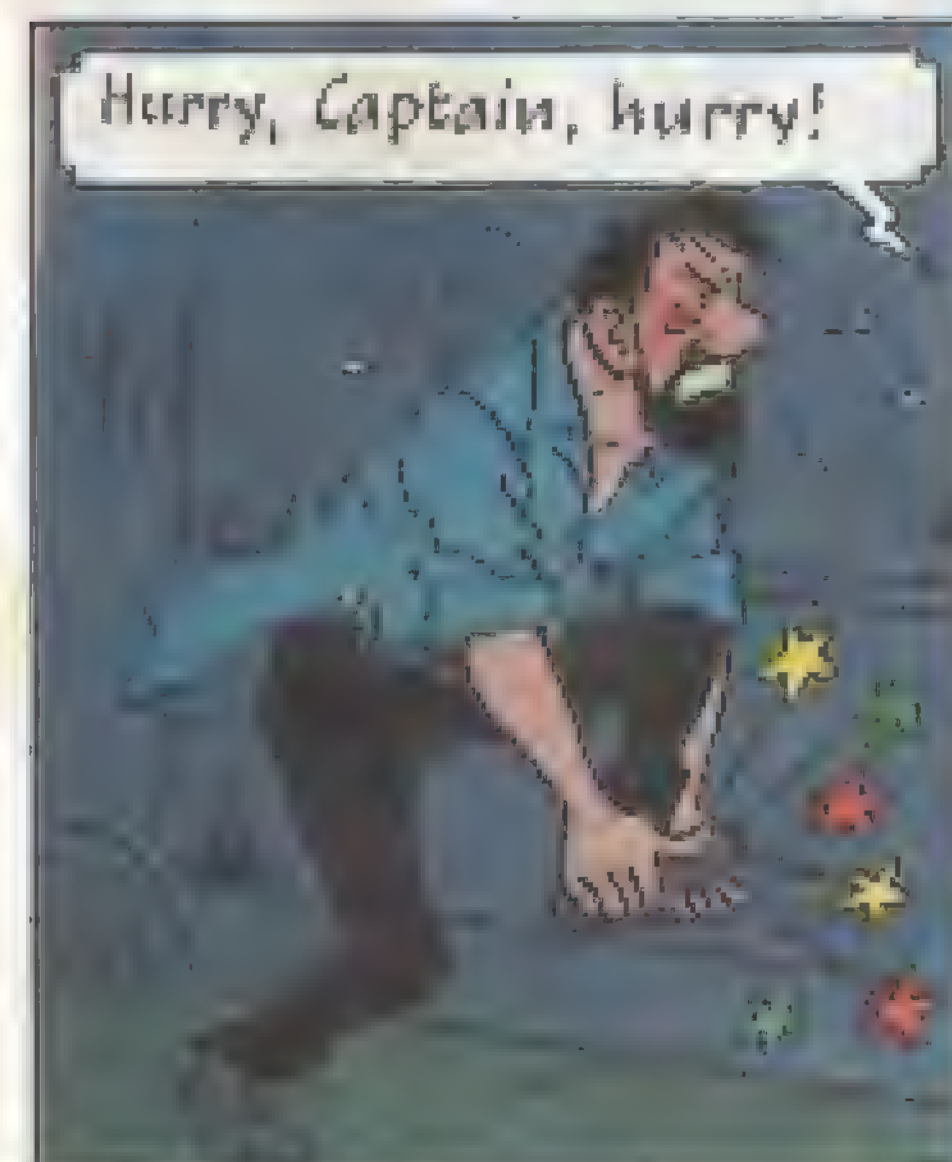


BUMP BUMP BUMP



YEOW!

Quick, let's see what's happening.



Hurry, Captain, hurry!

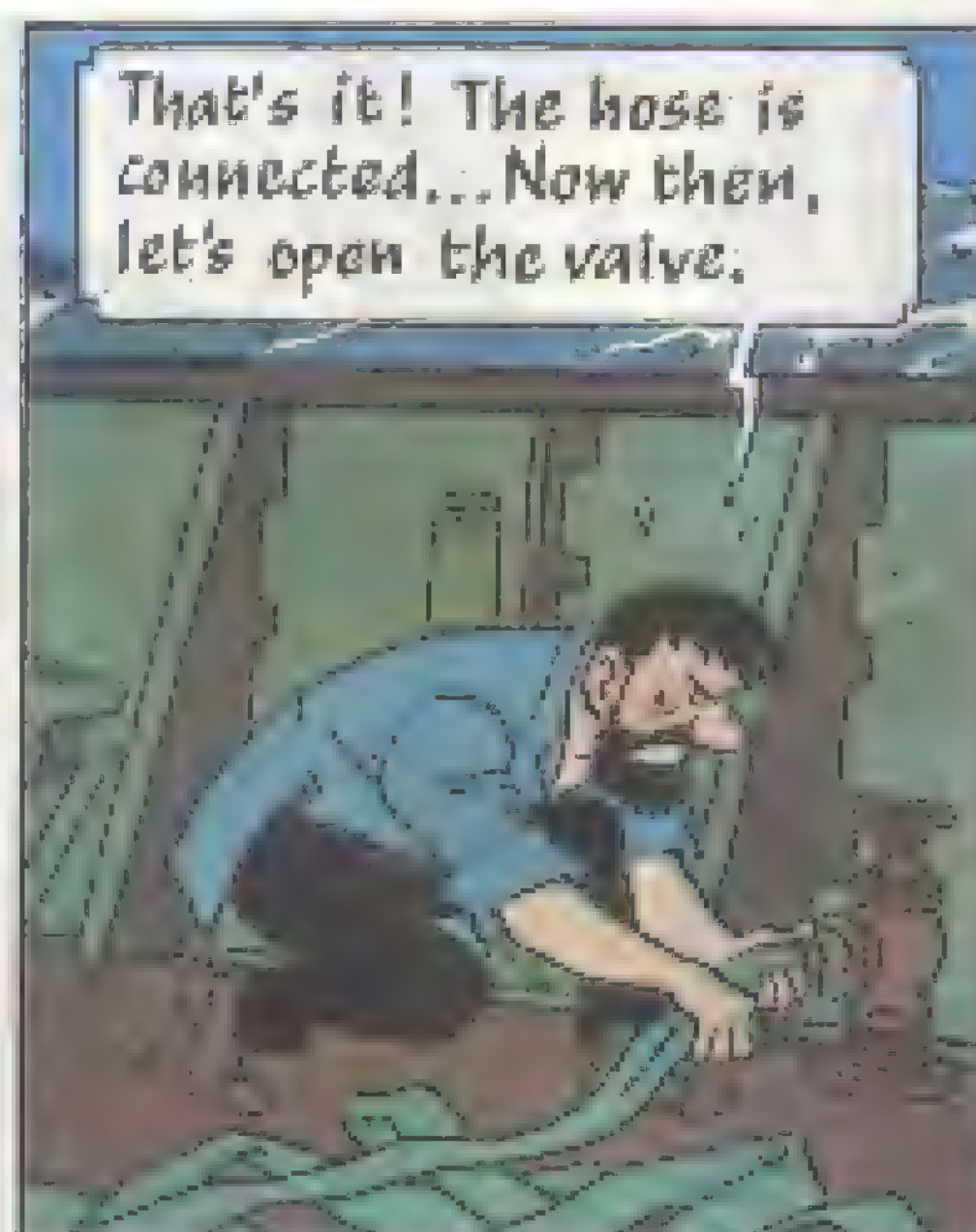


Thundering typhoons! The ship's on fire!

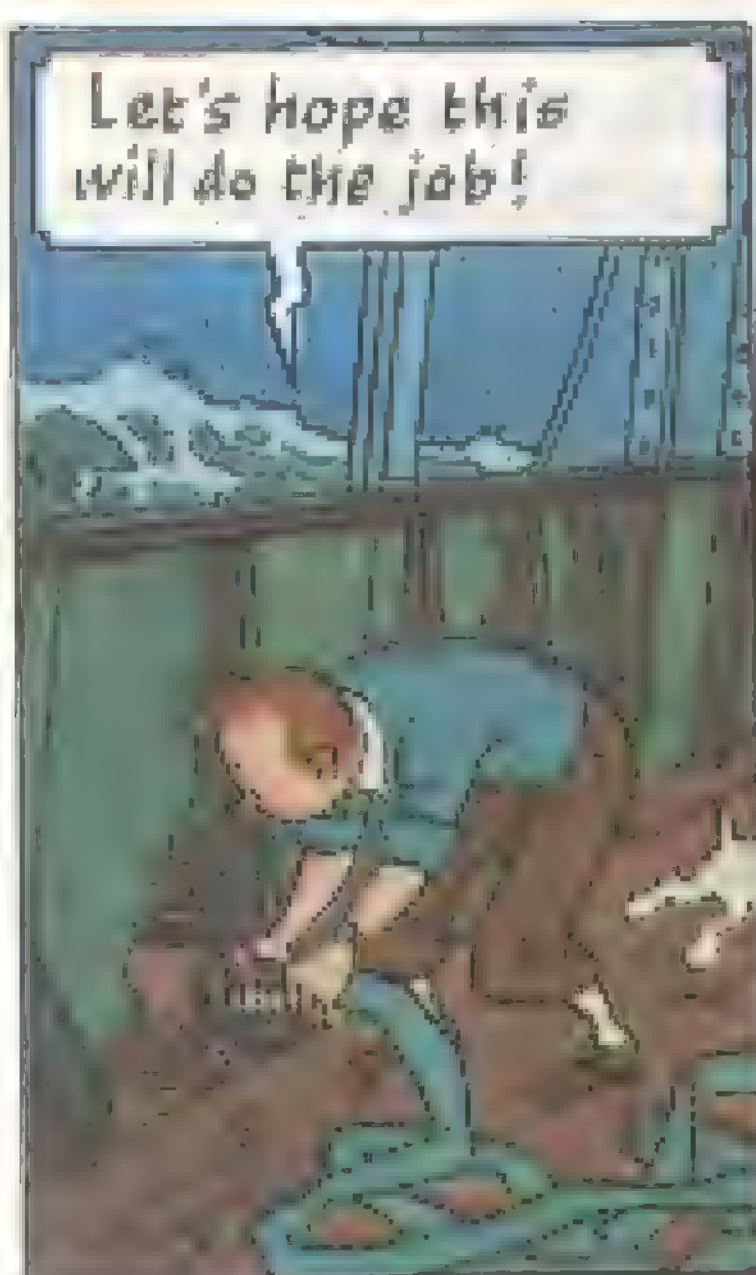


Keep it up, boys! Row hard! She'll blow up any minute.

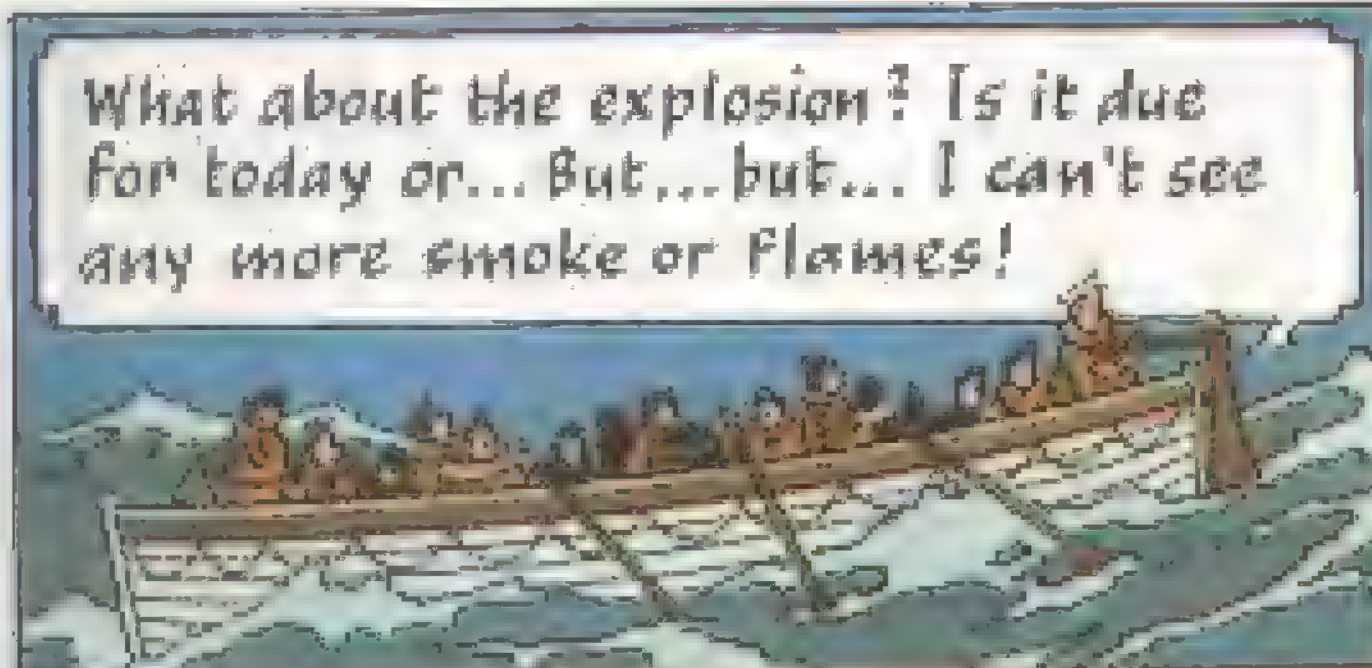
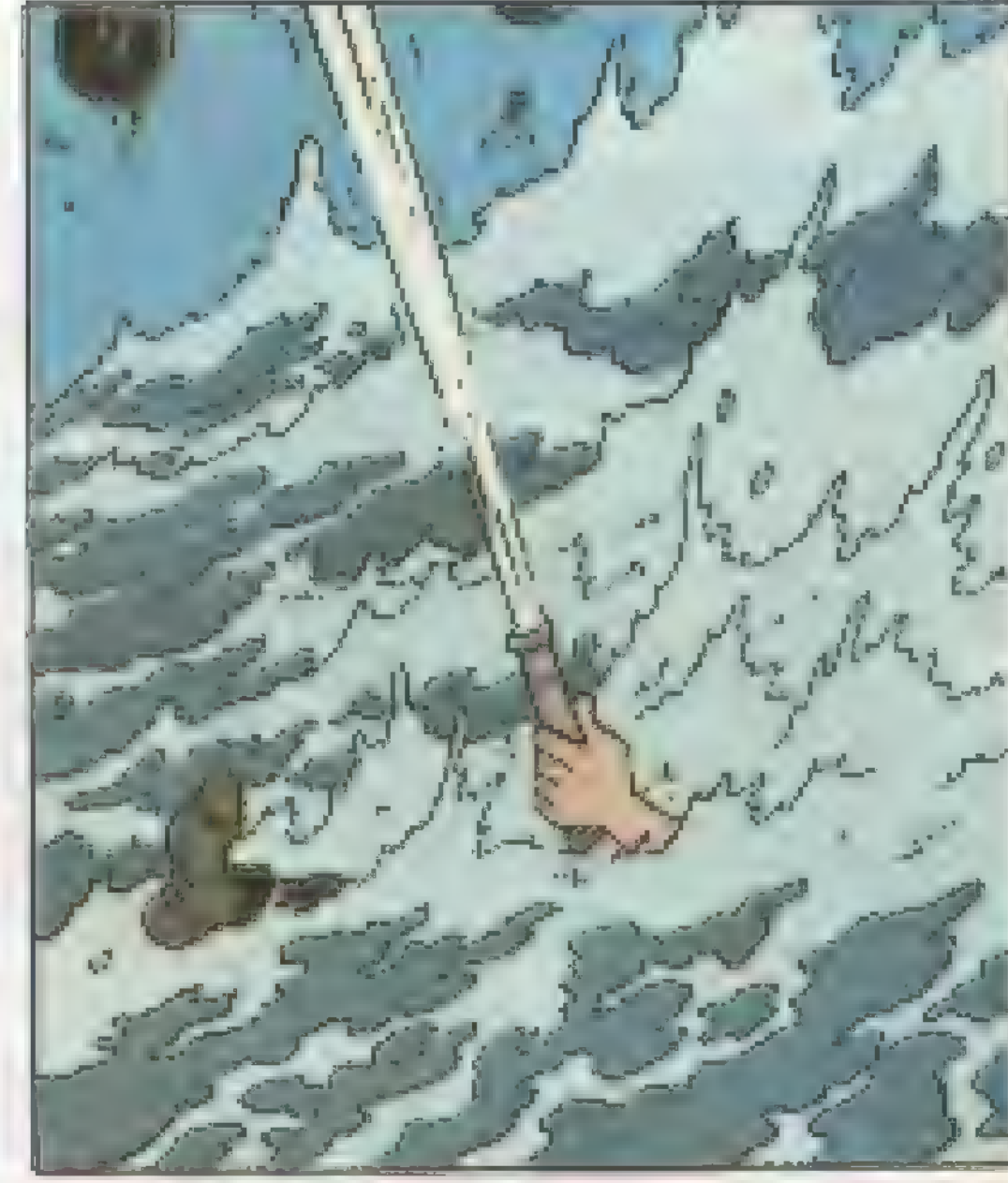




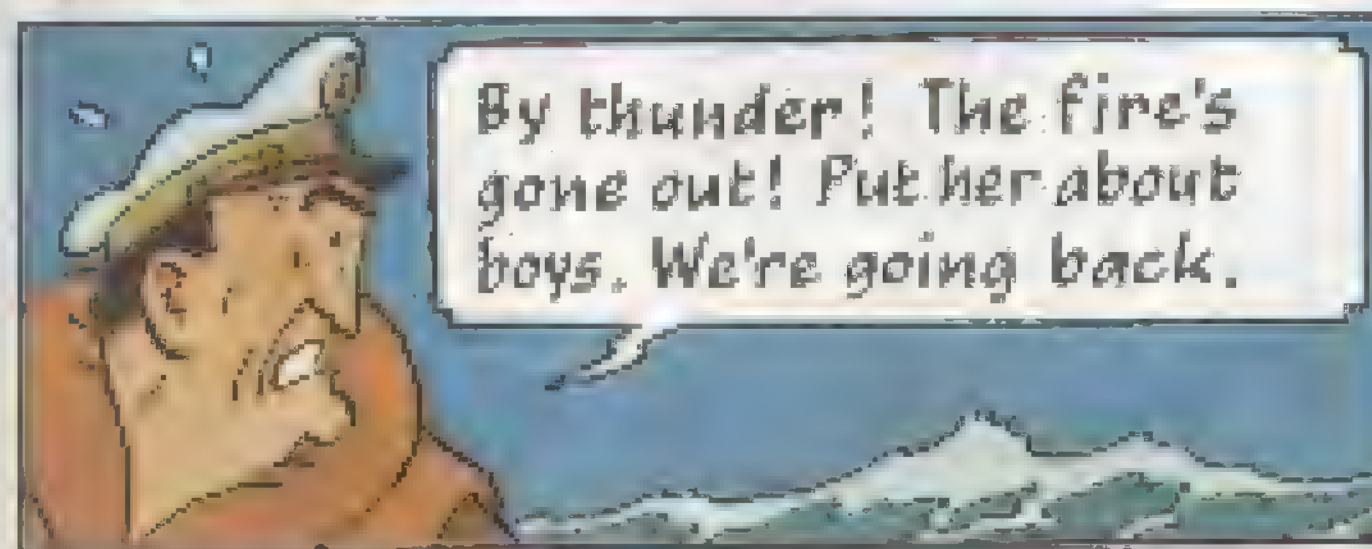




Let's hope this will do the job!



What about the explosion? Is it due for today or... But... but... I can't see any more smoke or flames!



By thunder! The fire's gone out! Put her about boys. We're going back.



It... it's out... A huge wave... I was very nearly washed overboard...



What luck!... Now for those poor fellows below, Captain.

You're right, but first of all...



... I'm going to try to restart the engines. You go up on the bridge and take the wheel.



Half an hour later...

By thunder!... The "Ramona" is drawing away!... Someone has got her engines going!

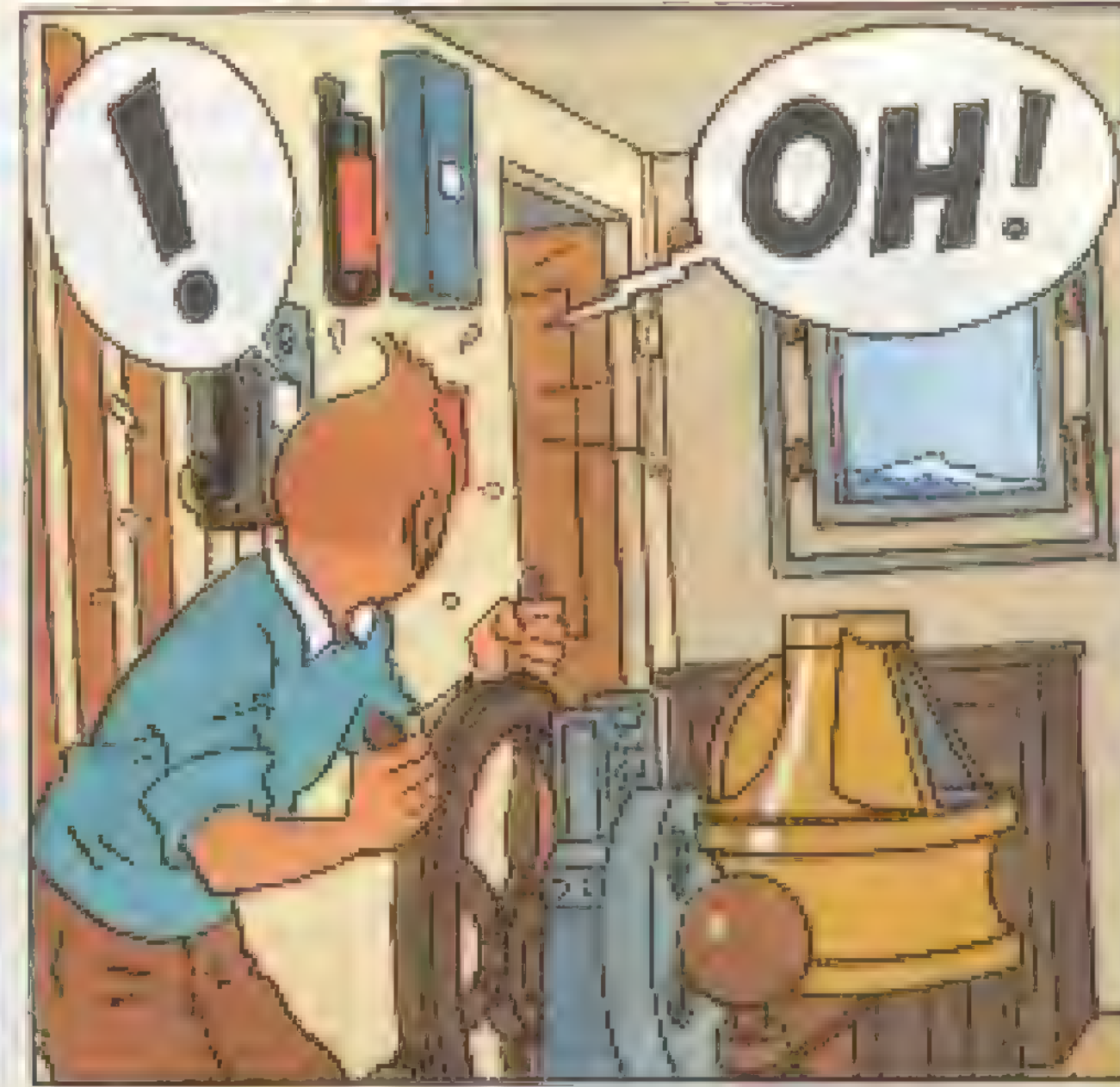


Phew! That was no joke, alone; but she's under way at last.

Magnificent, Captain... And now for the Negroes.



There's something more urgent: to send out a distress call by radio.



!

OH!

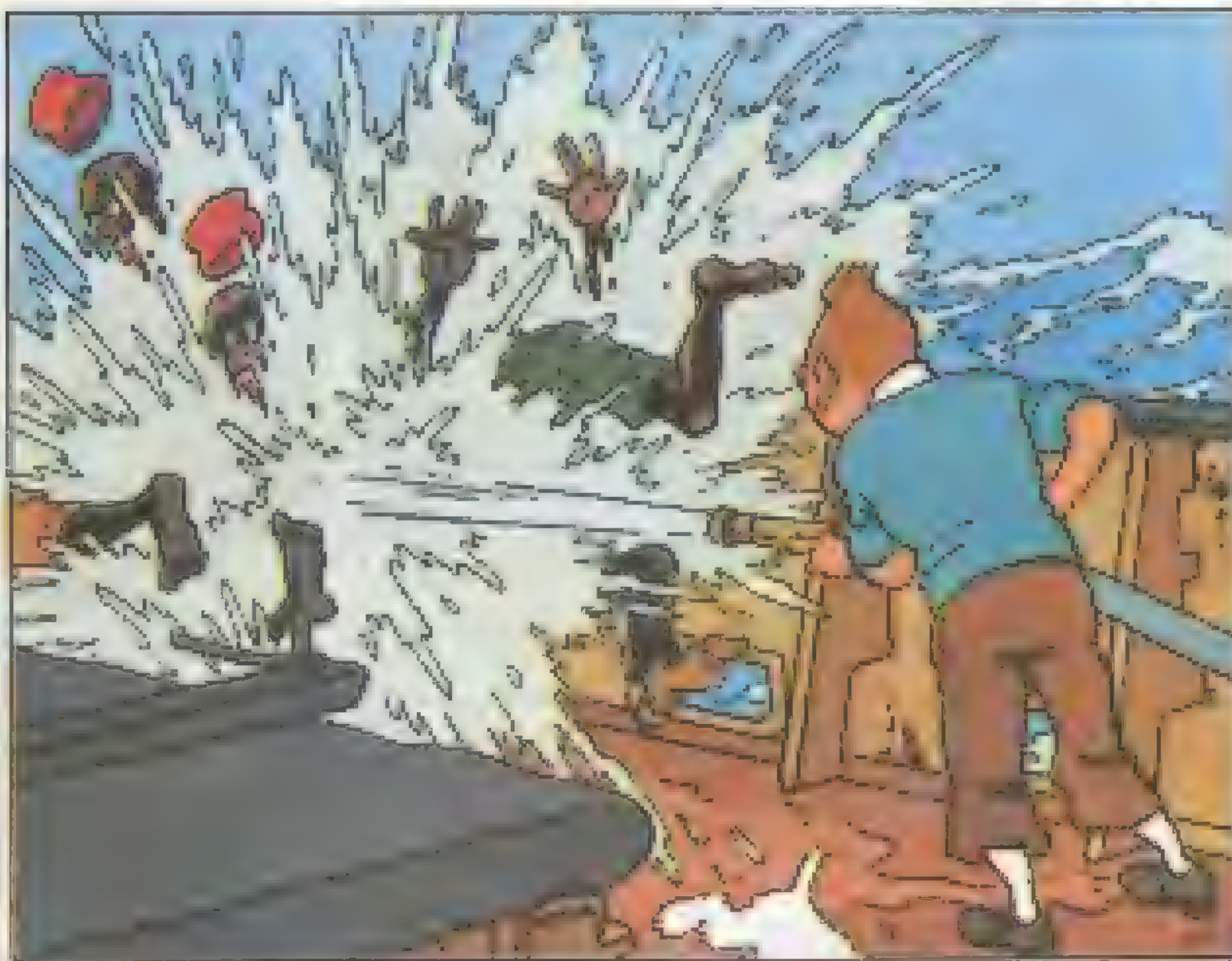






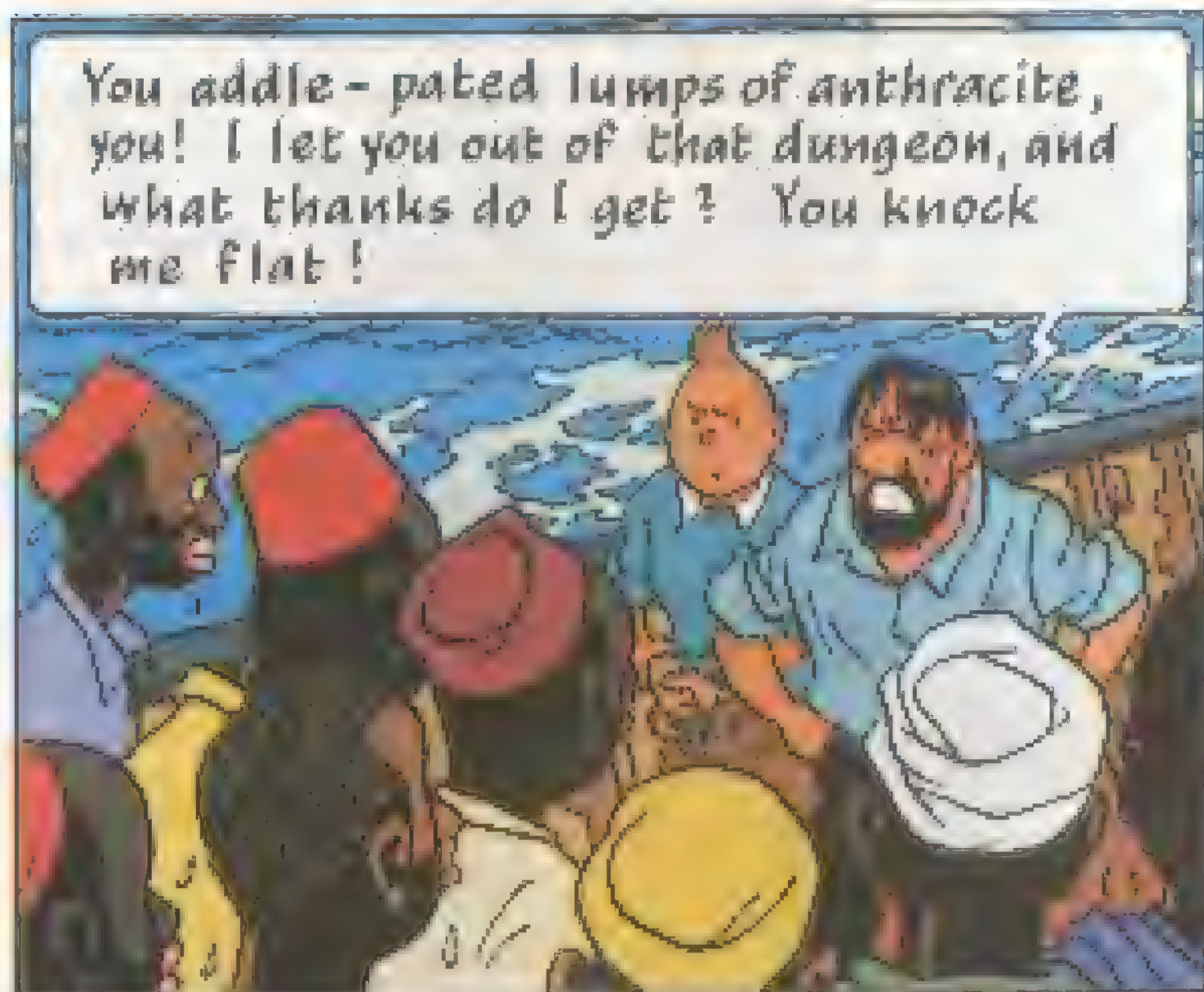


All right! I'm here!

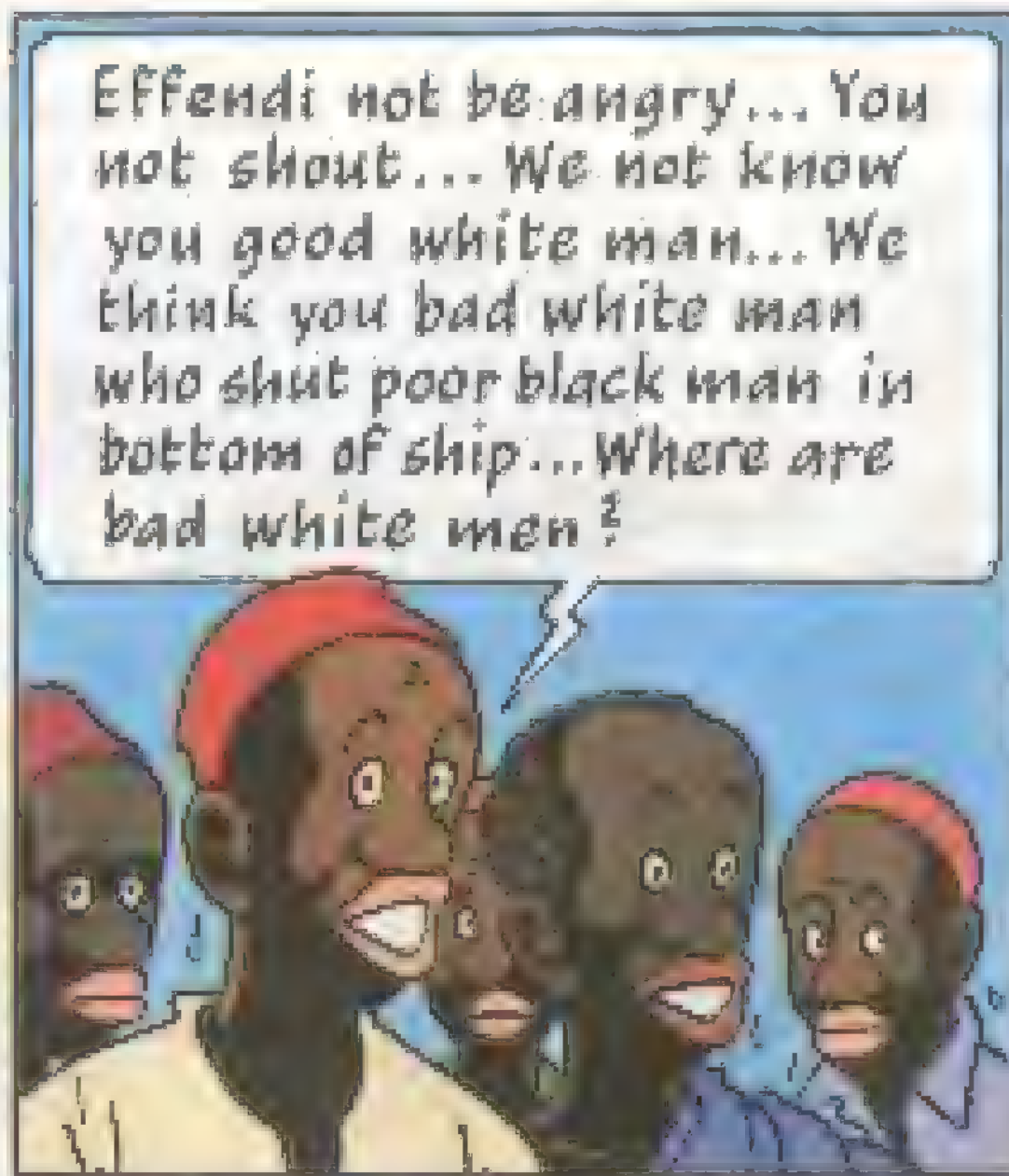


So sorry, Captain, but I had no choice.

Please don't worry: I'm getting used to it!



You addle-pated lumps of anthracite, you! I let you out of that dungeon, and what thanks do I get? You knock me flat!



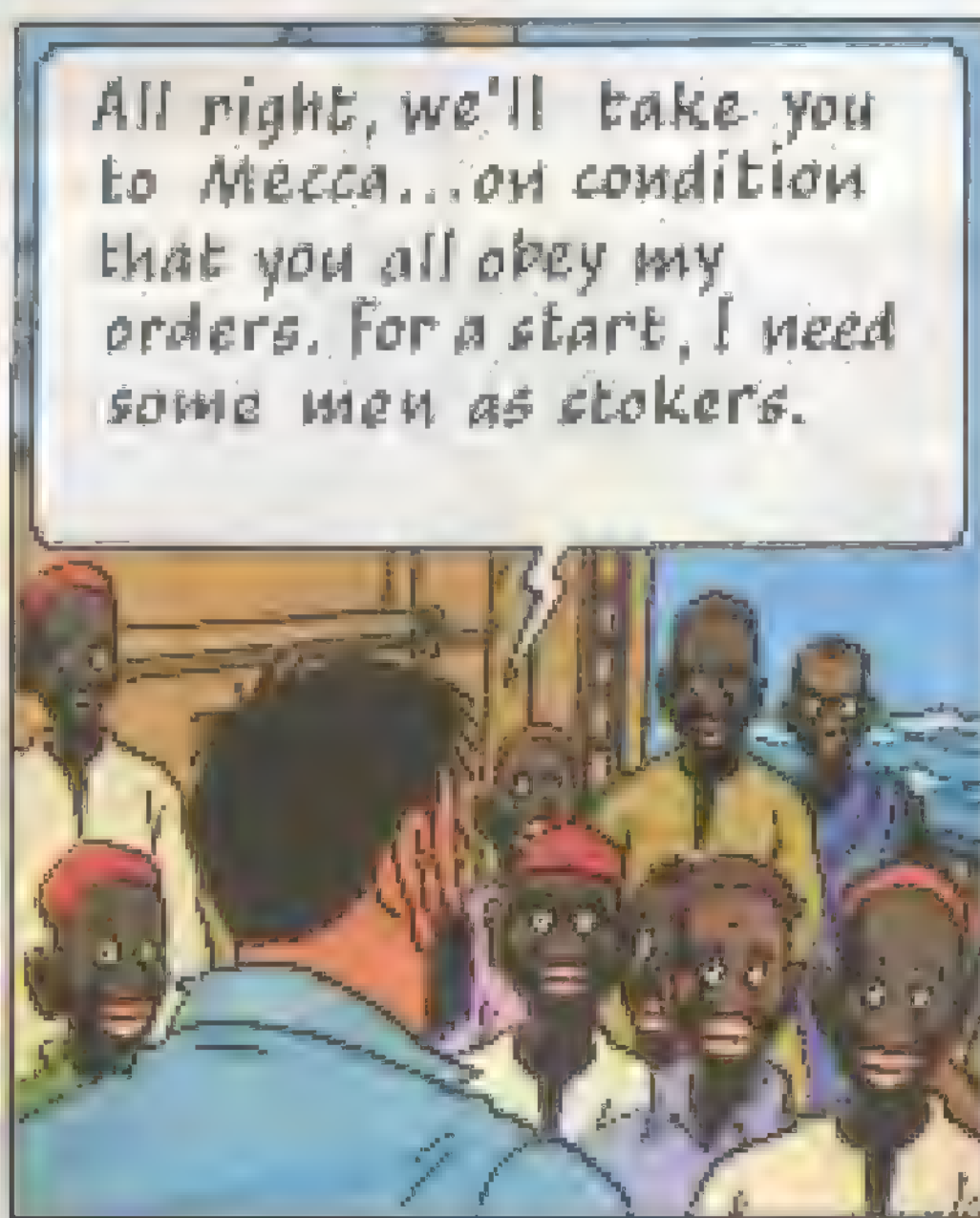
Effendi not be angry... You not shout... We not know you good white man... We think you bad white man who shut poor black man in bottom of ship... Where are bad white men?



Bad white men all gone, left us. But if you help me, I'll take you wherever you want to go. You're going to Mecca, eh?



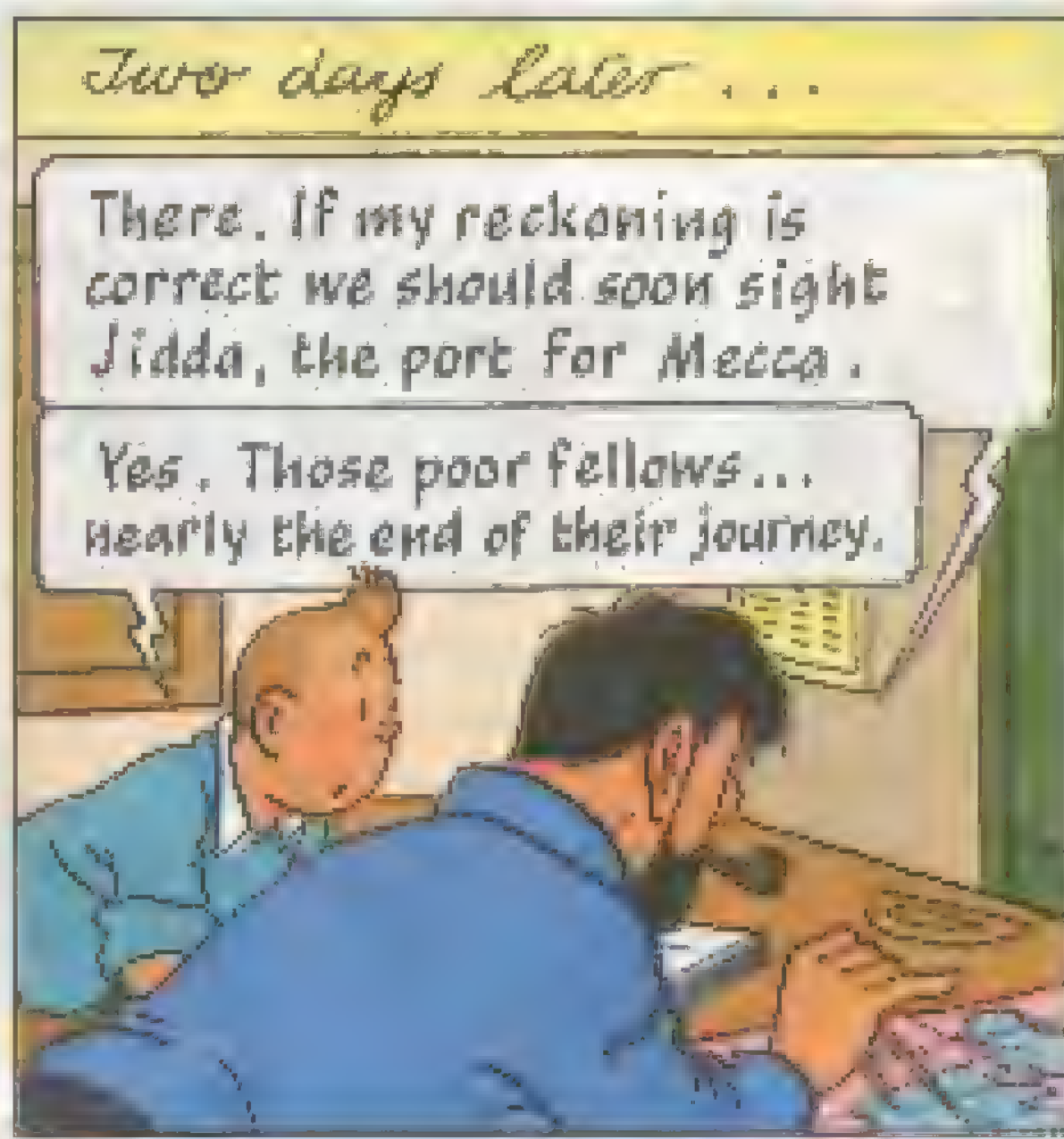
Yes, Effendi, to Mecca. We good Muslims. We making pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet.



All right, we'll take you to Mecca... on condition that you all obey my orders. For a start, I need some men as stokers.



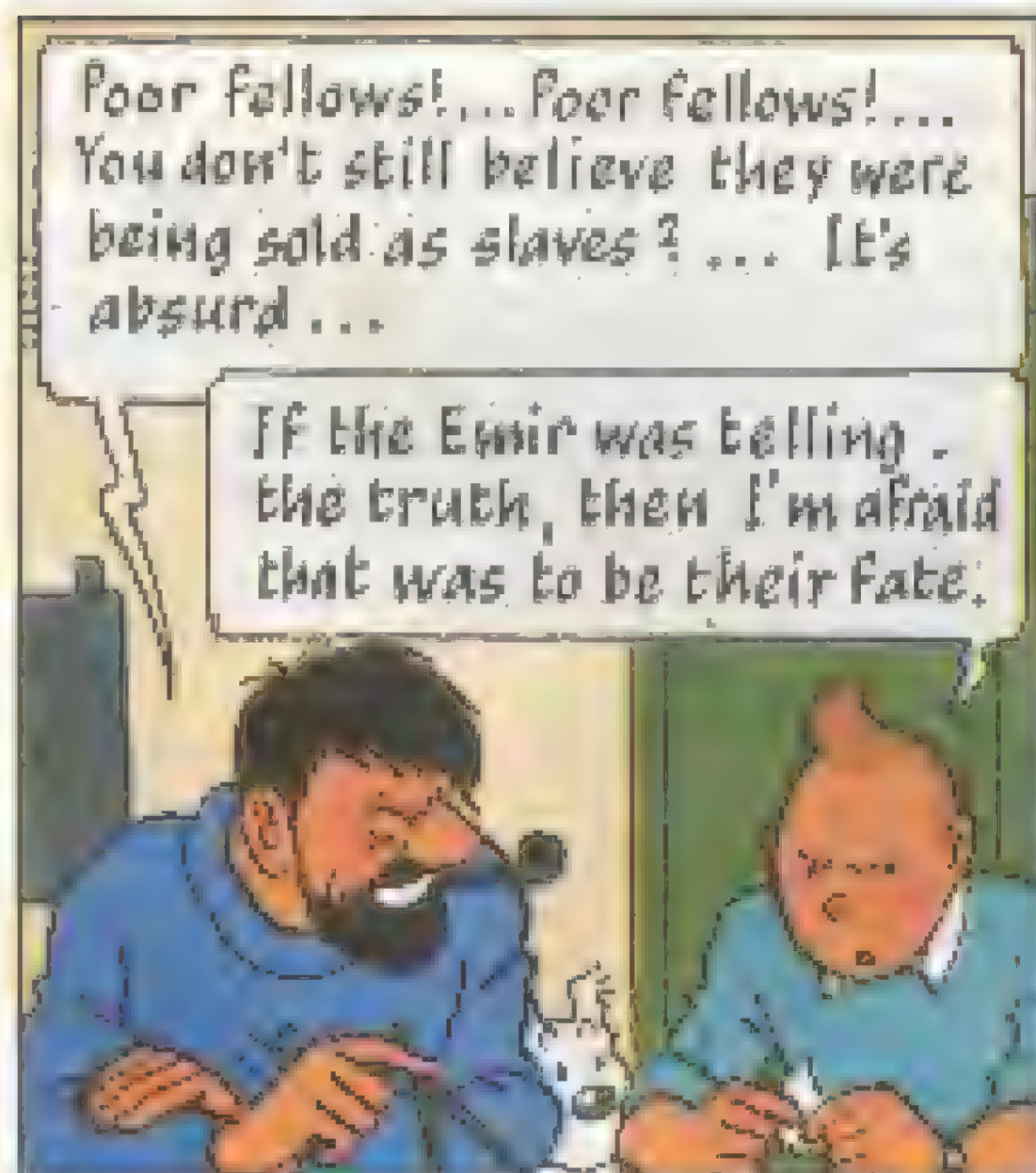
Me, Effendi...  
Me...  
Me...  
Me, Effendi.



Two days later...

There. If my reckoning is correct we should soon sight Jidda, the port for Mecca.

Yes. Those poor fellows... nearly the end of their journey.



Poor fellows!... Poor fellows!... You don't still believe they were being sold as slaves? ... It's absurd...

If the Emir was telling the truth, then I'm afraid that was to be their fate.



Come, come, you've been reading too many thrillers... There's no slave-trading nowadays!



Look, Captain; just tell me this: is there any coke aboard?

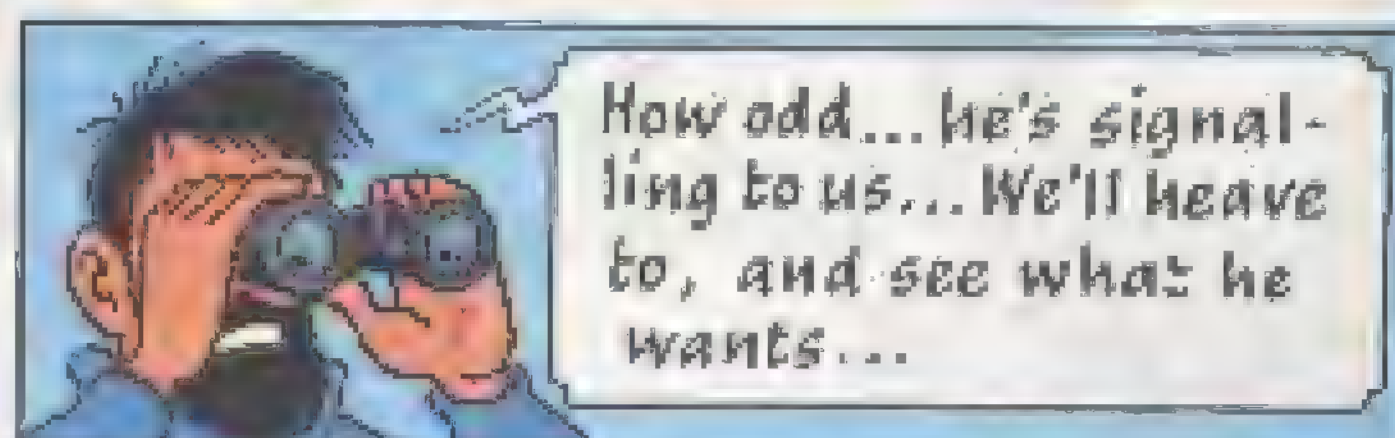
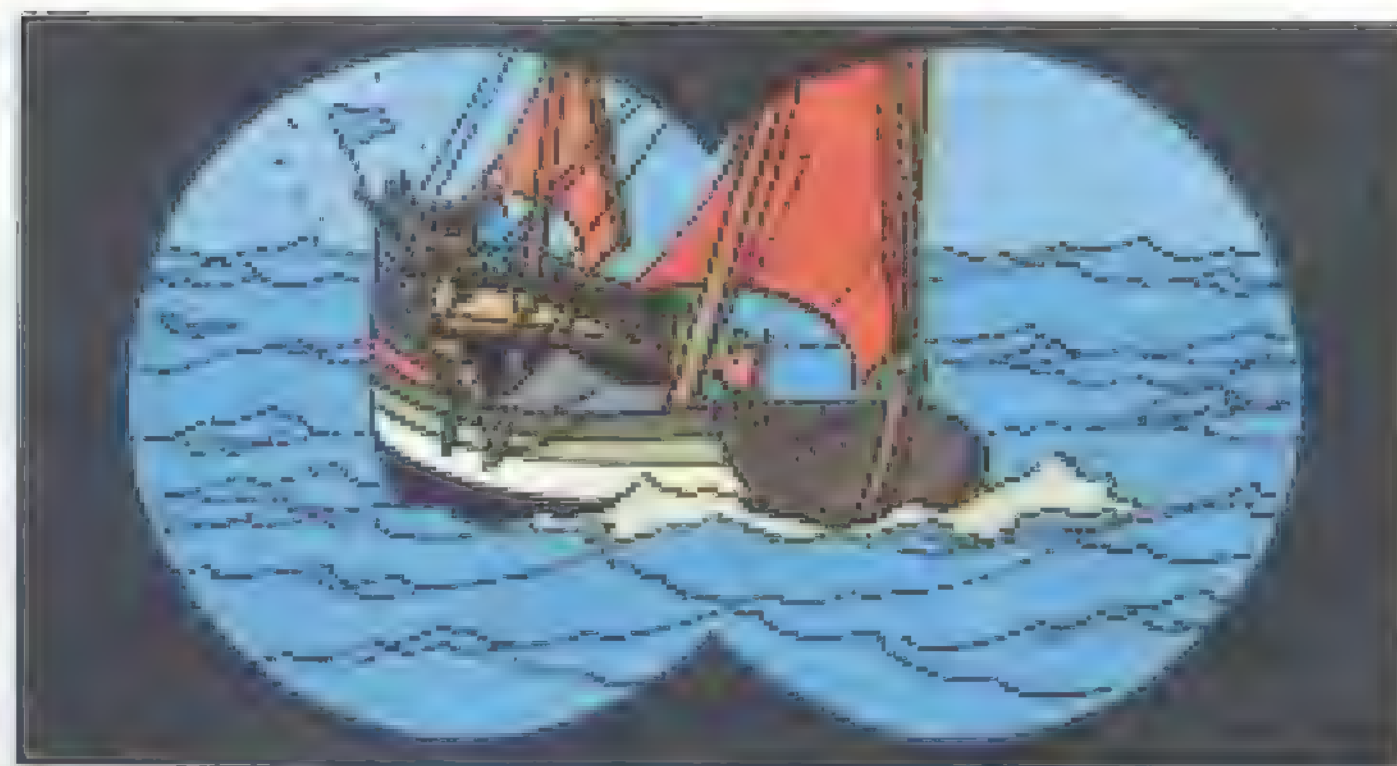
Any...any coke?... But...



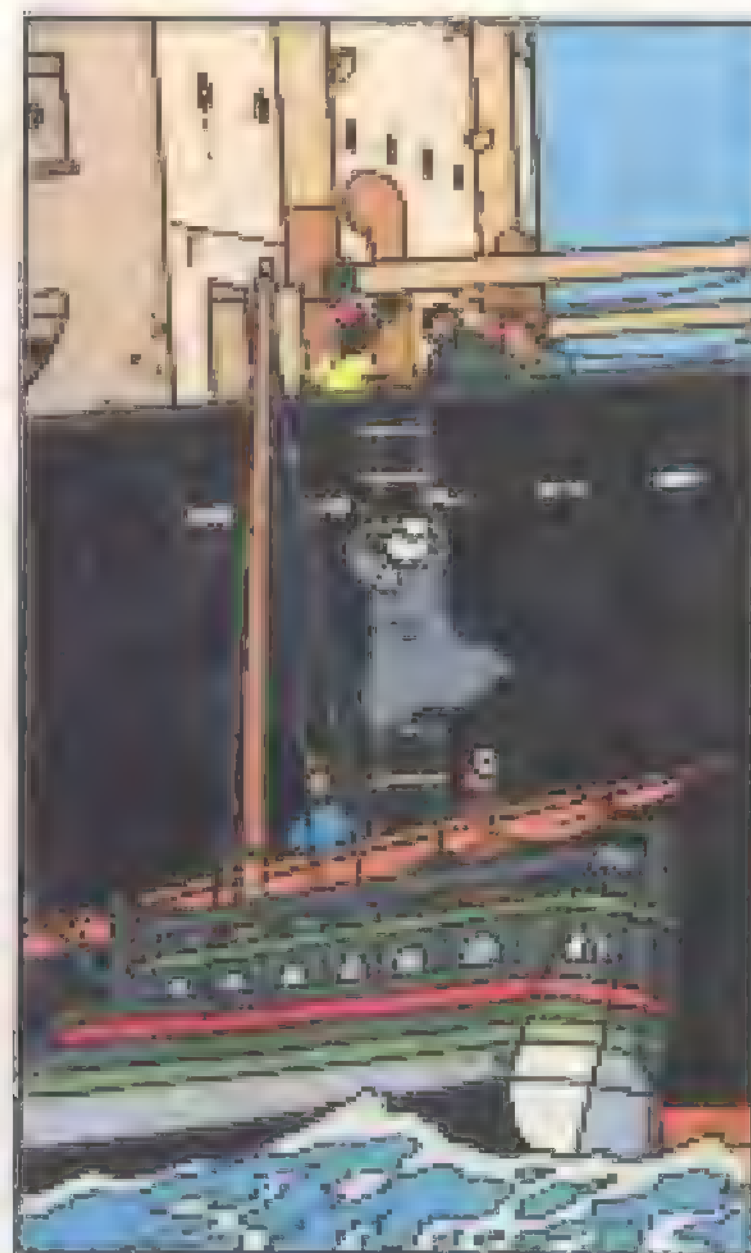
Effendi! Effendi! You come look!... Ship coming to us...



So it is! A sambuk...  
The harbour pilot from  
Jidda, perhaps... No,  
we're still too far from  
shore... A fisherman,  
then?



How odd... he's signal-  
ling to us... We'll heave  
to, and see what he  
wants...



Salaams, O sailor... Captain Allan is up  
there?

Captain Allan?...  
Finished... Gone.  
... I am  
captain now.



Ah, you have replaced him... Good,  
good... Is the coke of best quality  
this time?

The coke?? Again? Blistering  
barnacles, what's all this non-  
sense about coke? Thundering  
typhoons, there's no coke on board!



No coke on board!... Ha! ha! ha!



Hmm... Yes... Strong muscles  
... you'll do...



And teeth?... Come on, open  
your mouth, Sambo... Hmm, not  
too bad... Teeth quite sound...



Here, have you quite finished play-  
ing the cattle-dealer? This man's  
not a horse, nor a slave...

Sah!... You mustn't say  
that!... "Coke" is the word,  
as you well know.



Coke!!... Blistering barnacles!  
... Tintin was right! There  
still are slave-traders... And  
that's what you're up to, you brute!



You trafficker in human flesh!  
You deserve to be strung up on  
the mizzen yardarm!







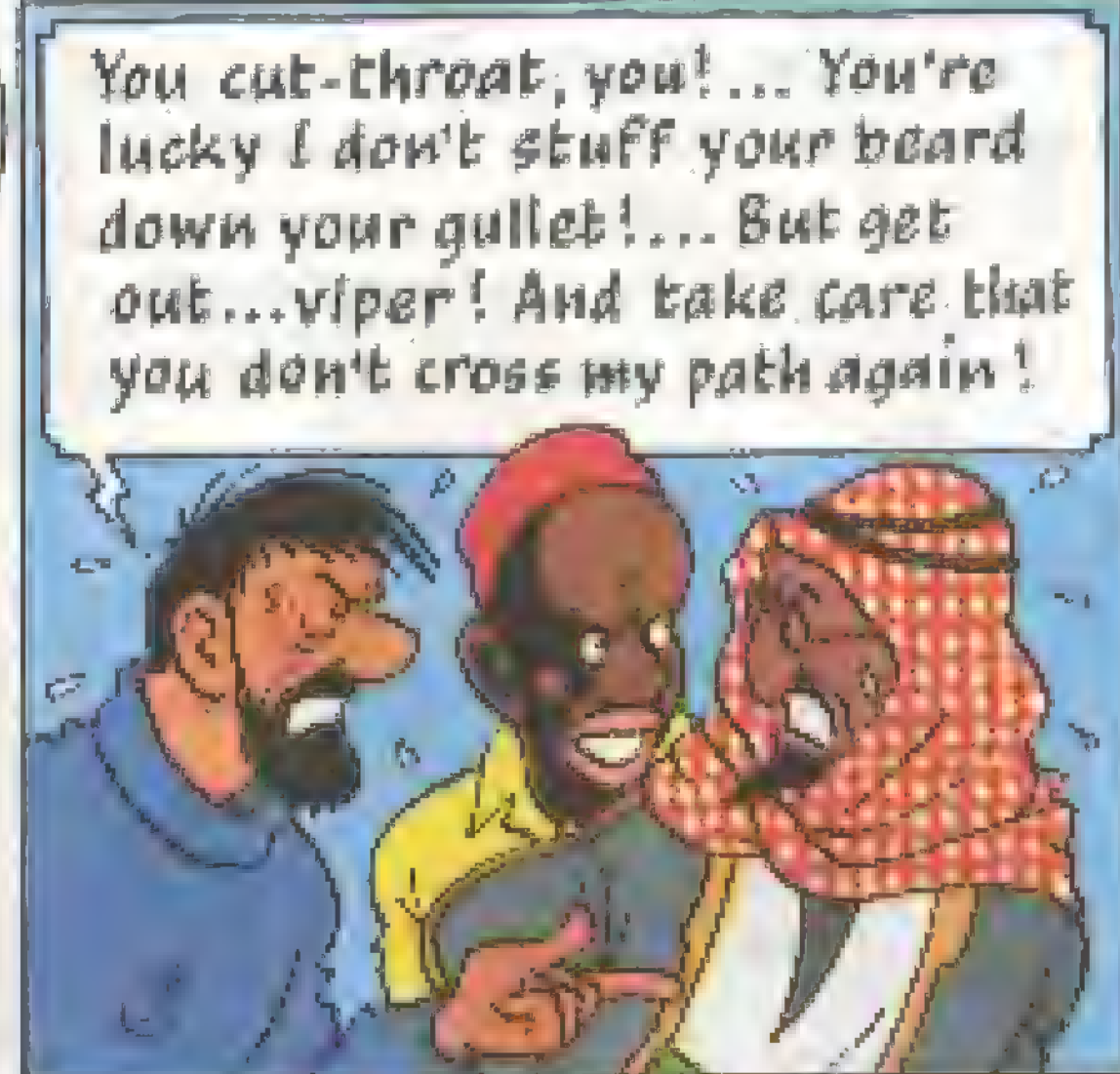
LOOKOUT!



!



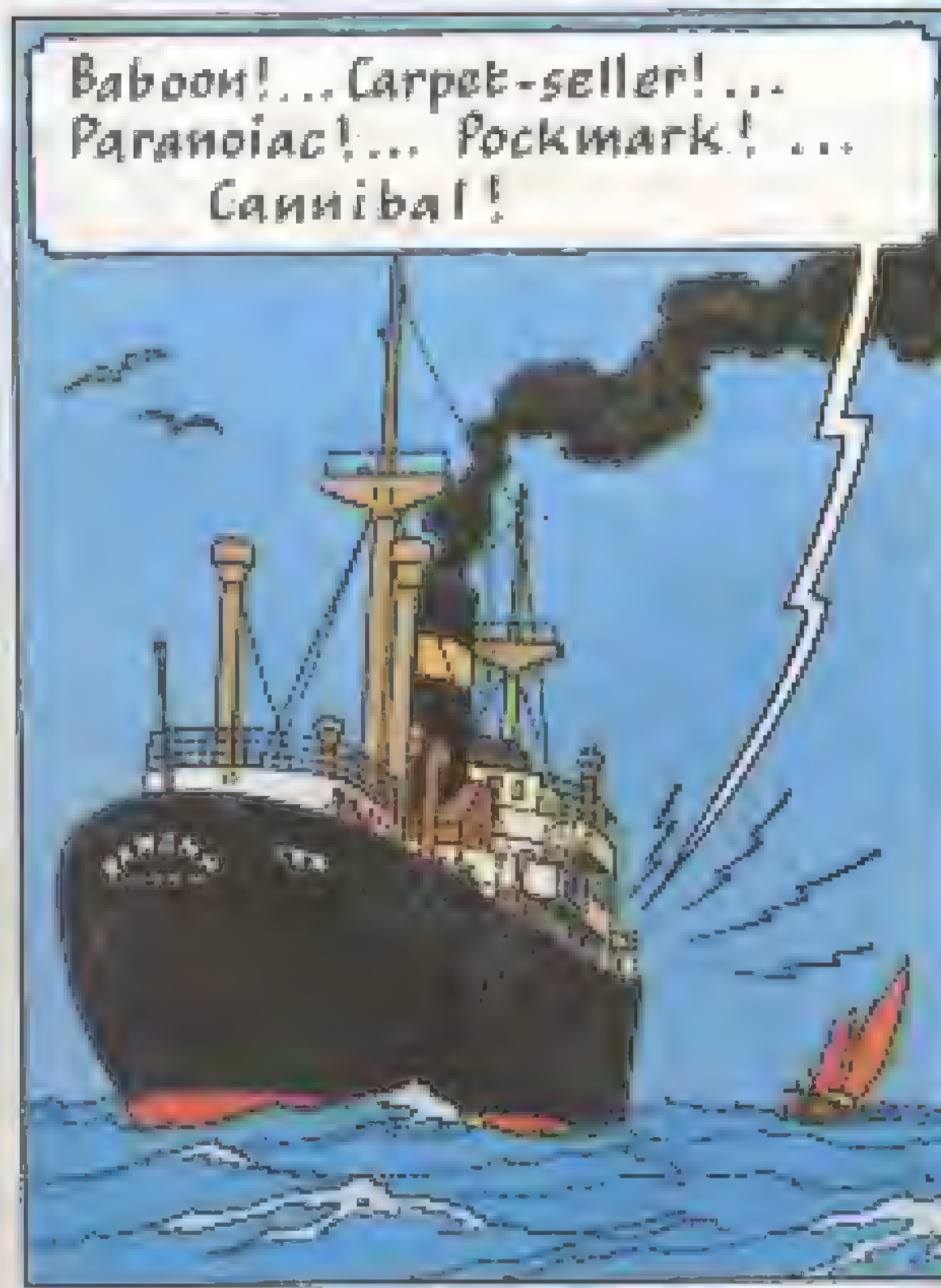
ZZINNG



You cut-throat, you! ... You're lucky I don't stuff your beard down your gullet! ... But get out... viper! And take care that you don't cross my path again!



Sheer off, filibuster! ... Out of my sight, you gallows bird!

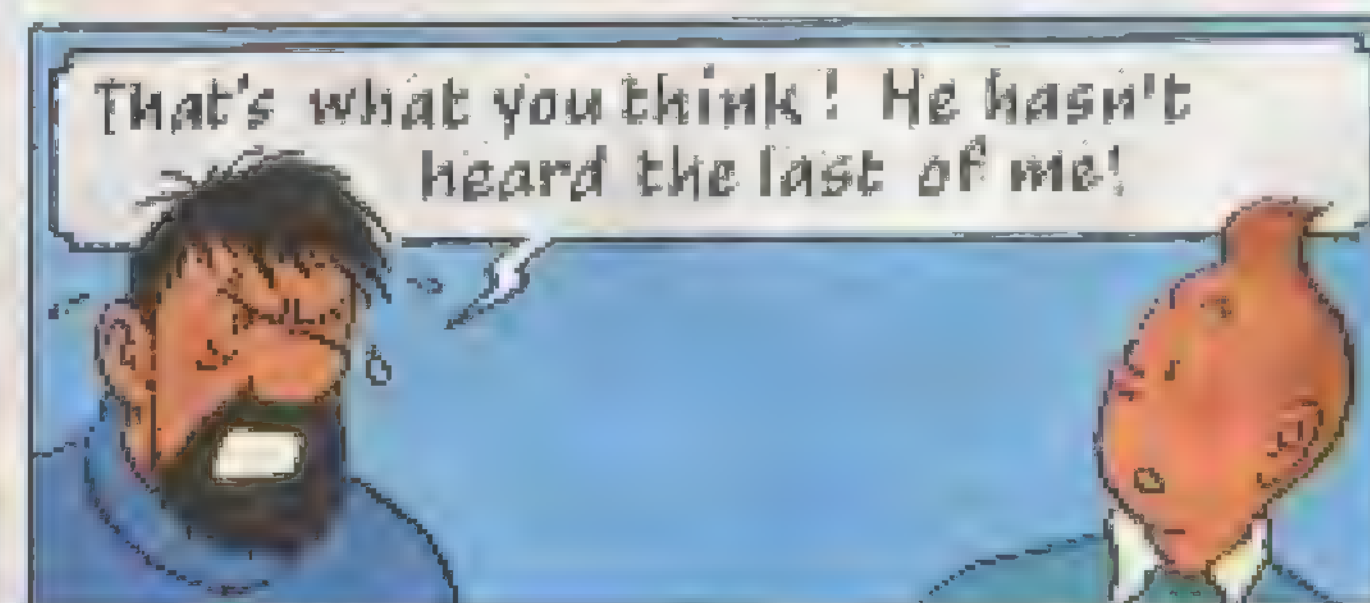


Baboon! ... Carpet-seller! ... Paranoiac! ... Pockmark! ... Cannibal!



Duck-billed platypus! ... Jellied-eel! ... Bashi-bazouk! ... Anthropophagus! ... Cercopithecus! ... Psychopath! ... Er...

No good, Captain. He's too far away now...

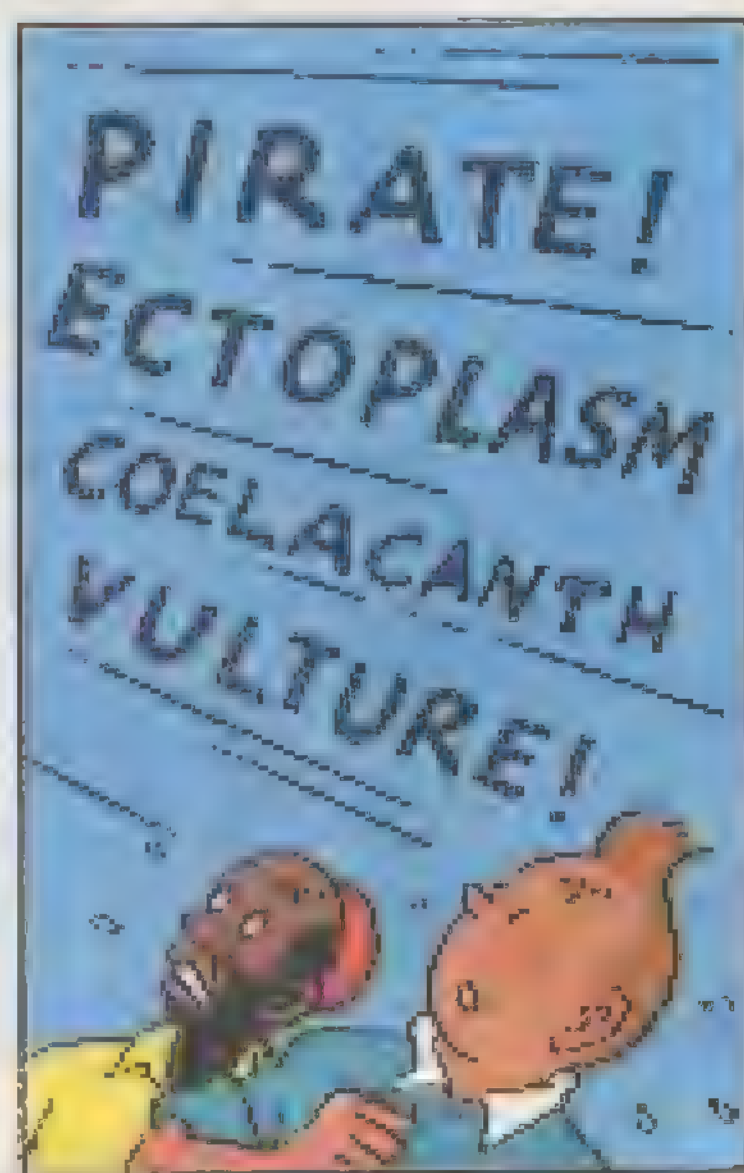


That's what you think! He hasn't heard the last of me!



Where now?

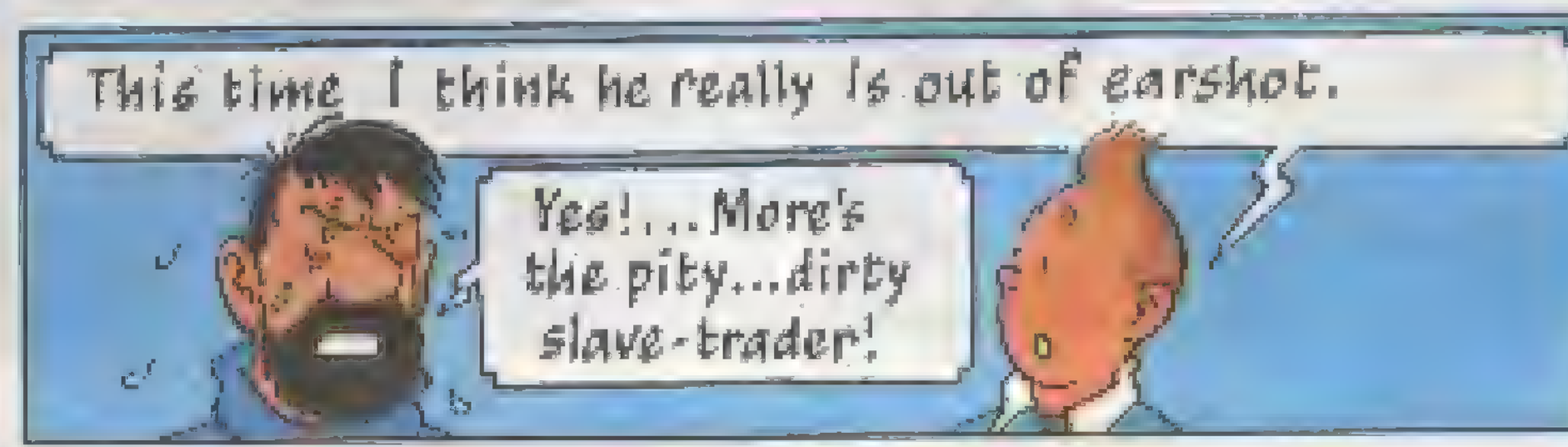
On to the bridge.



PIRATE!  
ECTOPLASM  
COELACANTH  
VULTURE!



BODY-SNATCHER!  
OSTROGOTH!  
VANDAL!



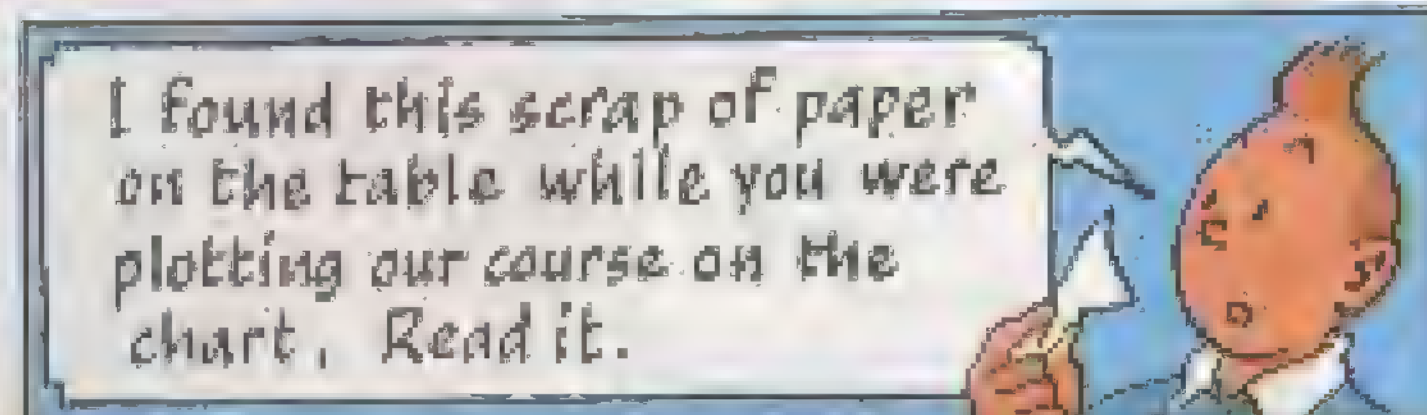
This time I think he really is out of earshot.

Yes! ... More's the pity... dirty slave-trader!

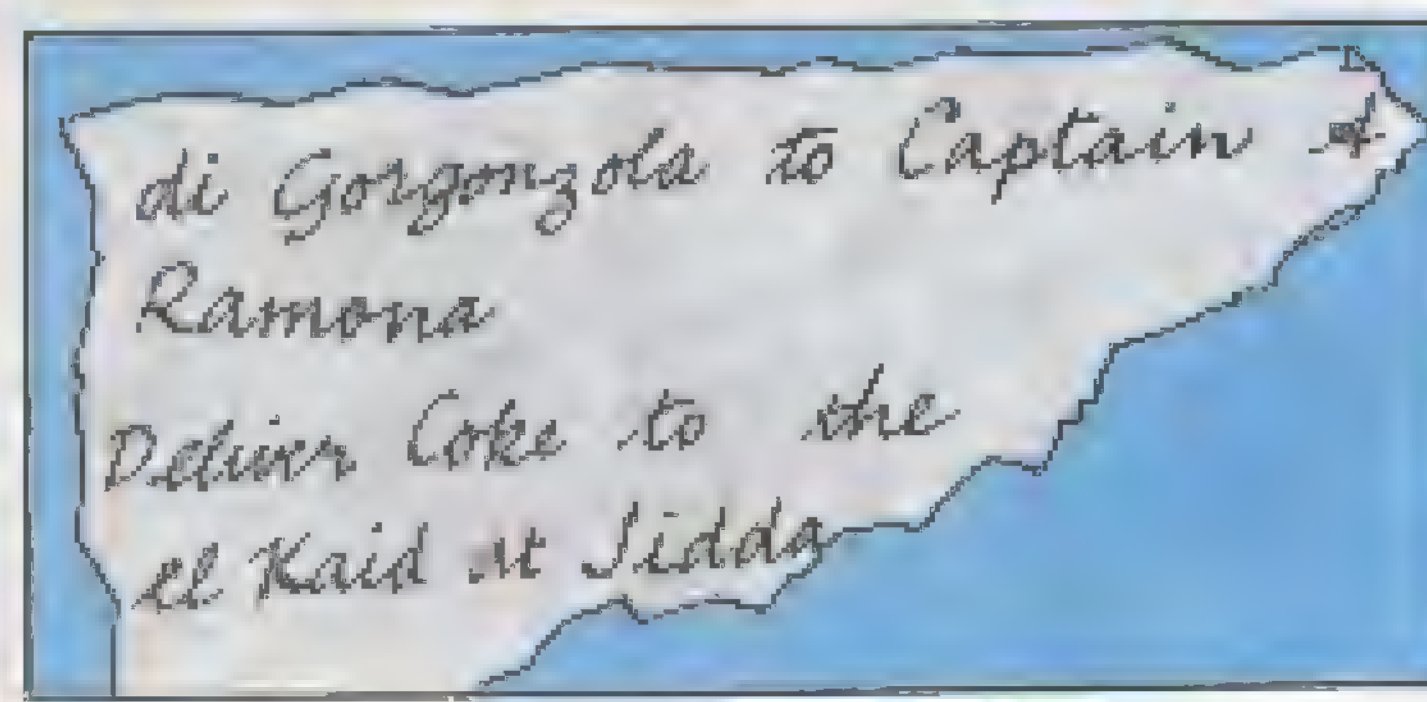


By the way ... How did you tumble to the word "coke"?

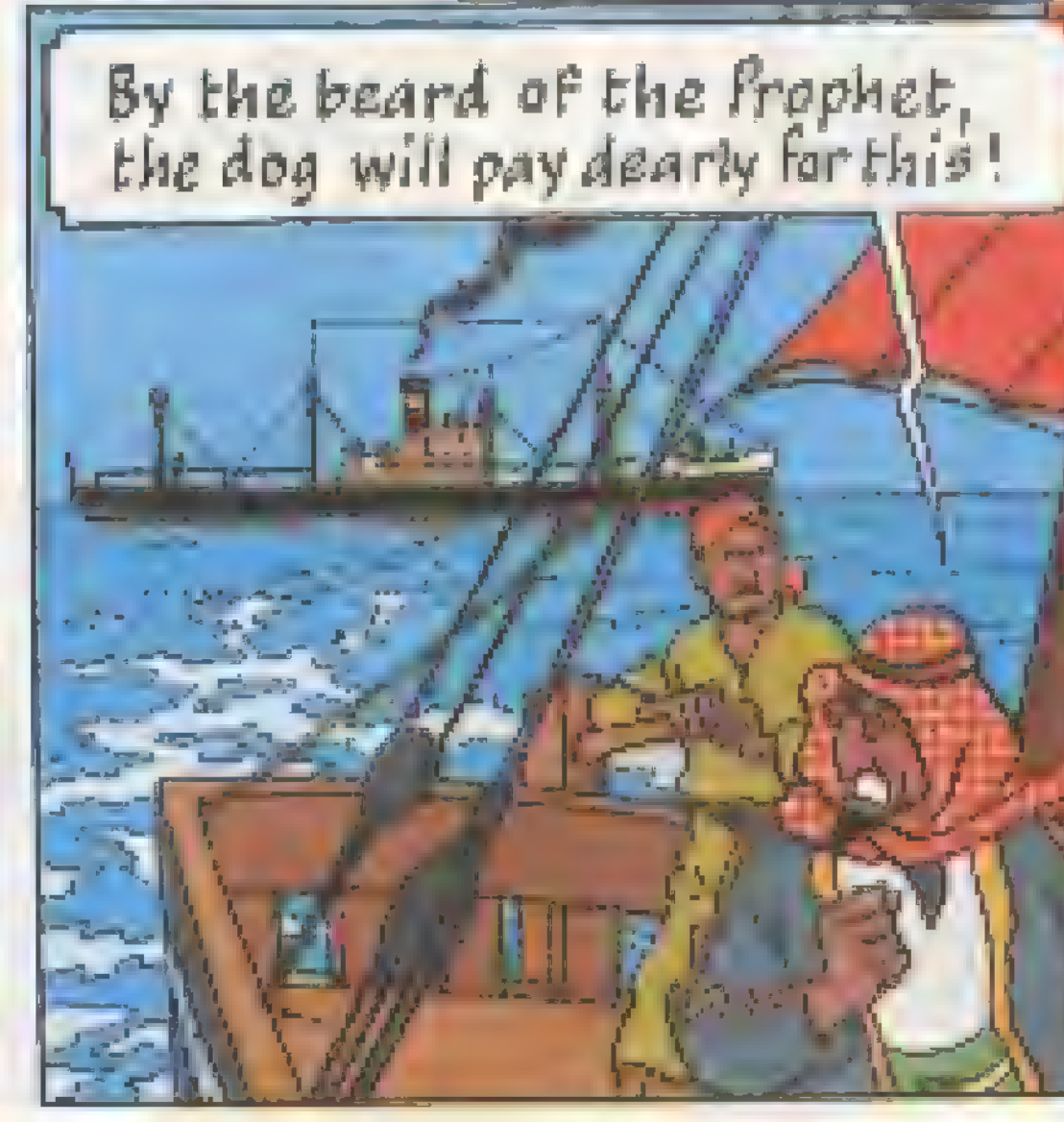
I'll show you.



I found this scrap of paper on the table while you were plotting our course on the chart. Read it.



di Gorgonzola to Captain A Ramona  
Deliver Coke to the el Kaid at Sidda



By the beard of the Prophet, the dog will pay dearly for this!



A fragment of a wireless message sent by di Gorgonzola to that gangster Allan!... And "coke" is a code word for their cargo of slaves! ... The pirates!



First, we must talk to the Africans: they must be made to understand that under the circumstances it's madness for them to go to Mecca.



Agreed... Then we must try to send out a radio call...

Getting on, Skut?

Still much work, Captain.



Good... Well, I'm going to talk to the cargo. You take the wheel and steer due south. We'll head for Djibouti.

O.K.



A few minutes later...

My friends, listen to me carefully. You have undertaken this long journey to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, haven't you?



Afterwards, of course, you plan to return home and rejoin your families. Isn't that so?



Yes, Effendi.

Yes.

Yes.

I'm afraid a very different fate awaits you. You saw that Arab who came aboard, and I chased off?... He's waiting for you in Mecca, to buy you and make you into slaves! ... Slaves, you understand?



You speak well, Effendi. Wicked Arab, very wicked. Poor black men not want to be slaves. Poor black men want to go to Mecca.



Naturally, I realise that. But I repeat, if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves. Is that what you want?

We not slaves, Effendi. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



But billions of blue blistering barnacles, I keep on telling you: if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves! Thundering typhoons, I can't make it any clearer.



You not shout, Effendi. Poor black men only want to go to Mecca.

All right, you boneheads, go to Mecca! ... But you'll stay there for ever! ... You'll never see your own country again! ... Never see your families again! ... You'll be slaves for ever! ... That's what you're in for, you dunderheaded coconuts, you!



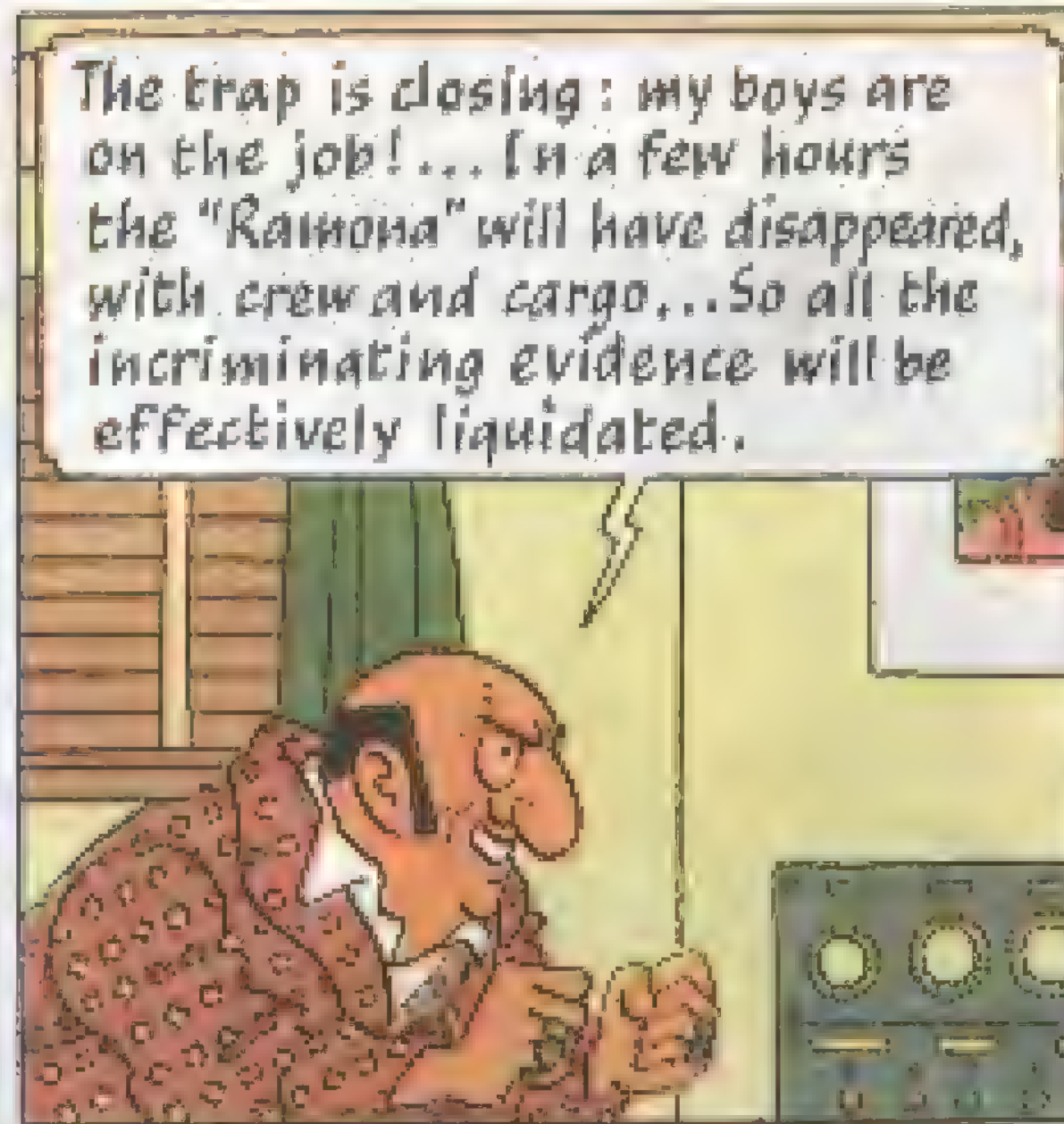
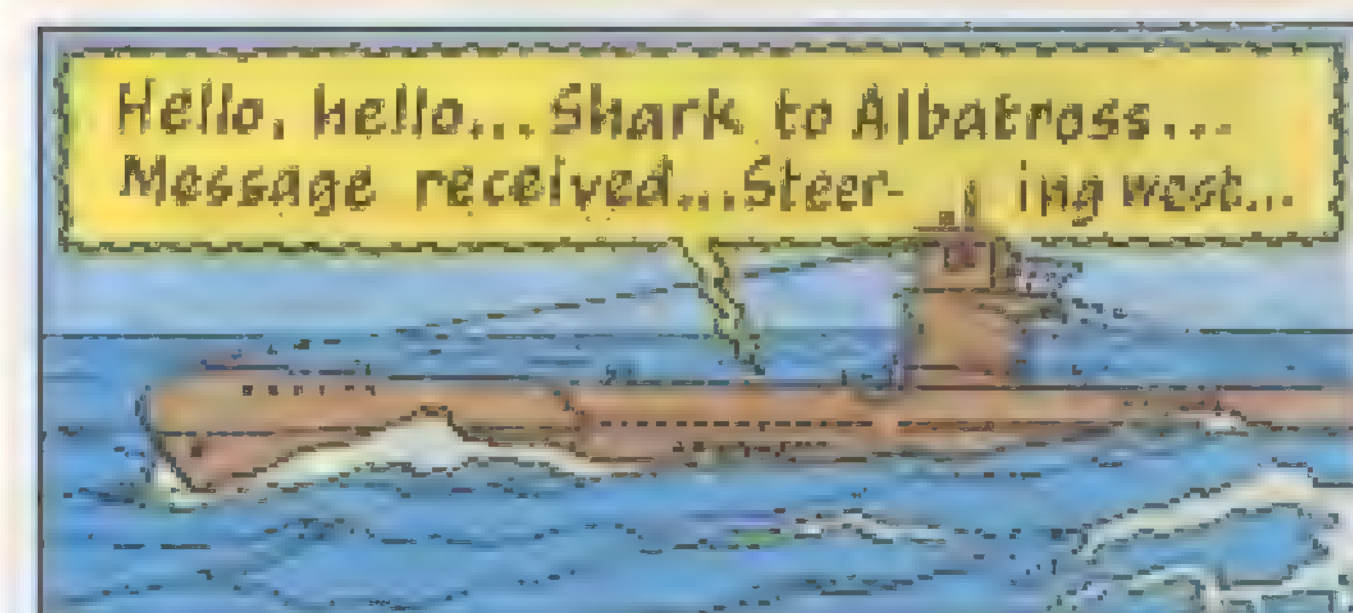
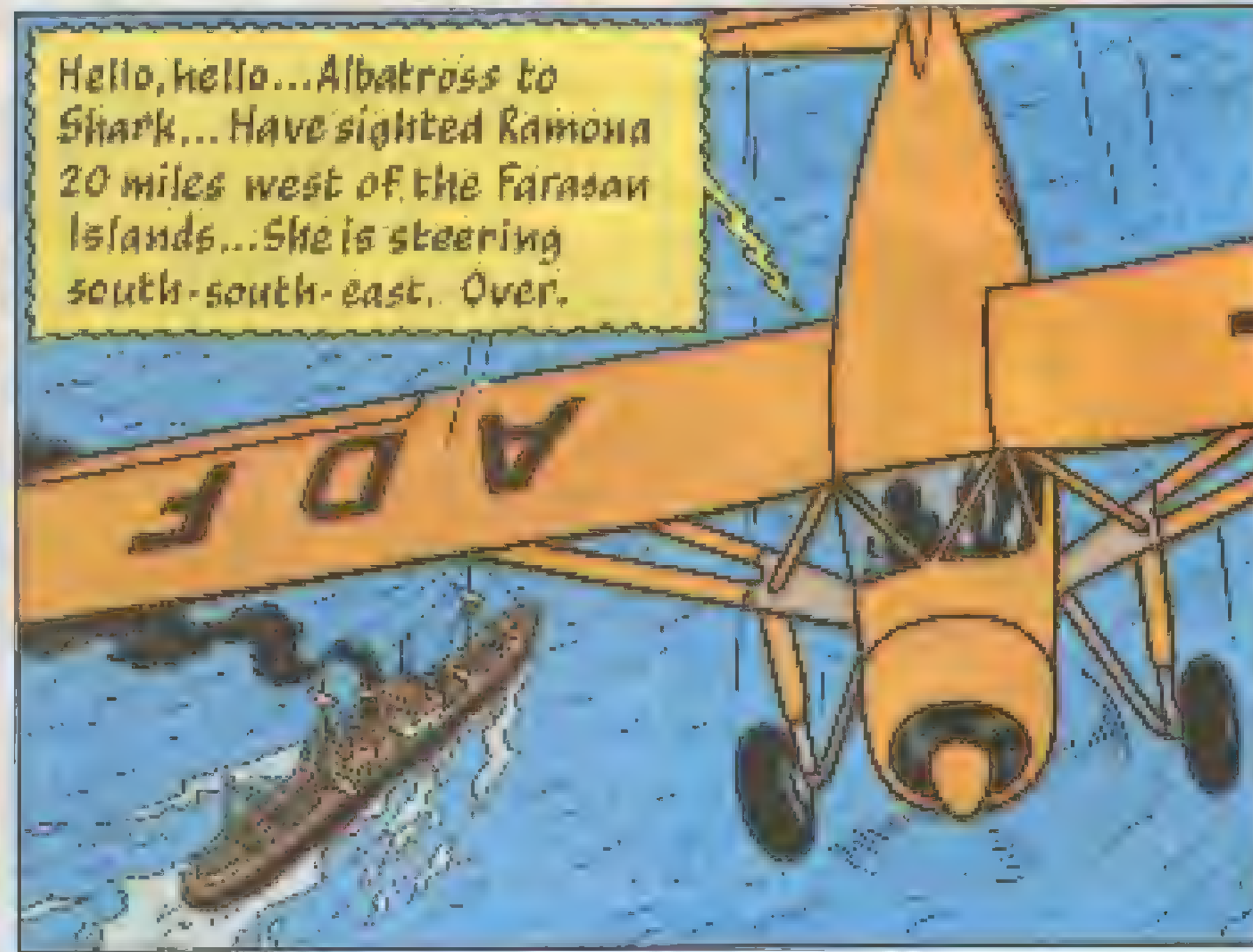
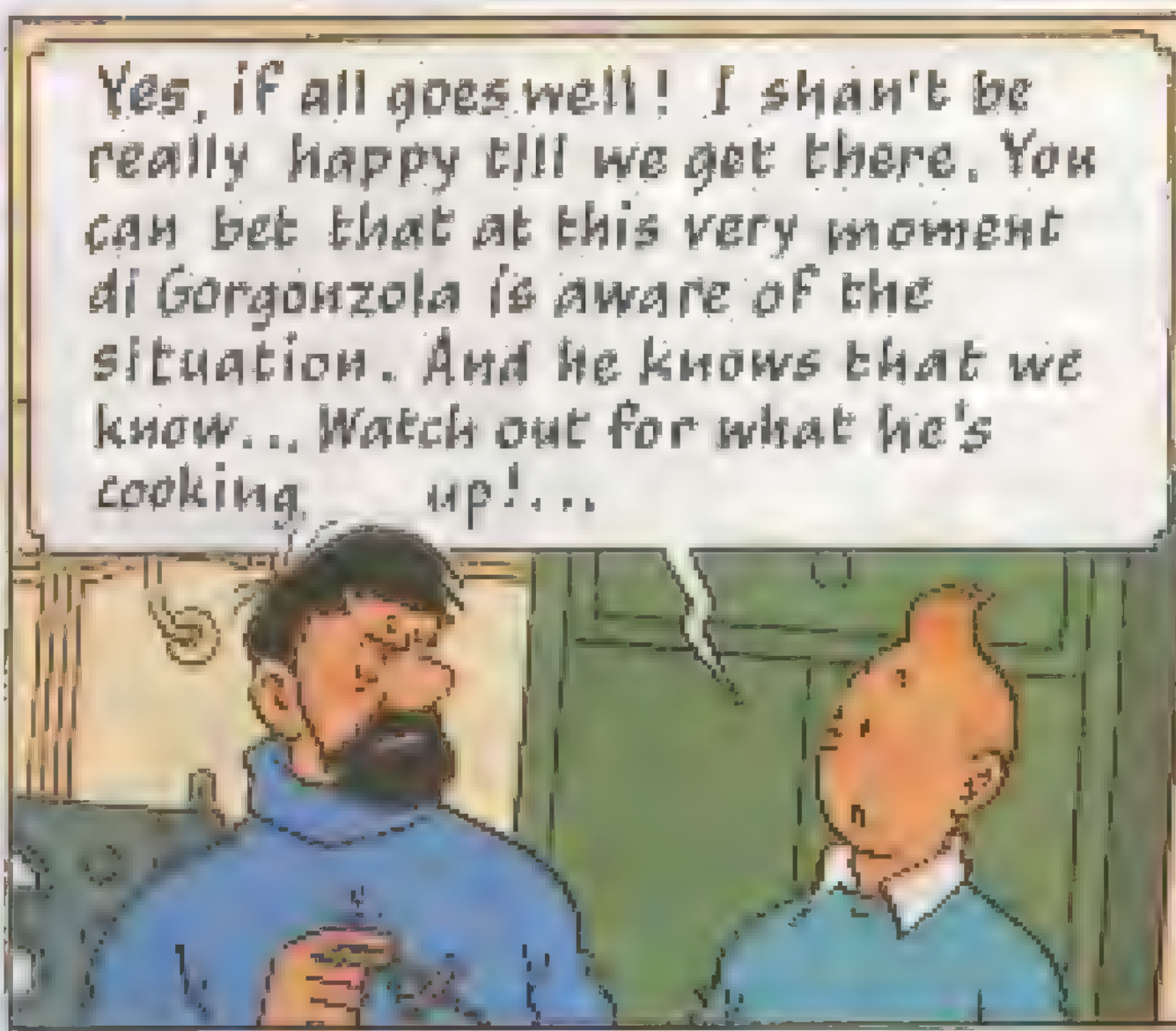
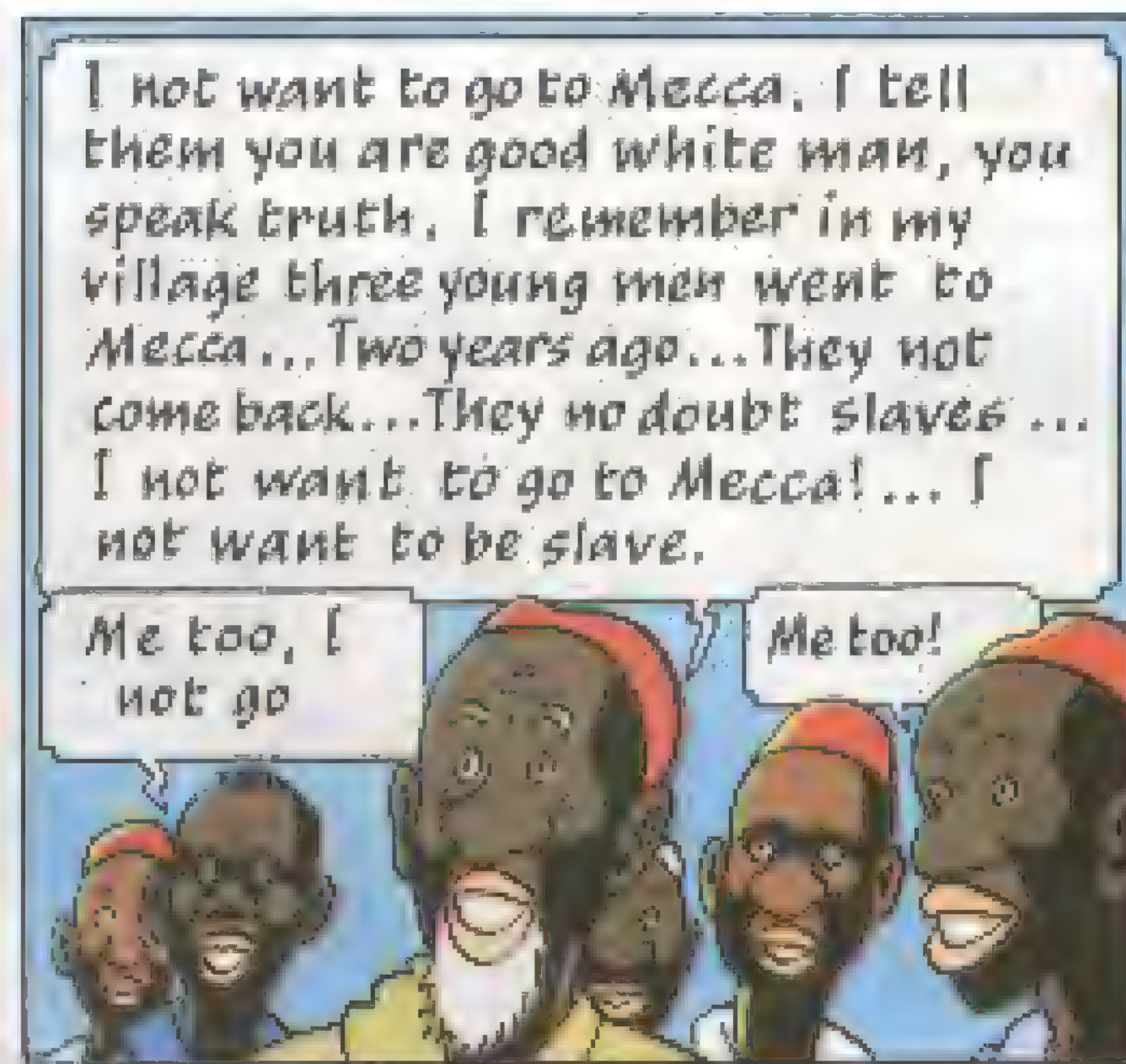
We not coconuts, Effendi. We good black men. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



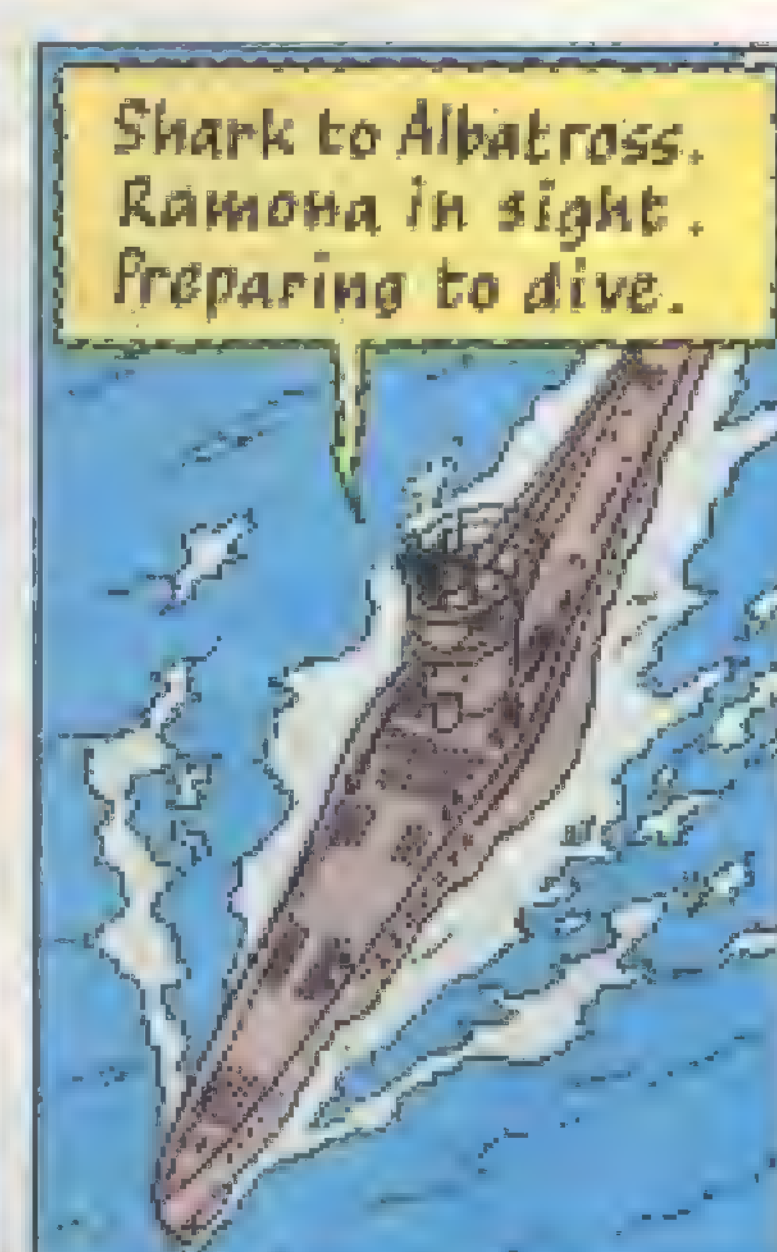
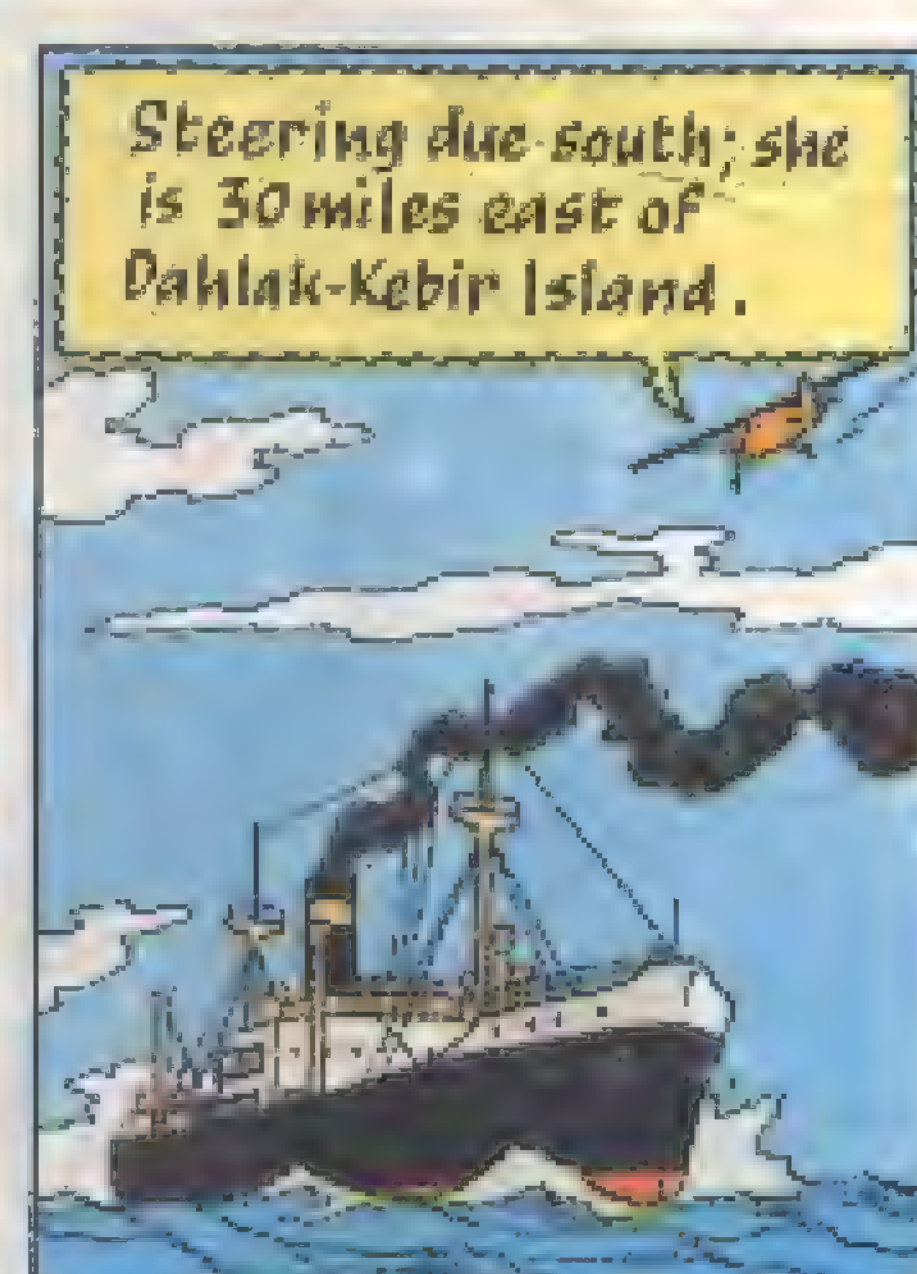
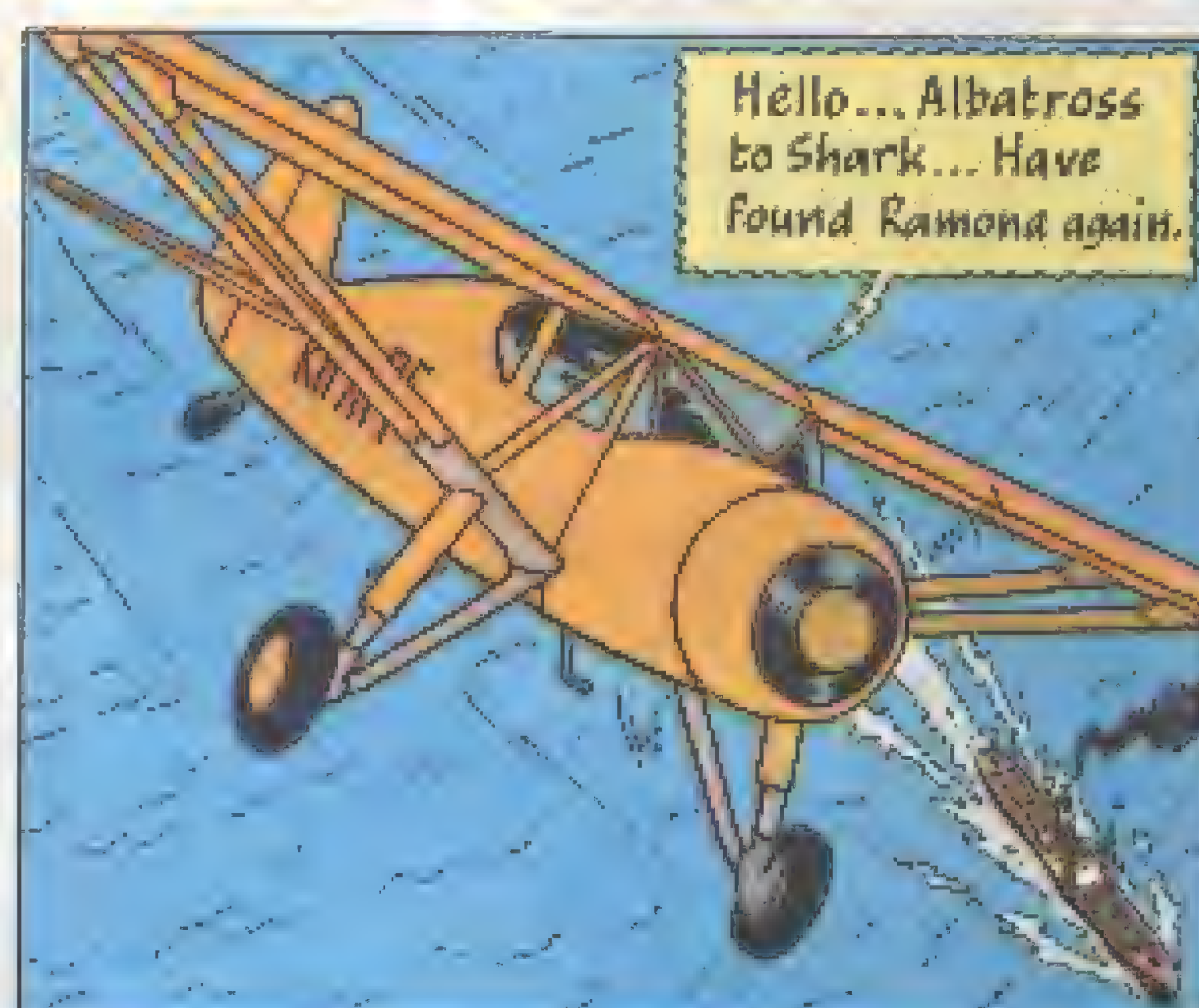
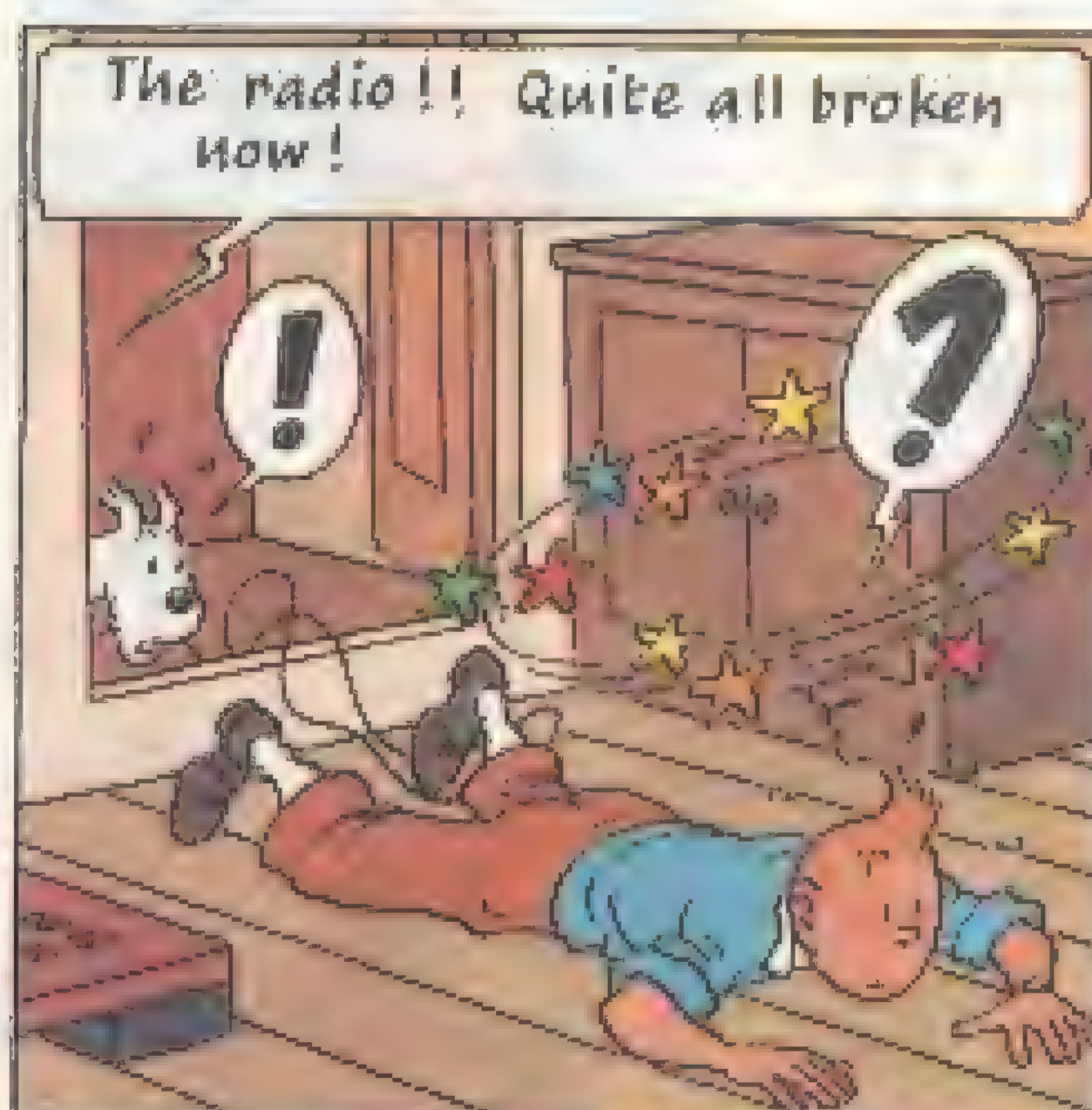
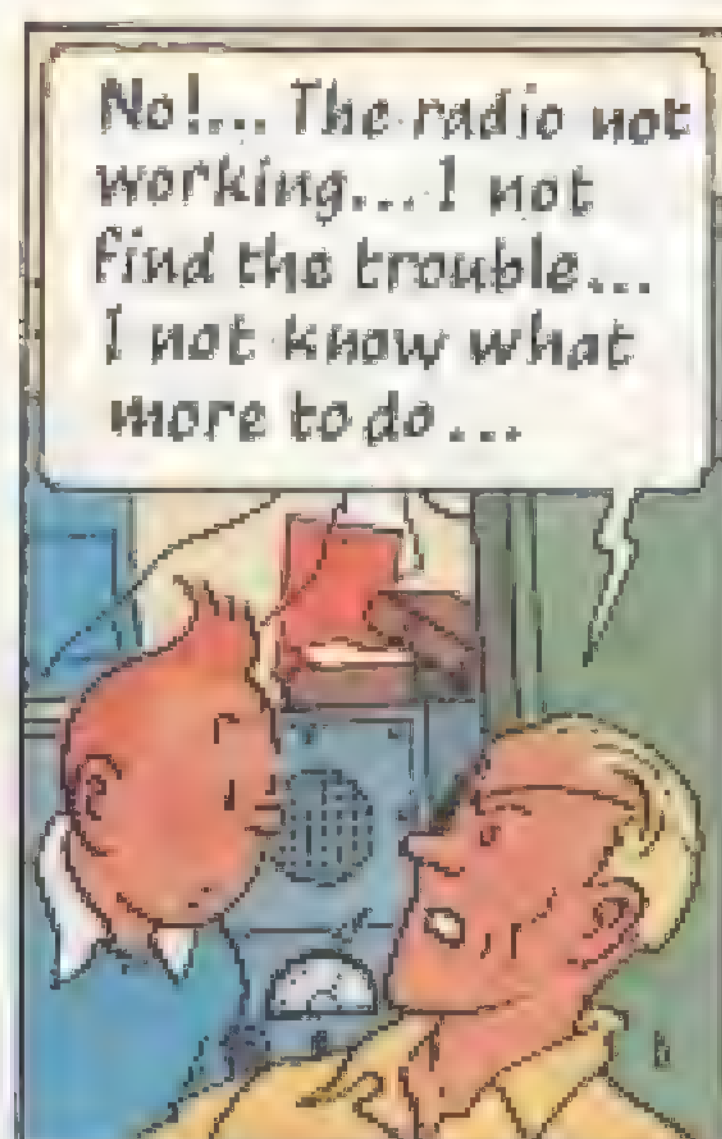
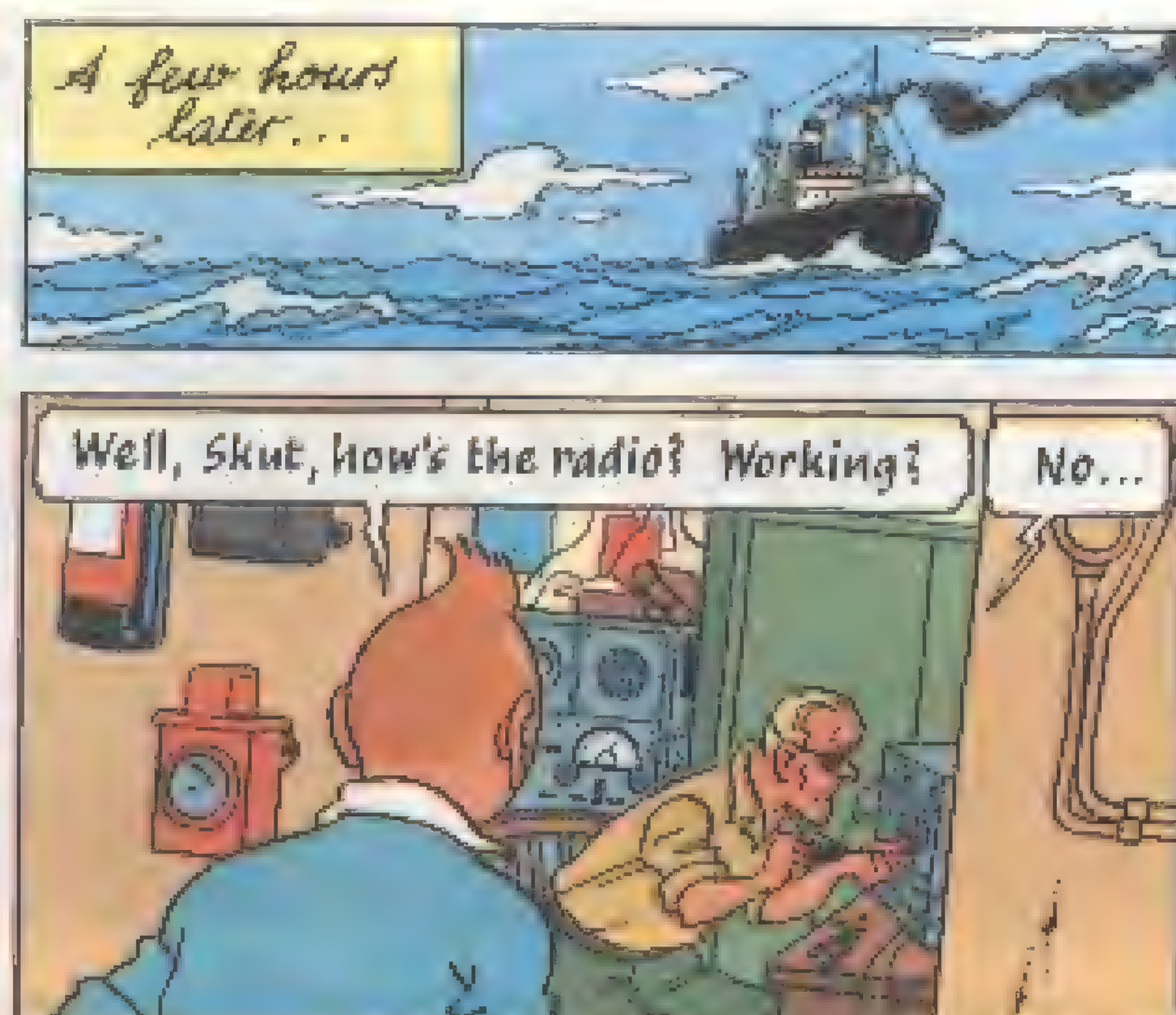
I can't do a thing! ... I've tried the lot! ... You can't shift them: they want to go to Mecca, stop: that's all! ... It's like banging your head against a brick wall!



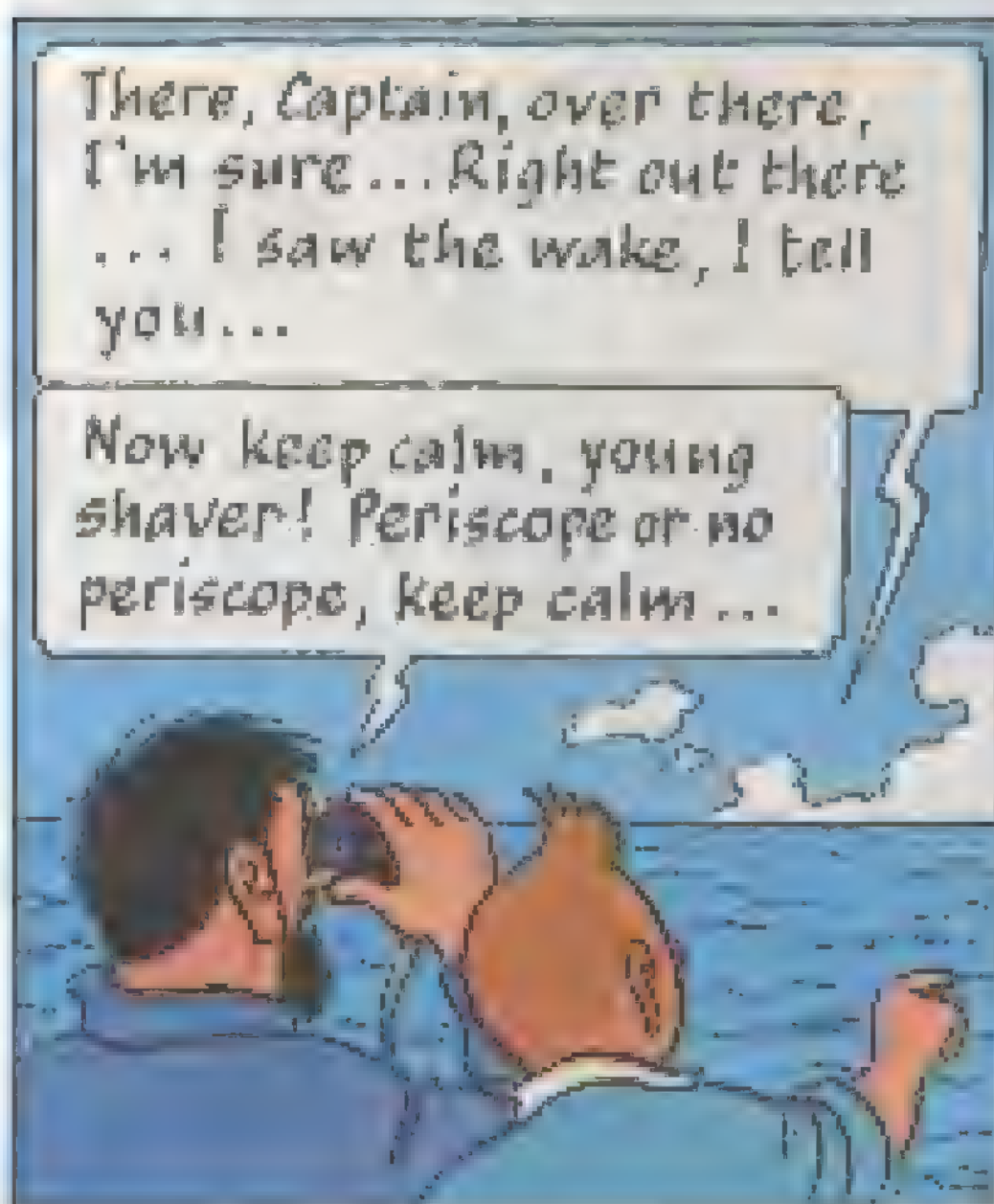
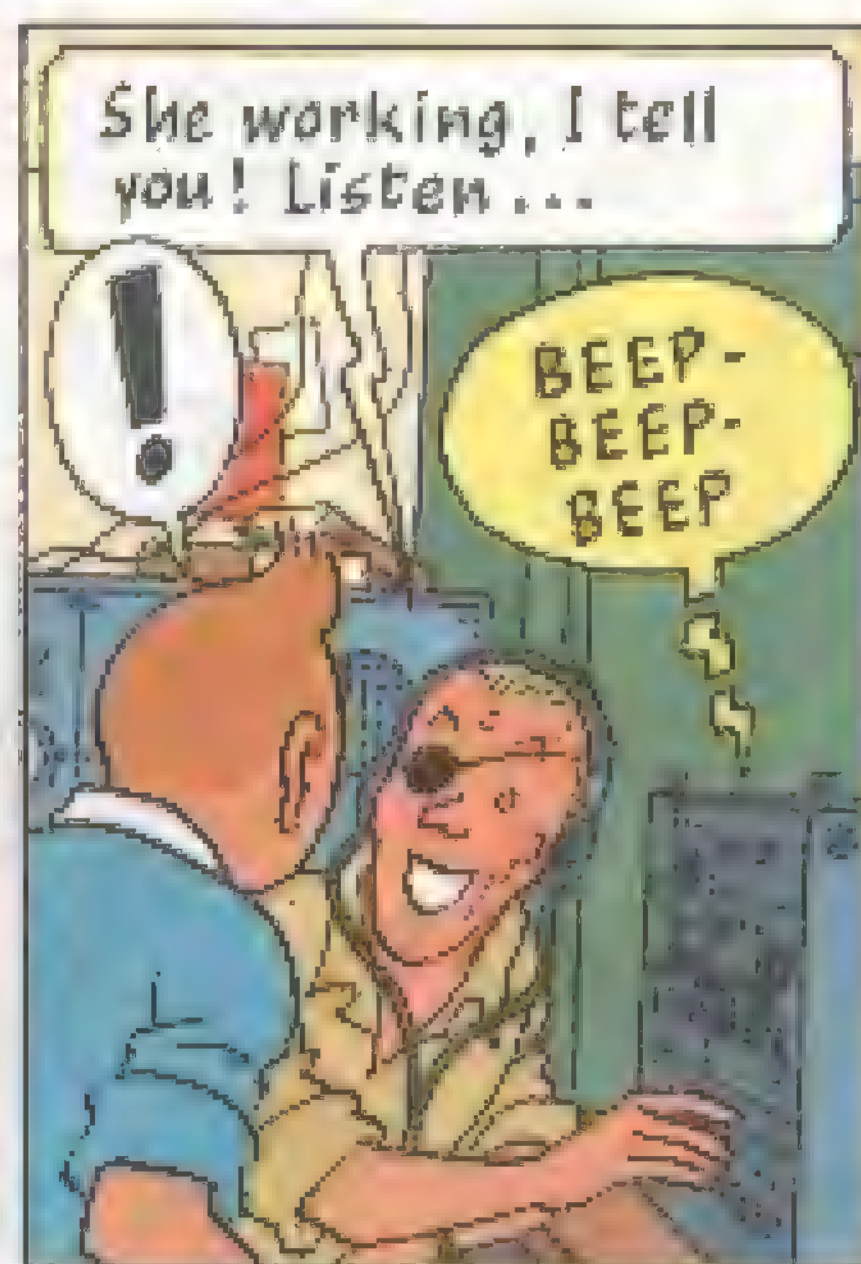




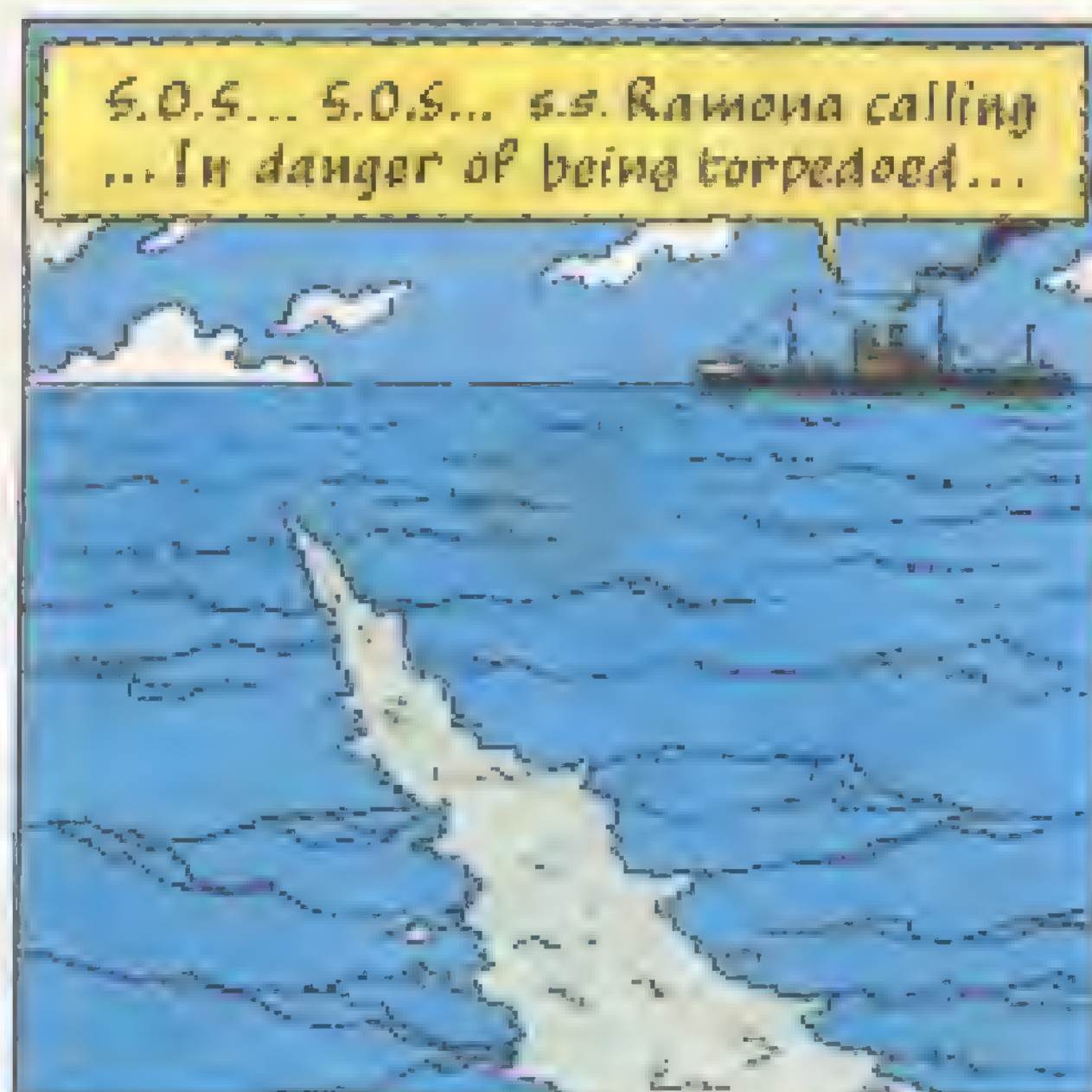
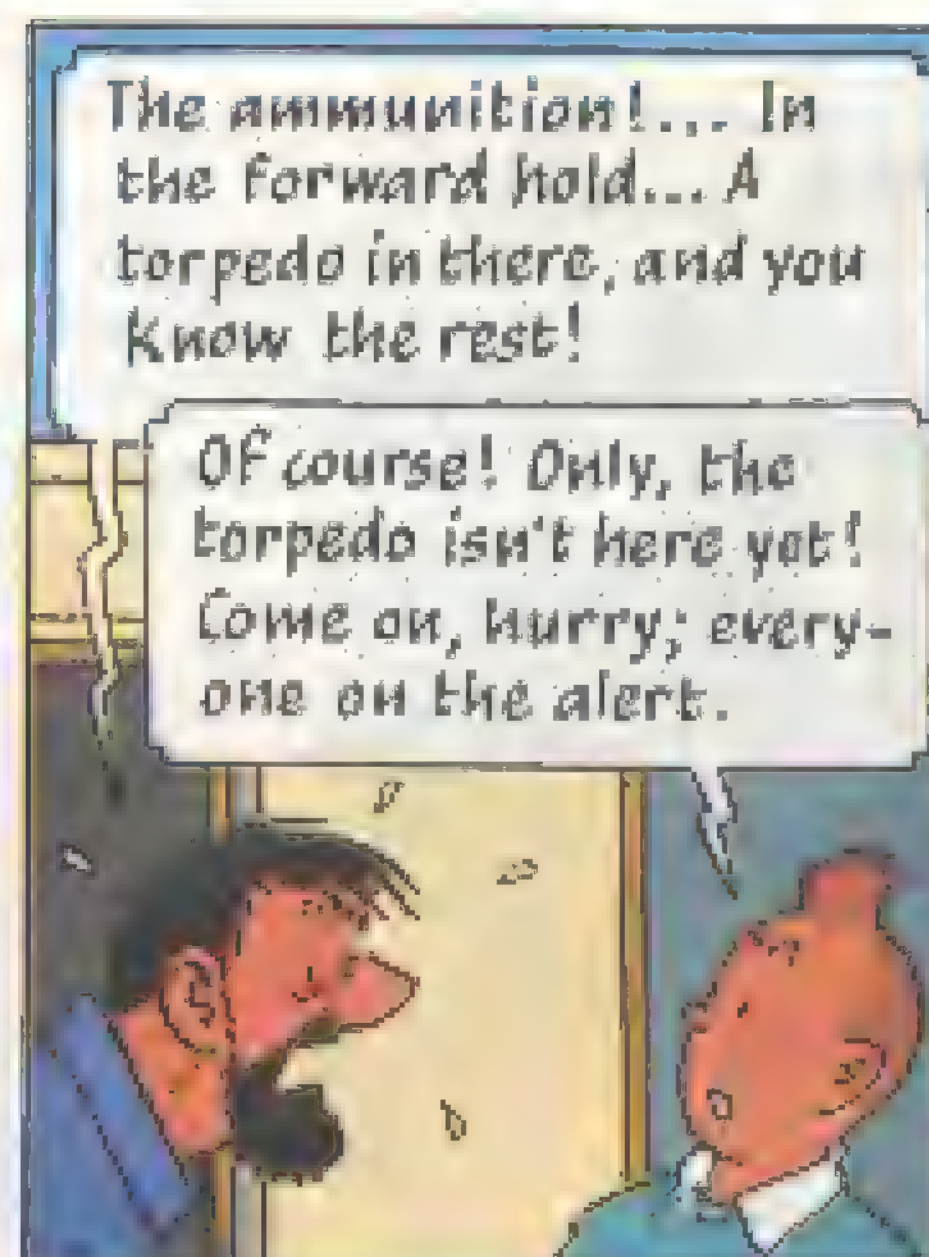








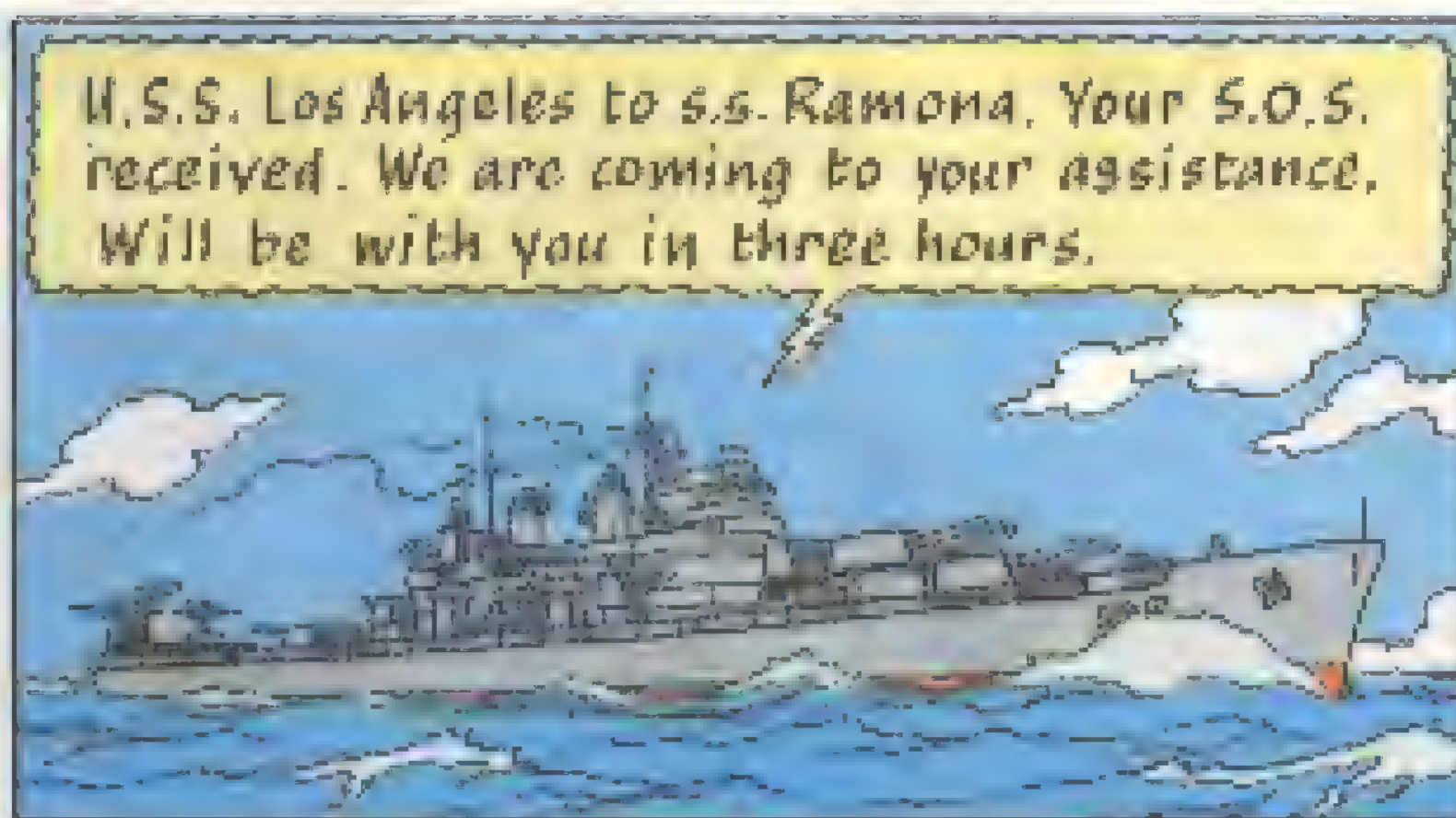








Hooray! Someone's heard our call!



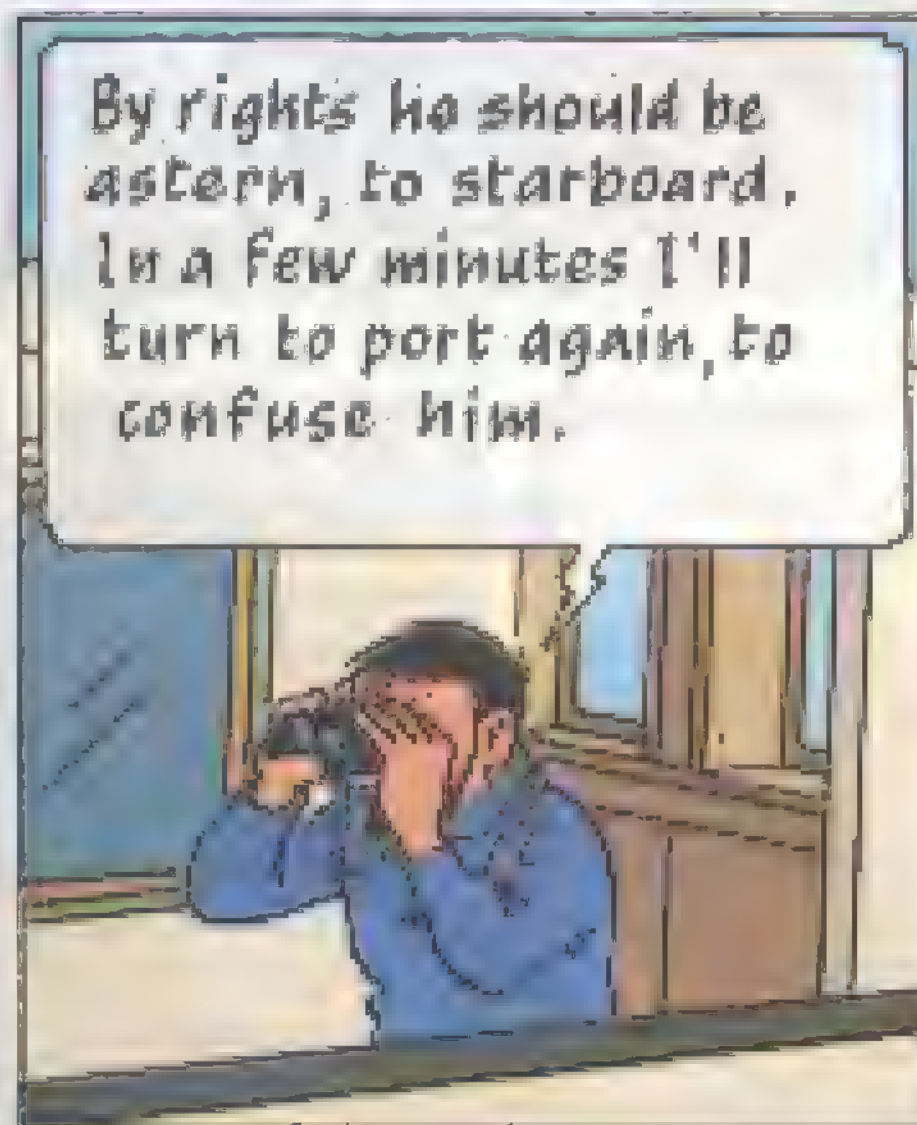
U.S.S. Los Angeles to s.s. Ramona. Your S.O.S. received. We are coming to your assistance. Will be with you in three hours.



We've managed to miss the first torpedo, but we'll probably be done for before you get here.



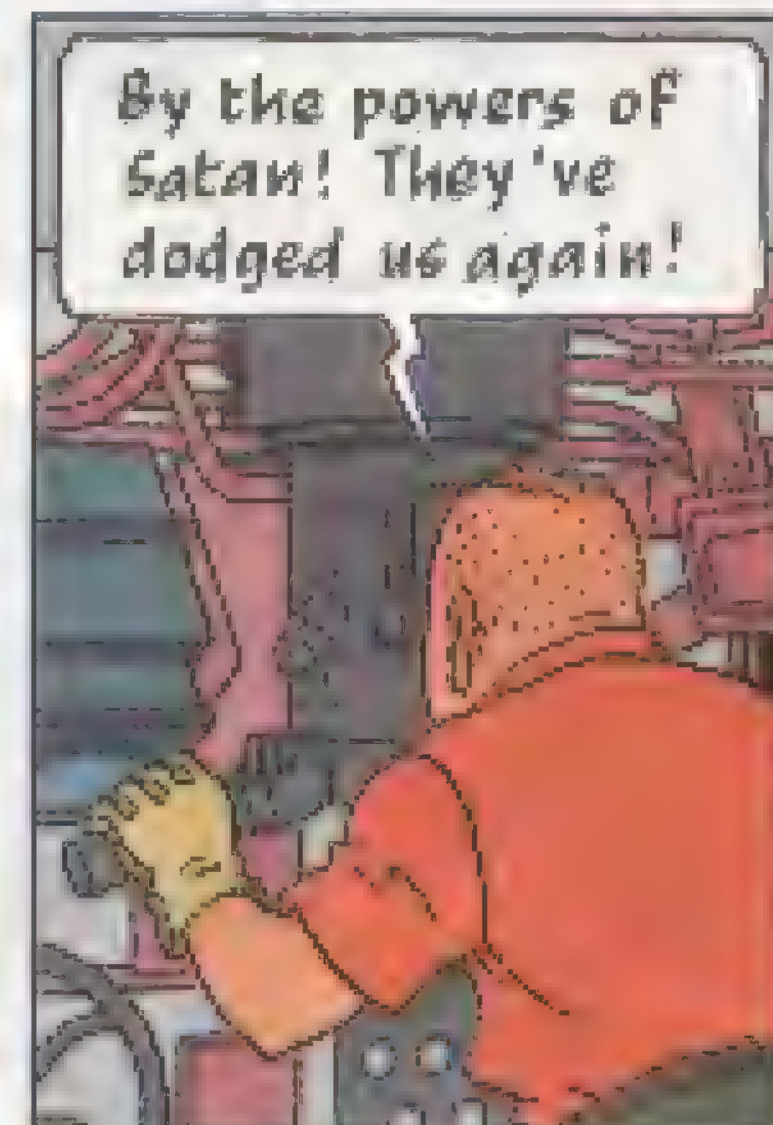
There they are ahead, to port. This time they won't escape us...



By rights he should be astern, to starboard. In a few minutes I'll turn to port again, to confuse him.



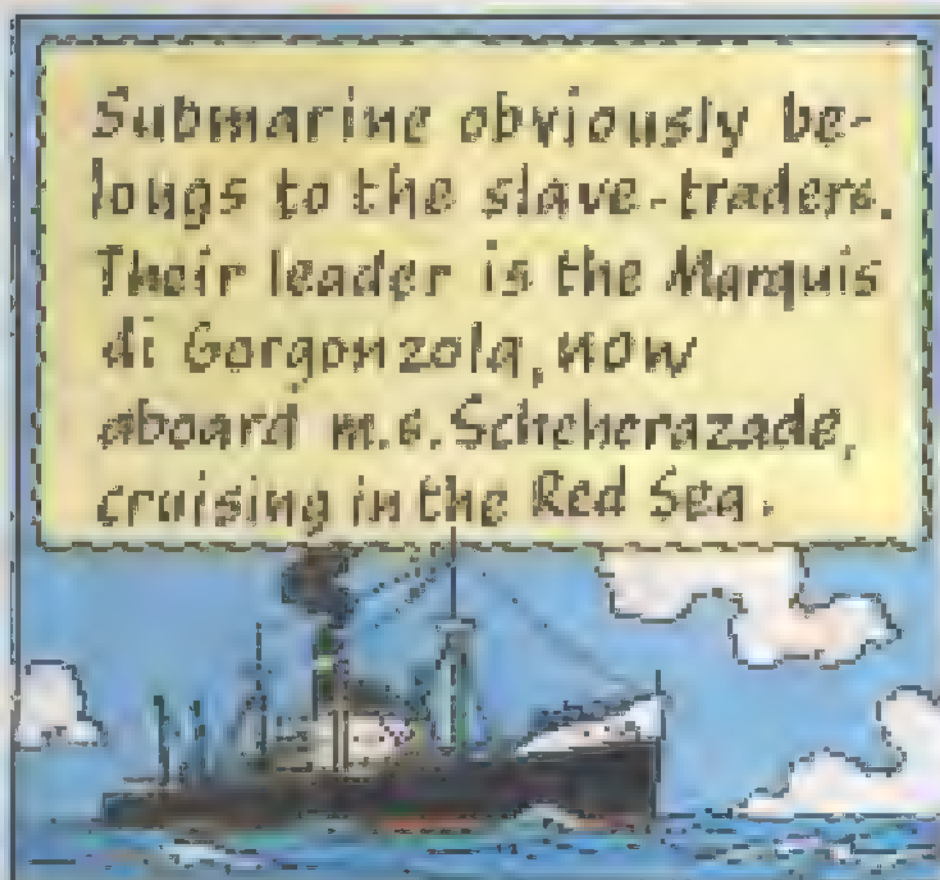
Peer sport 30°... I mean, steer port 30°.  
Port 30° it is.



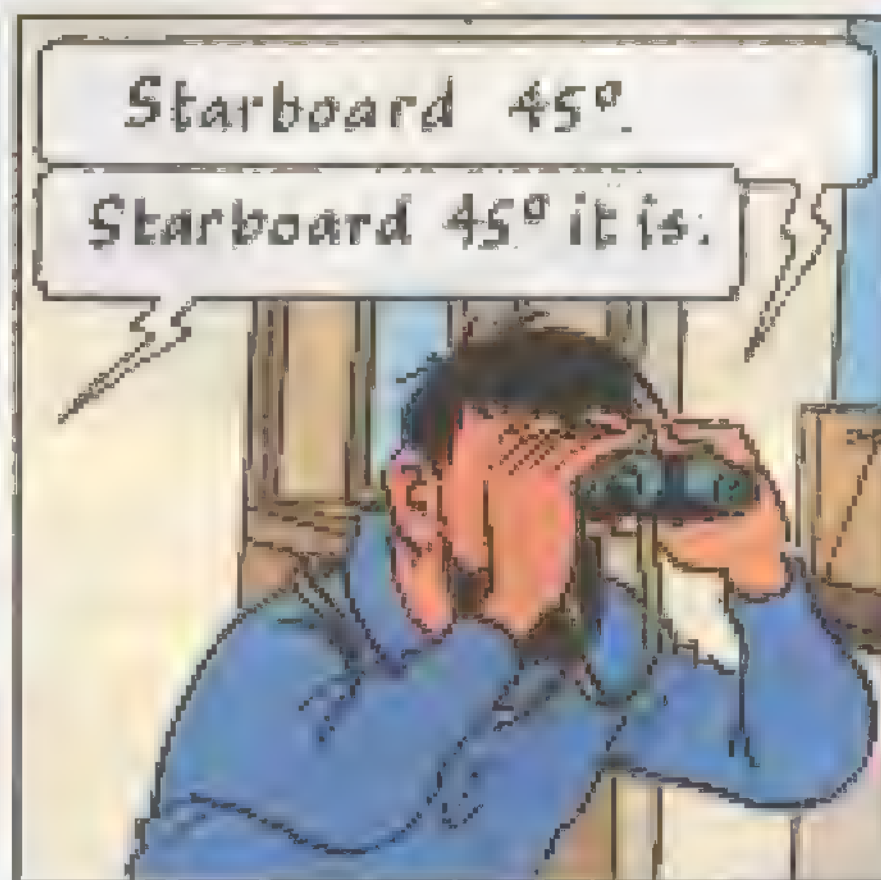
By the powers of Satan! They've dodged us again!



Wait now! He'll end up by turning to starboard again... And then...



Submarine obviously belongs to the slave-traders. Their leader is the Marquis di Gorgonzola, now aboard m.s. Scheherazade, cruising in the Red Sea.



Starboard 45°.  
Starboard 45° it is.



Right!... No. 2 tube, fire!



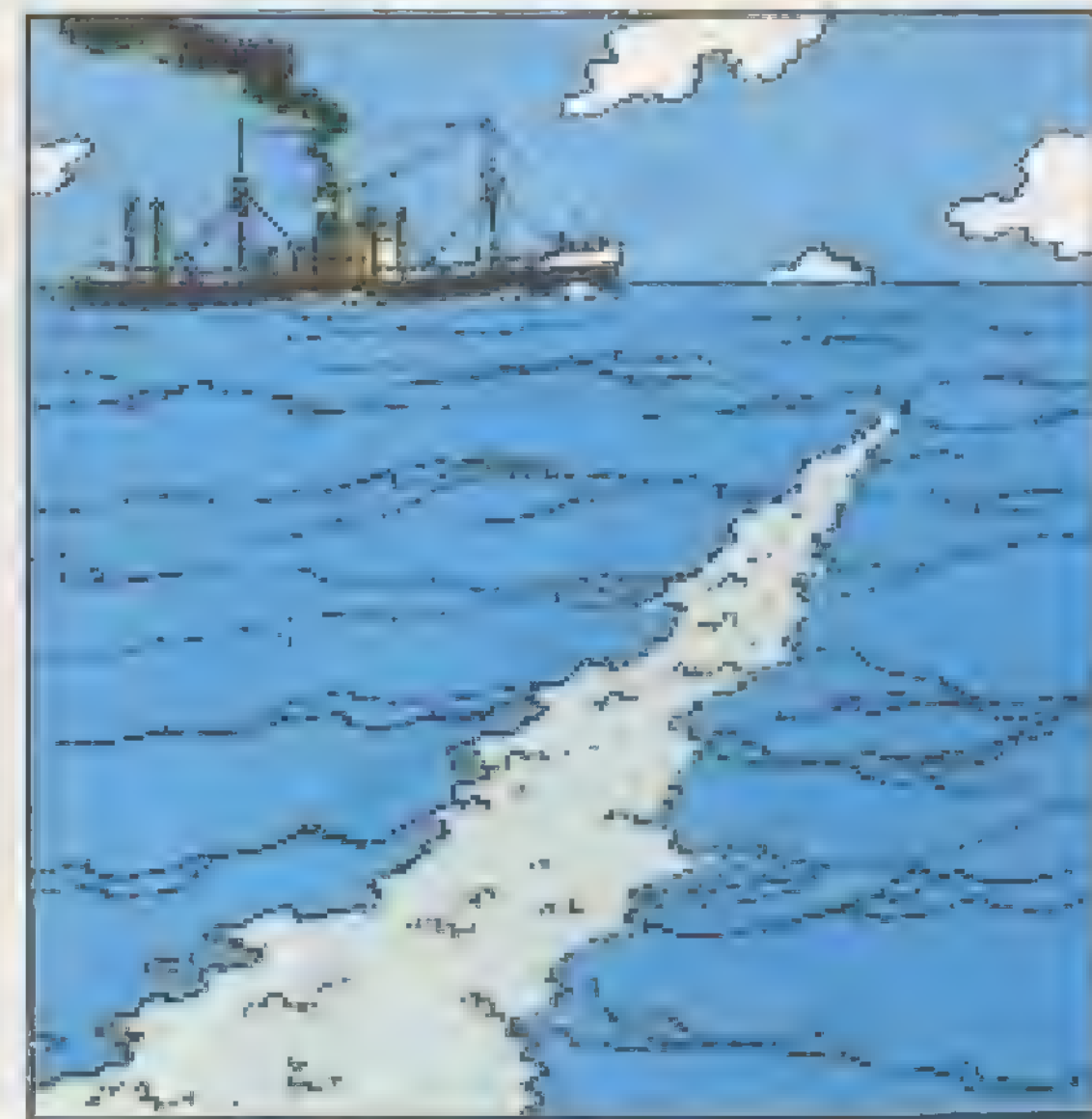
Torpedo to starboard! Thundering typhoons! Quick, the engine-room telegraph...



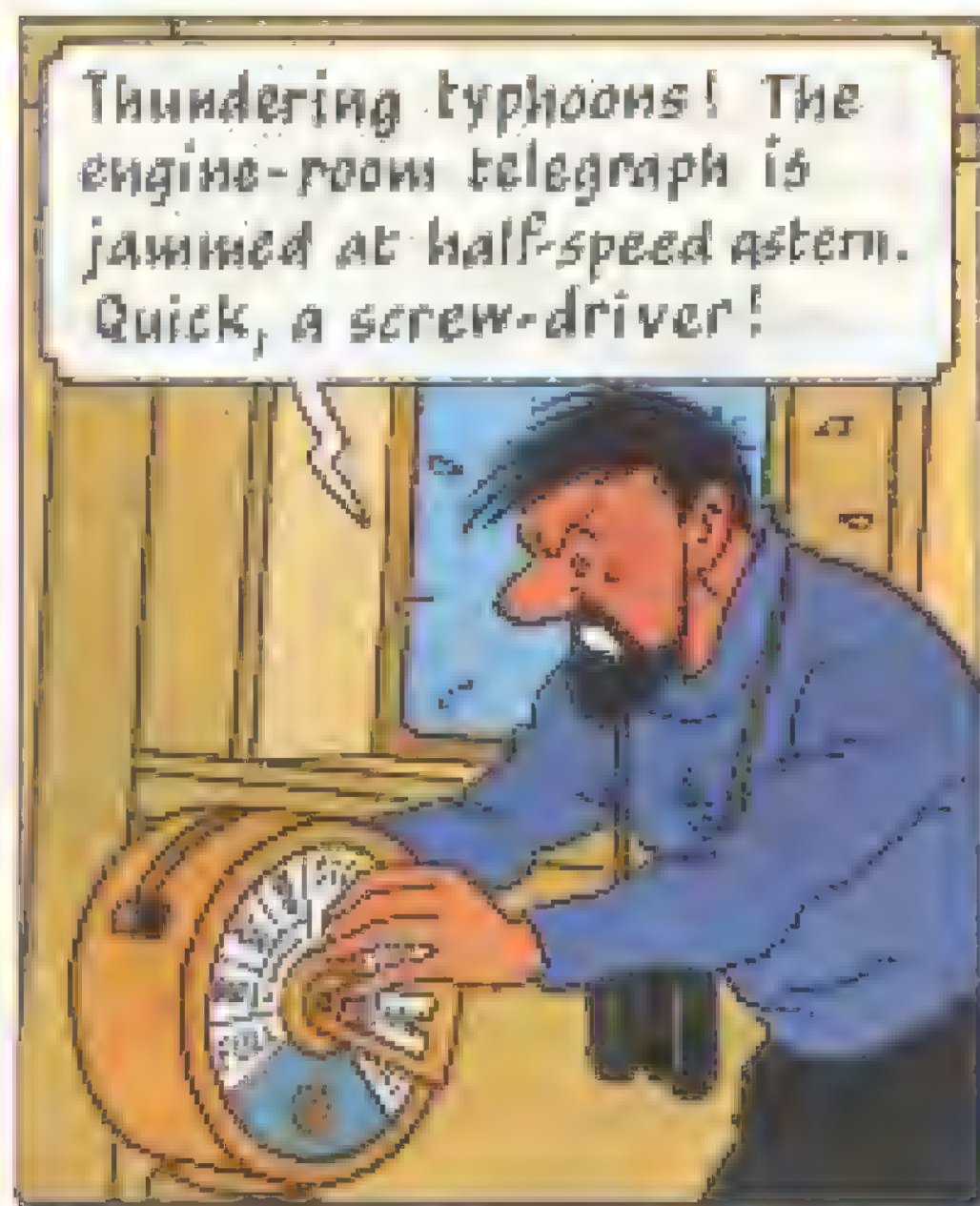
Blistering barnacles! Full speed ahead!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!







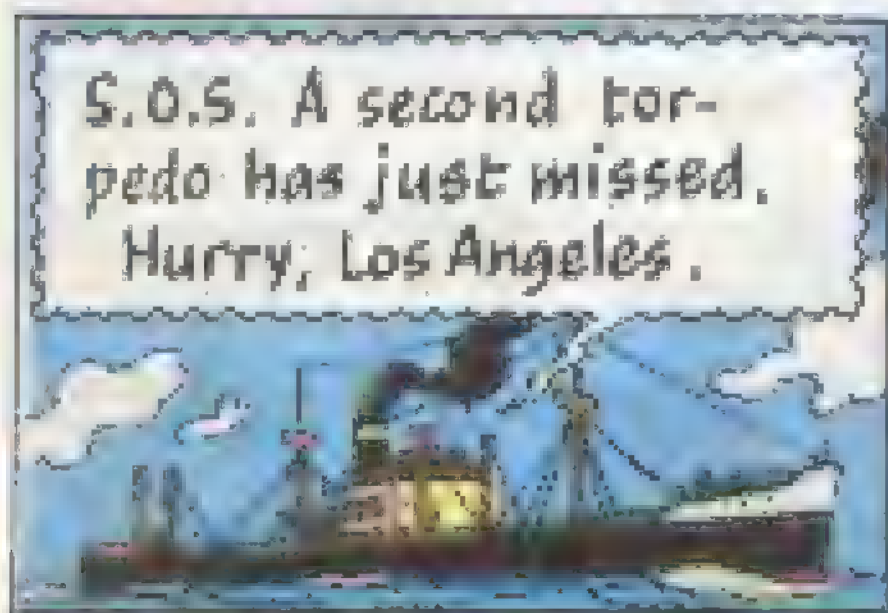
Thundering typhoons! The engine-room telegraph is jammed at half-speed astern. Quick, a screw-driver!



By Lucifer! They're going astern... our torpedo has missed again... They're tough, those boys...



Hooray! It's passed ahead of us.



S.O.S. A second torpedo has just missed. Hurry, Los Angeles.



Quick! Quick! I must release this infernal machine!



PCHKRAAPRYT!... TRRKHKRAA!..You confounded rattletrap...



...tin-can contraption!... Take that!



YEEOWW!



Ah, they're still going astern! Very well! No. 3 and No. 4 tubes ready?



CLING CLANG

Take that, you slot-machine, you!



Hello?... Engine room? ... Hello?

Hello, Effendi?



BRROM

Too late! ... They've got us!





**BRROM!**

Again!



No, they're depth charges! ...  
Whew! I really thought we'd  
been torpedoed ...

U.S. Navy seaplanes, with  
those pirates for a target!  
...They're certainly machines  
from the Los Angeles.



Oh! Great grandfathers!  
What a pasting! ...They'll  
be as flat as a Dover  
sole after that!

Wait! ... There,  
that upheaval in  
the water ...

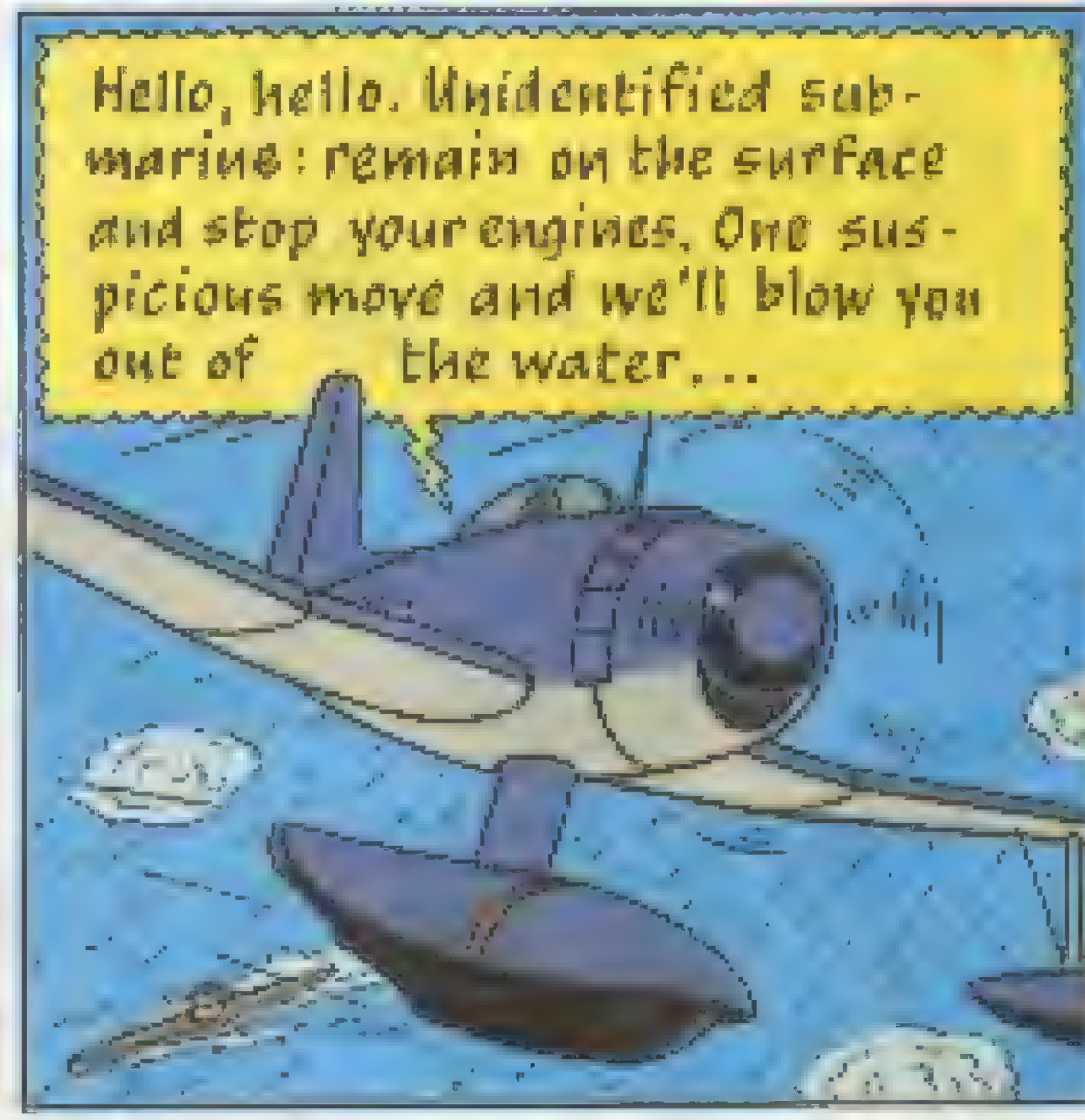


Look! The submarine  
has surfaced!

Yes... obviously they've  
been badly knocked  
about ...



Victory! ... They're waving a white  
flag... They're surrendering ...  
The game's up.



Hello, hello. Unidentified sub-  
marine: remain on the surface  
and stop your engines. One sus-  
picious move and we'll blow you  
out of the water ...



Torpedoes are out of the question  
now ... A limpet-mine on their  
hull! ... With the ammunition  
aboard, it'll look like an accident ...  
In you go: you've plenty of time:  
the mine's set to explode in one hour.



Be quick: they're coming back!

Go!



What  
a job!

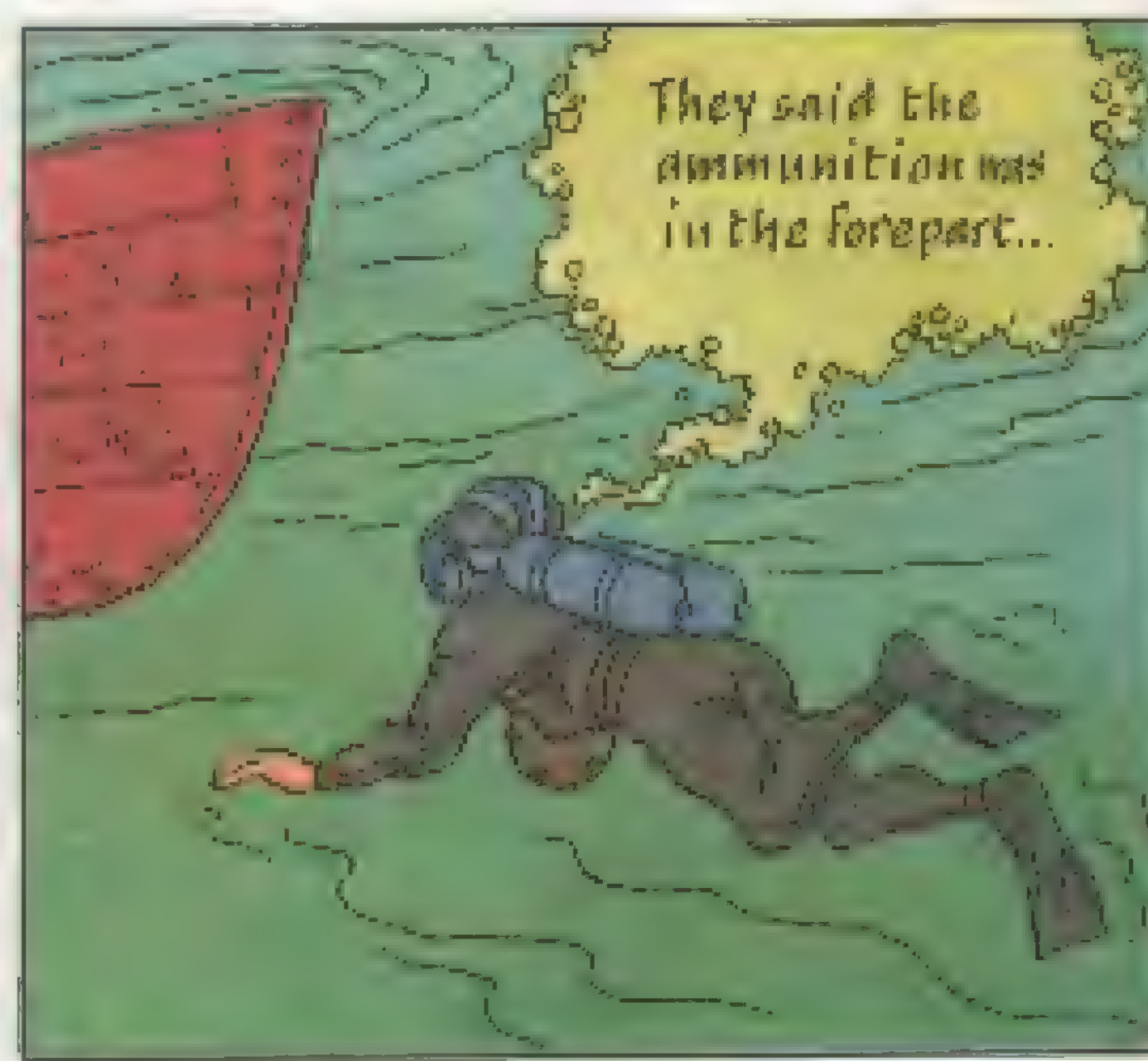


Saved! Yippee!  
Saved!

Hooray!

Tralalala-  
laika!

That is white  
man's folk-  
dance.



They said the  
ammunition was  
in the forepart...



Meanwhile...

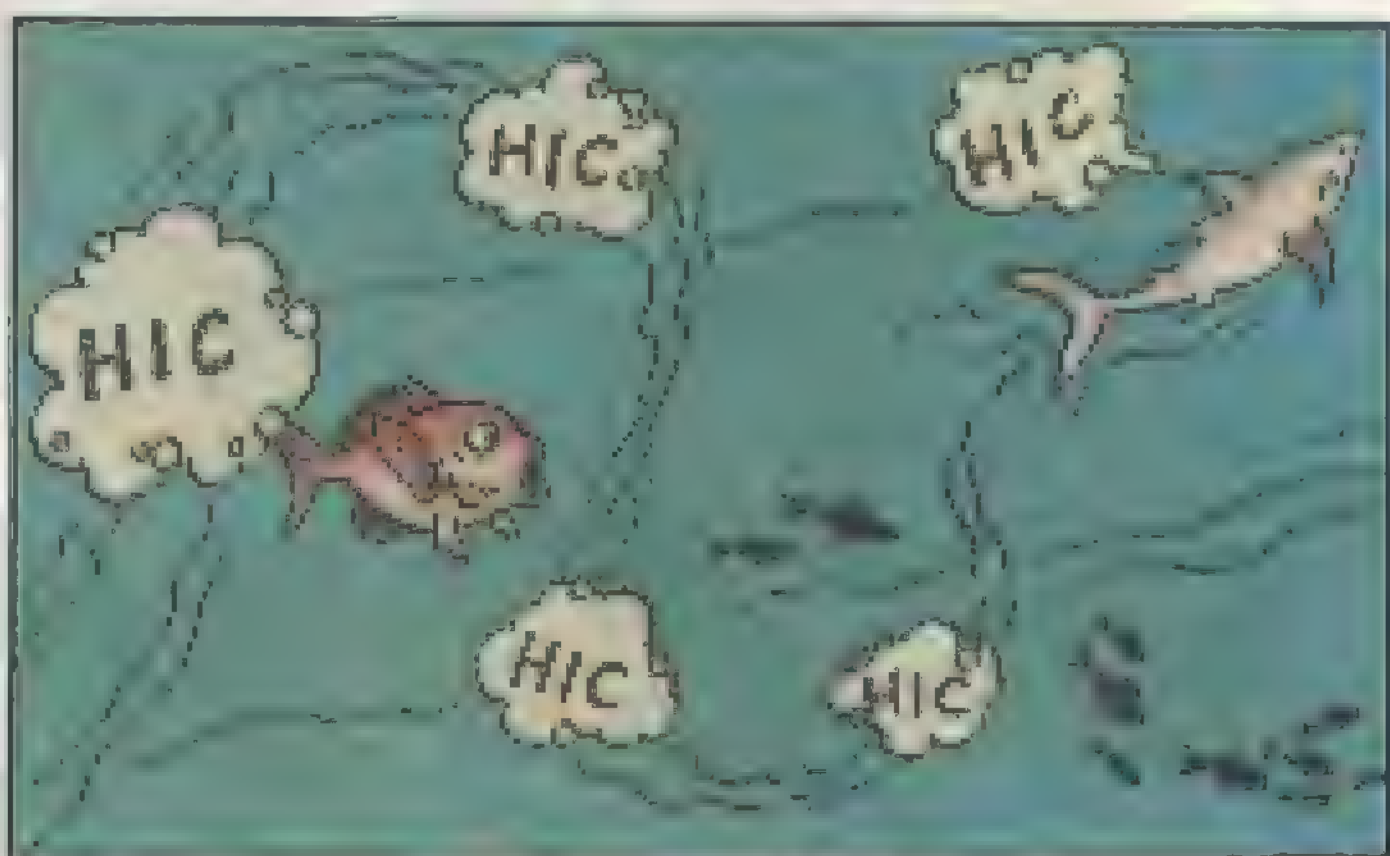
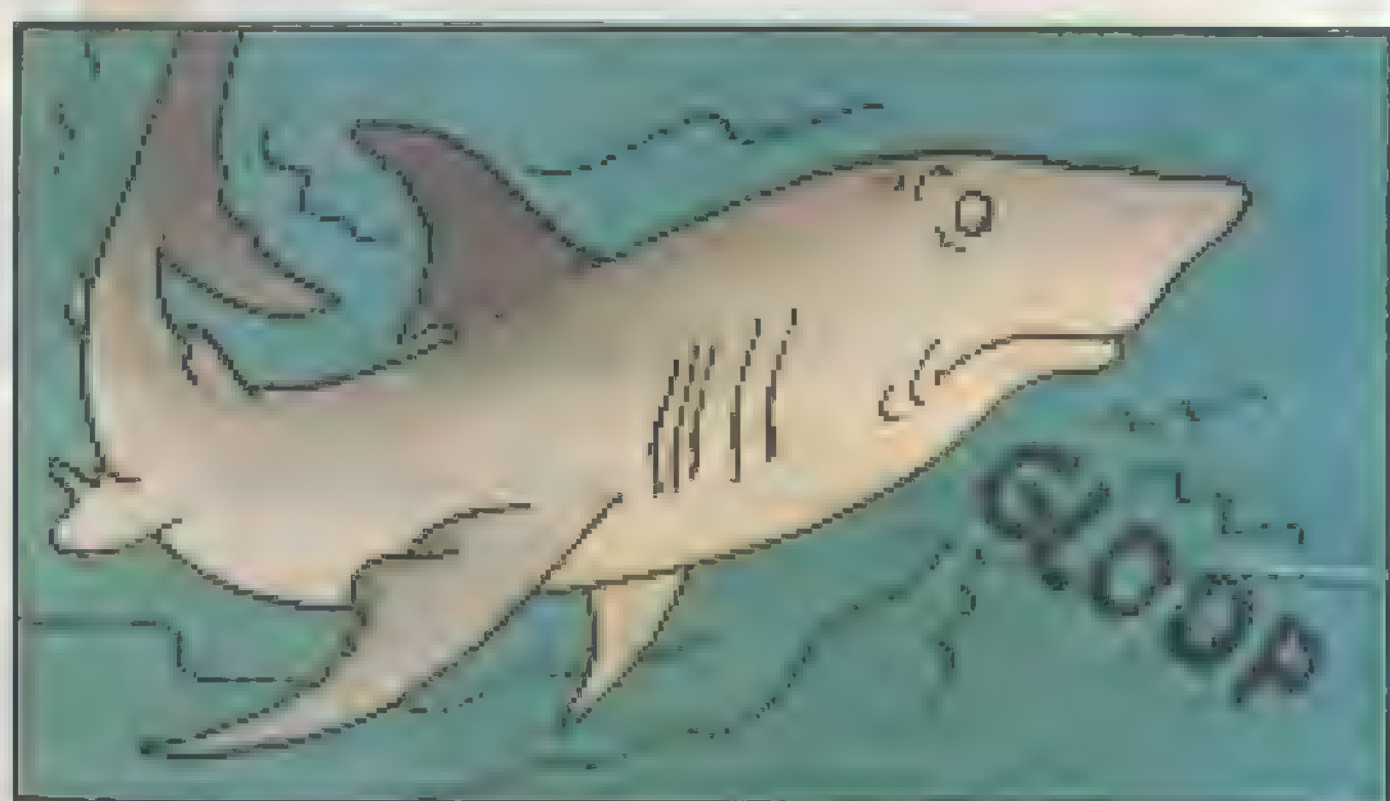
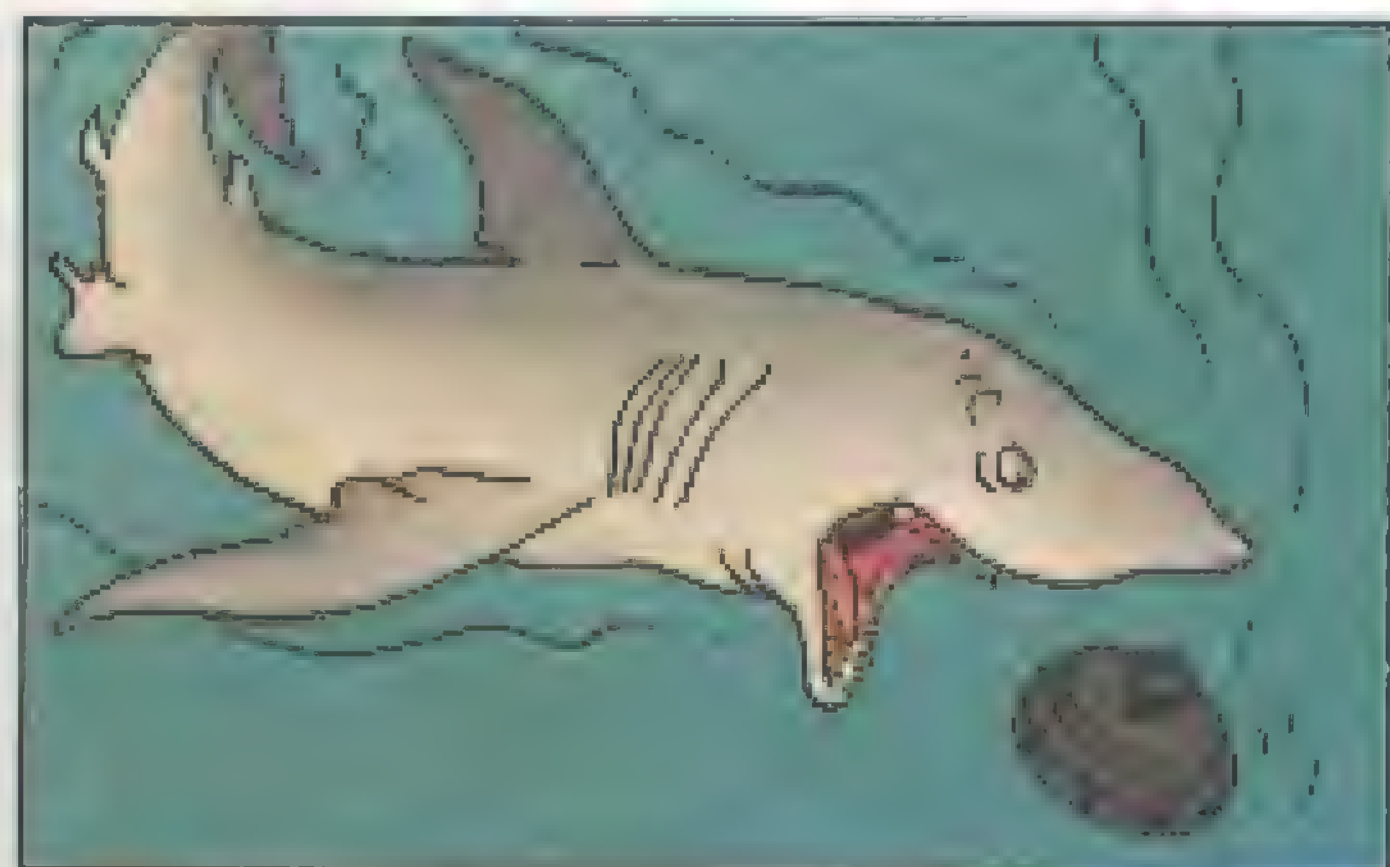
This is all very fine, but we must wait for the Los Angeles. I'm going to see if there's any chance of dropping anchor.



Twenty-two fathoms depth... that's perfect...



Ahoy, there! Let go the anchor! Eighty fathoms of chain.



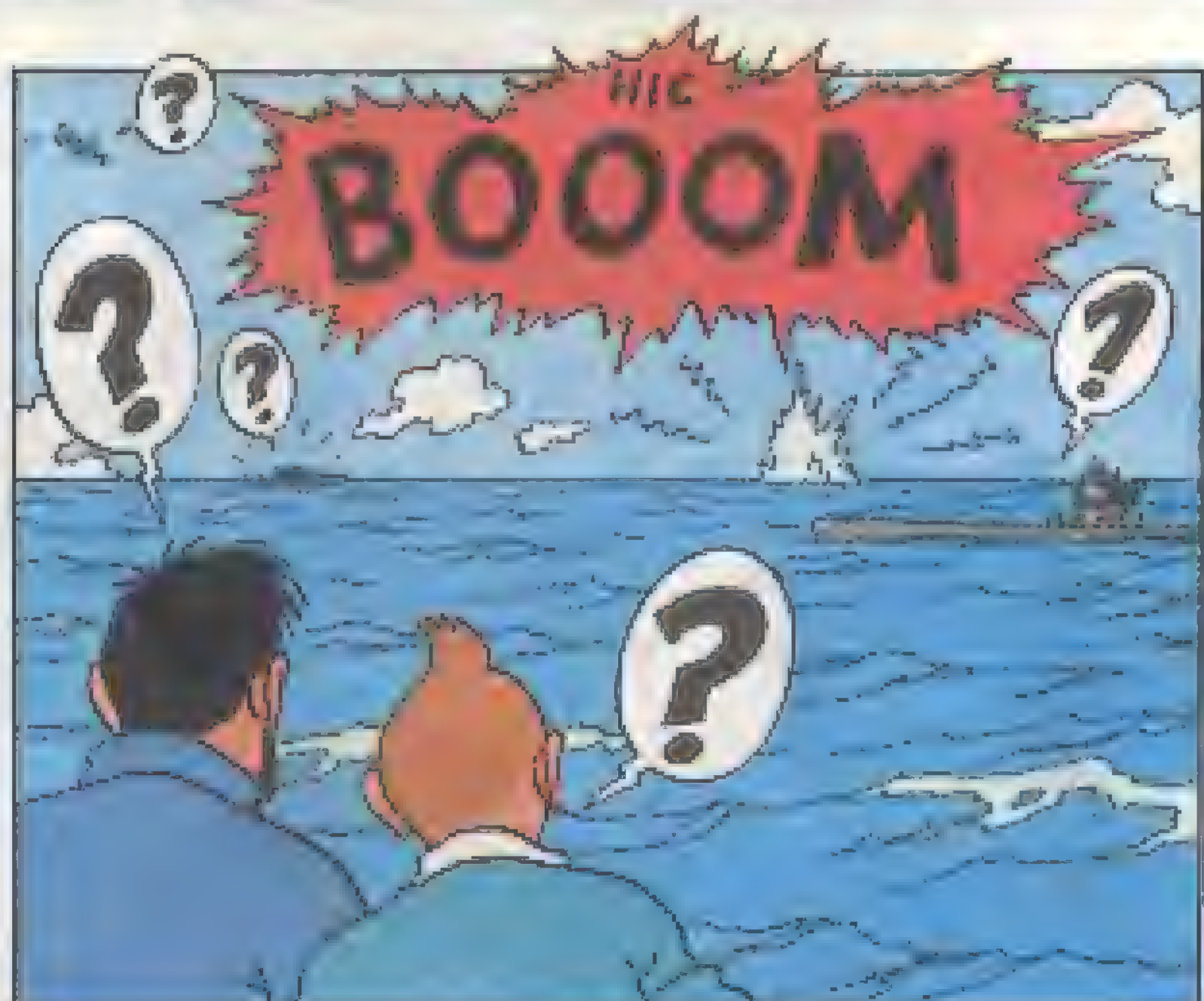
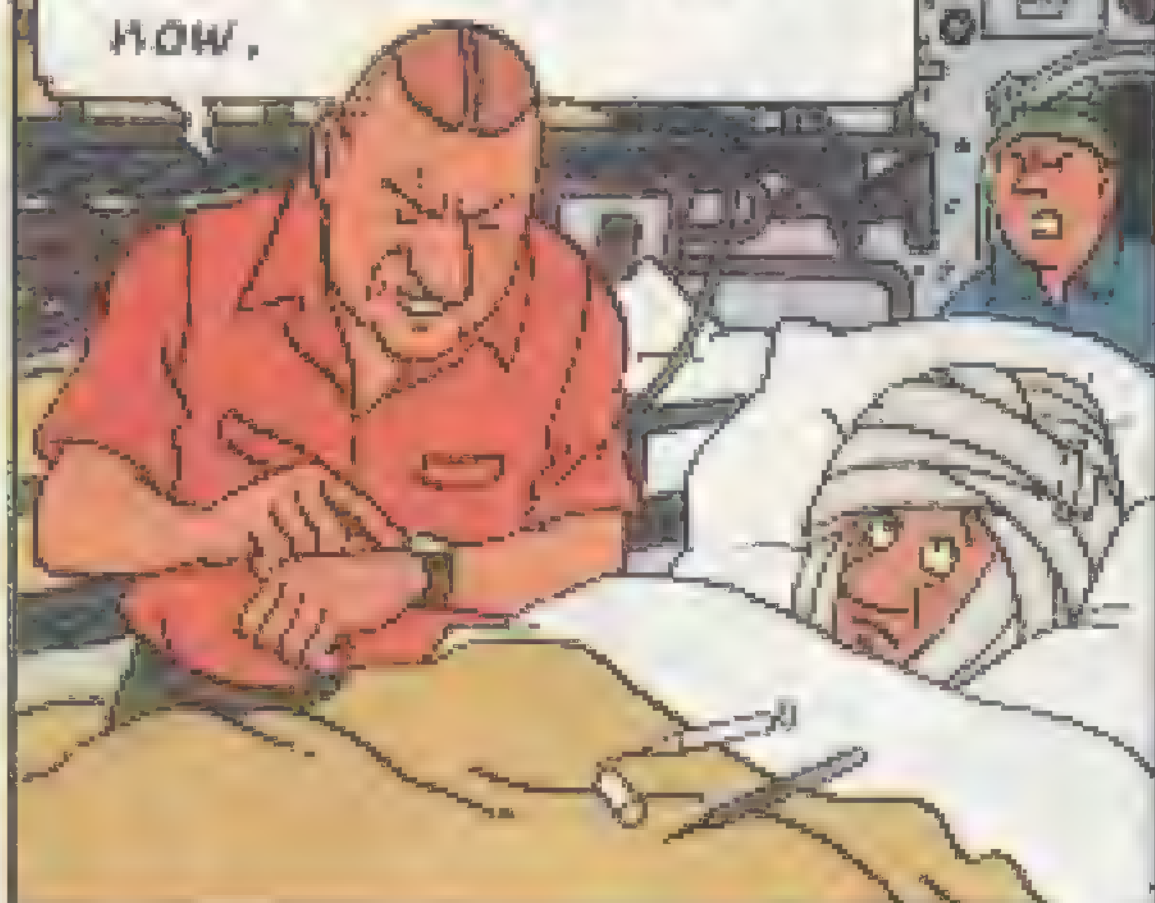
An hour later...

Hooray!... There she is!... The Los Angeles!



American cruiser in sight!

Don't worry, boys... She'll blow up any moment now.





The next morning...

Still no news from Kurt and his submarine... What are they playing at, the fools?



... and naval craft to intercept the m.s. Scheherazade and arrest the owner, name of Rastapopoulos, alias the Marquis di Gorgonzola...



Lost... all is lost! ... But it's impossible!



Hello?... Yes... Come up on the bridge?... I haven't time, Captain. I... What?... A warship?... I... I'm coming now.



The cruiser Los Angeles, mylord Marquis... She's just Plashed a signal ordering us to heave to. What shall I do?



Repeat the message, Tom... And add that if they don't heave to immediately, we'll open fire.



All right, Stop the engines. And launch my personal barge. I'll go myself and tell those insolent cowboys what I think of their manners!



Ah, they've obeyed... Excellent!... But what are they doing now?

It looks as if... yes, they're hoisting out a launch... and Rastapopoulos is going aboard...



Do not insist, my friends. I will go alone.



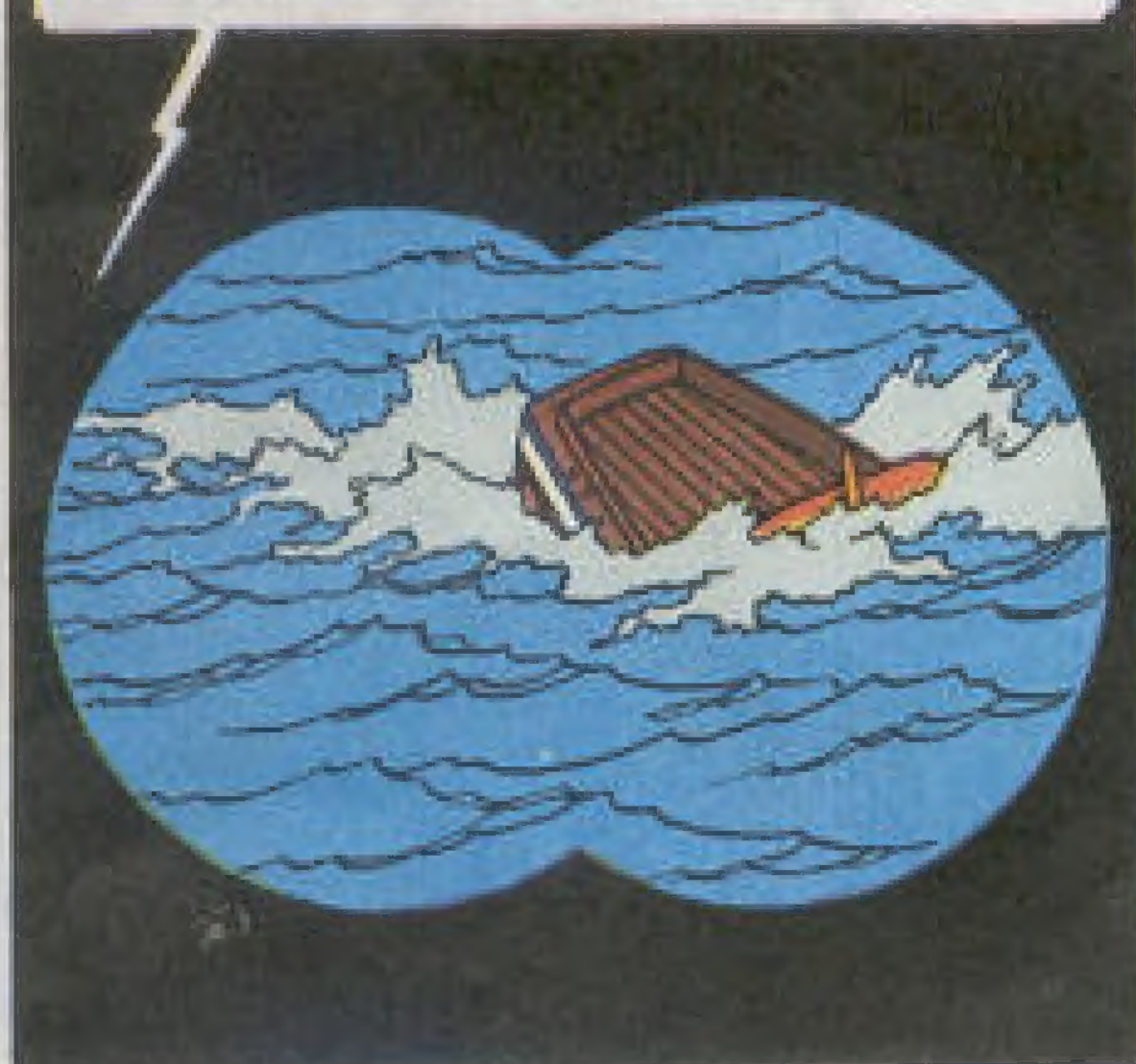
... And he's steering towards us! ... Well, this beats everything! ... To have the cheek to come and brazen it out! What a nerve!



But what's happening now?... He's slowing up. He's stopping... Has he broken down?



Great snakes!... He's sinking!...



Whoops! That's done the trick!... Just you catch me now gentlemen! ... Ha! ha! ha!





**Will Red Sea Surrender Body of Rastapopoulos?**

No trace has yet been found of the body of the notorious international gangster Rastapopoulos, believed drowned in the Red Sea. The circumstances of his disappearance remain a mystery; but once again the famous reporter Tintin has wrecked the schemes of one of the most dangerous criminals of his time, whose evil life in slaves has been brought to an end. When last seen, Rastapopoulos, alias Louis di Gorgonzola, was in his private lair, plotting from the Rastapopoulos.

**NEW REVELATIONS SHOCK WORLD**

**SLAVERY—IT STILL EXISTS**

Traffickers in human lives use code-word "COKE"

Revelations in the Rastapopoulos affair have shocked the civilized world. With the discovery aboard the freighter *Ramona* of Africans destined to be sold as slaves in Mecca, the facts are plain: in this twentieth century, slave traders are still at work. The goods were delivered by ships or aircraft into the hands of Rastapopoulos. Agents of the organization were notified of the arrival of the "goods" by the simple description of the cargo as "COKE". Messages were passed to Jidda, announcing that "COKE" was in stock, and secret arrangements were then made for sale of the slaves.

**EMIR BEN KALISH EZAB**

Restored to power in Khem

**MULL PASHA**

Revolutionary Leader

Happy Africans photographed aboard the S.S. *Ramona*. Intervention by Tintin and Captain Haddock saved them from a hideous fate.

Once known as Mull Pasha, the ousted ruler of Khem.

**CAPTAIN ALLAN**

Picked up by Danish Cargo Vessel

Formerly Mate under the command of Captain Haddock, the sinister Rastapopoulos, he was one of the most dangerous criminals of his time.

**Coup d'état in San Theodoros**

Alcazar ousts Tapio

A change of government is again reported from San Theodoros. Alcazar, former head of state, has been ousted.

**PIRATE SUBMARINE IN RED SEA**

A pirate submarine has been operating in the Red Sea, manned by a crew of criminals. This is the first time that has encountered a shady individual.

**Where did Sheik Bab El Ehr get his Warplanes?**

WAR SURPLUS STOCKS ACQUIRED BY DAWSON ON BEHALF OF RASTAPOPOULOS

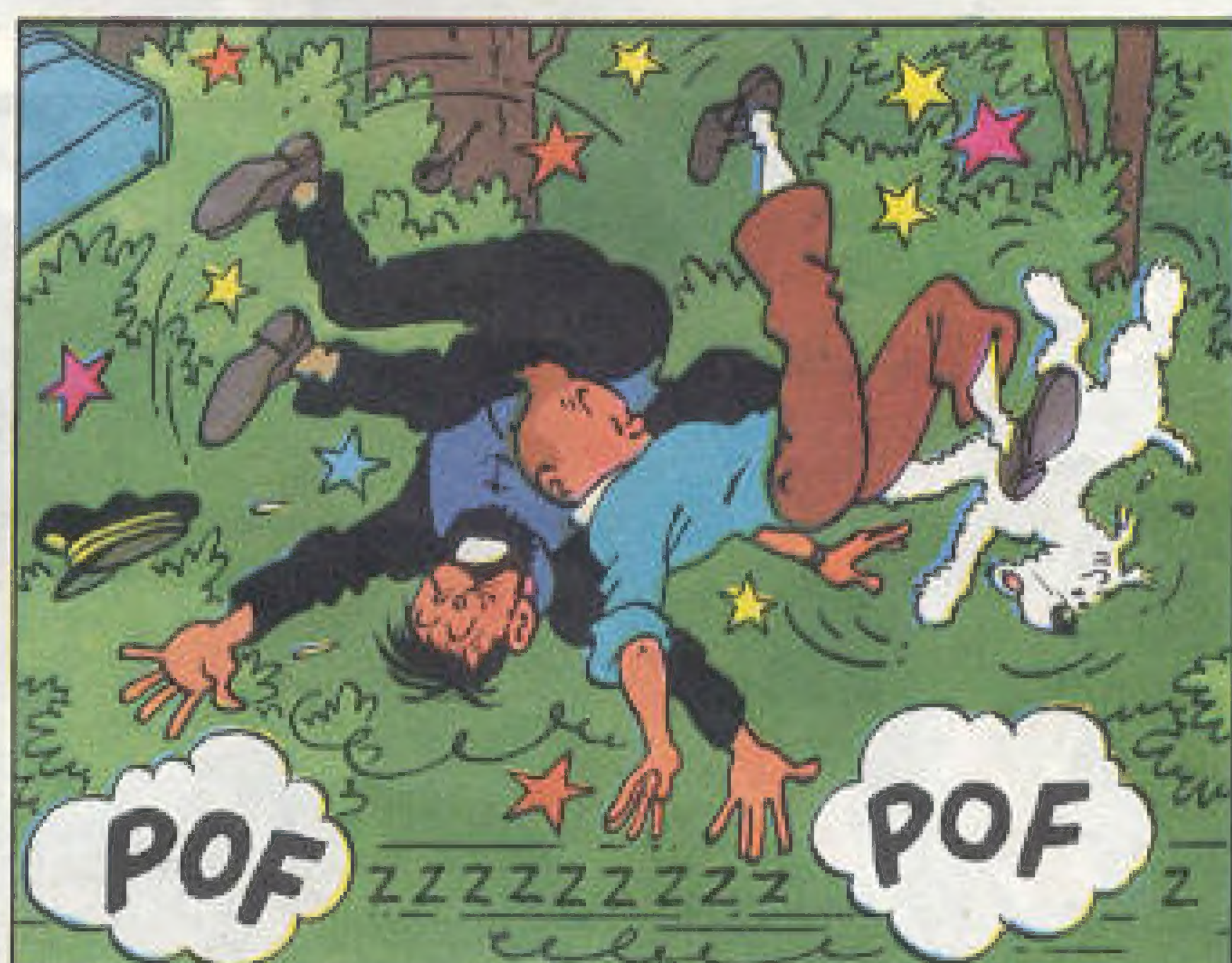
The source of the aircraft used by Sheik Bab El Ehr to help in his defeat of the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab is now revealed. These aircraft were war surplus stocks bought up all over Europe by Dawson, ex-Chief of Police in the International Settlement in Shanghai. This is the first time that has encountered a shady individual. Since his return to Europe, Dawson conducted a lucrative business for Rastapopoulos.

**UNITED NATIONS APPEAL**

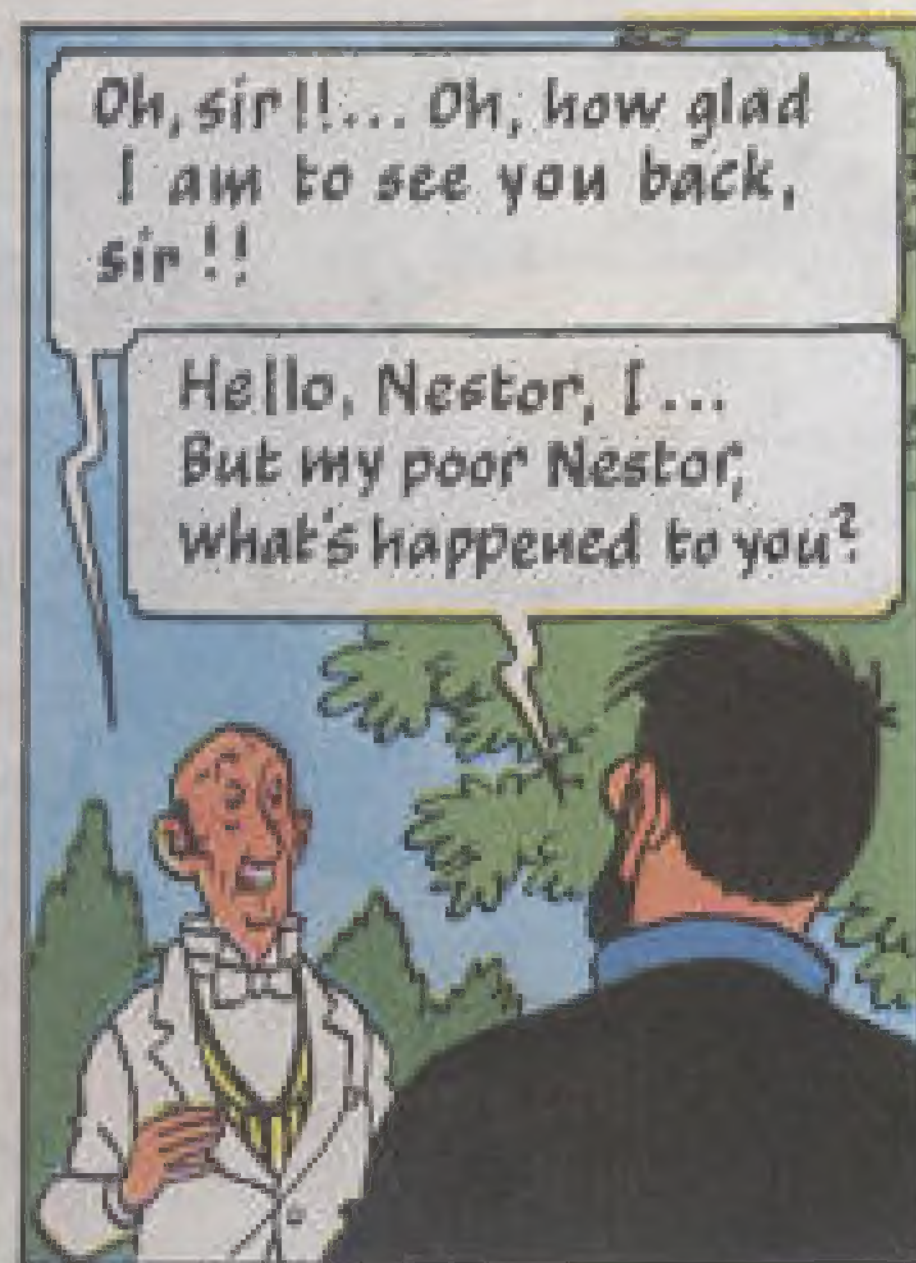
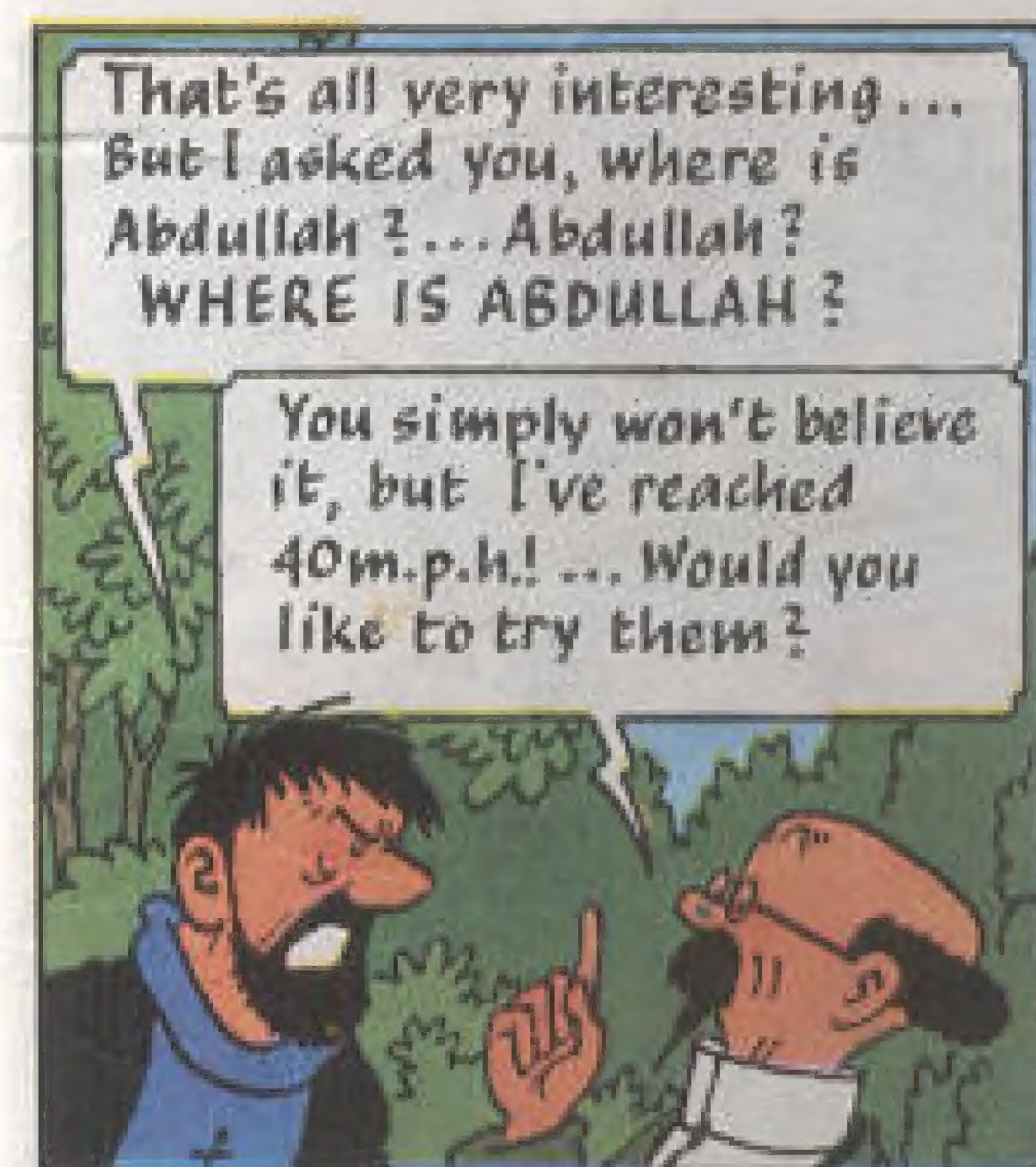
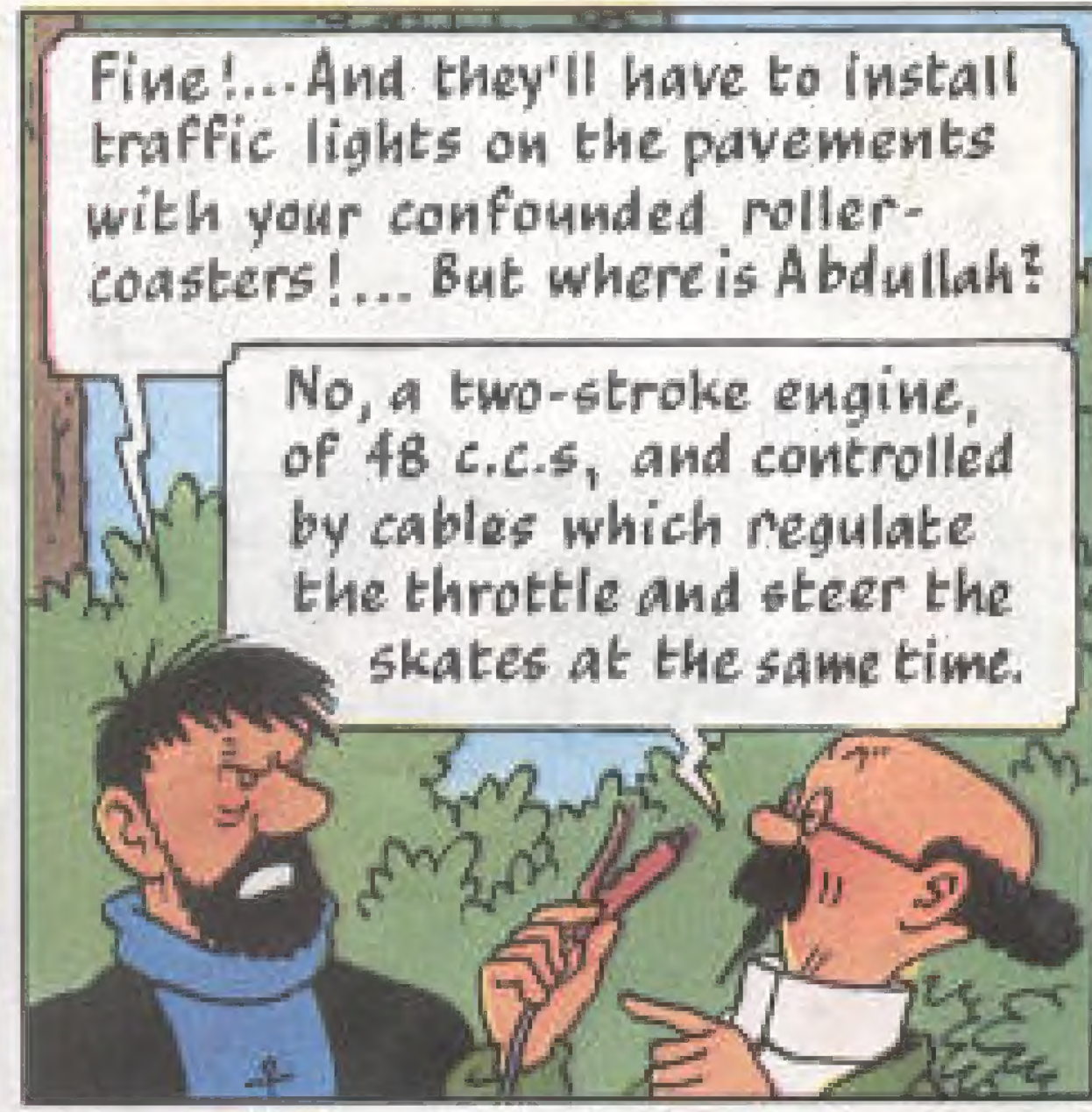
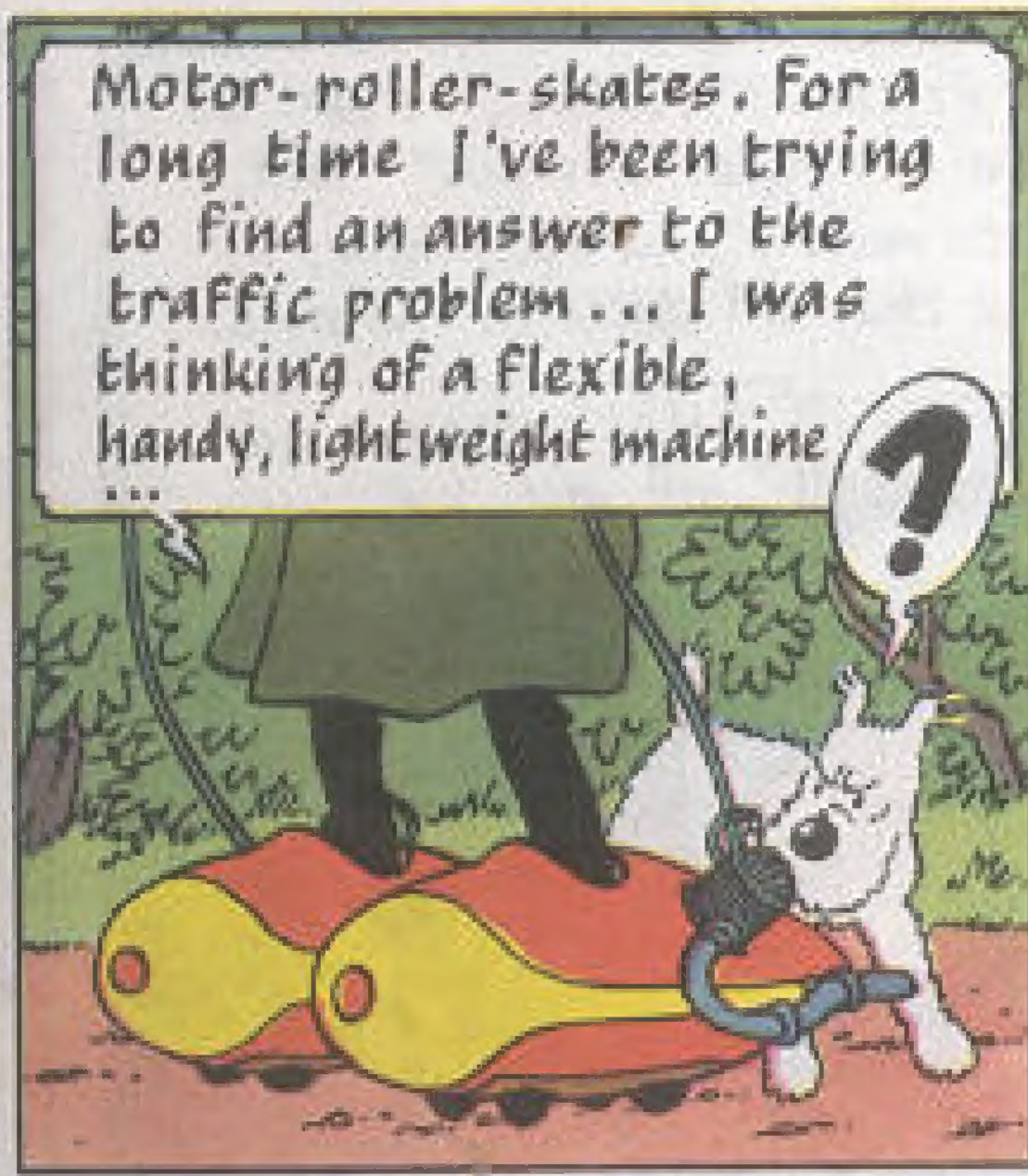
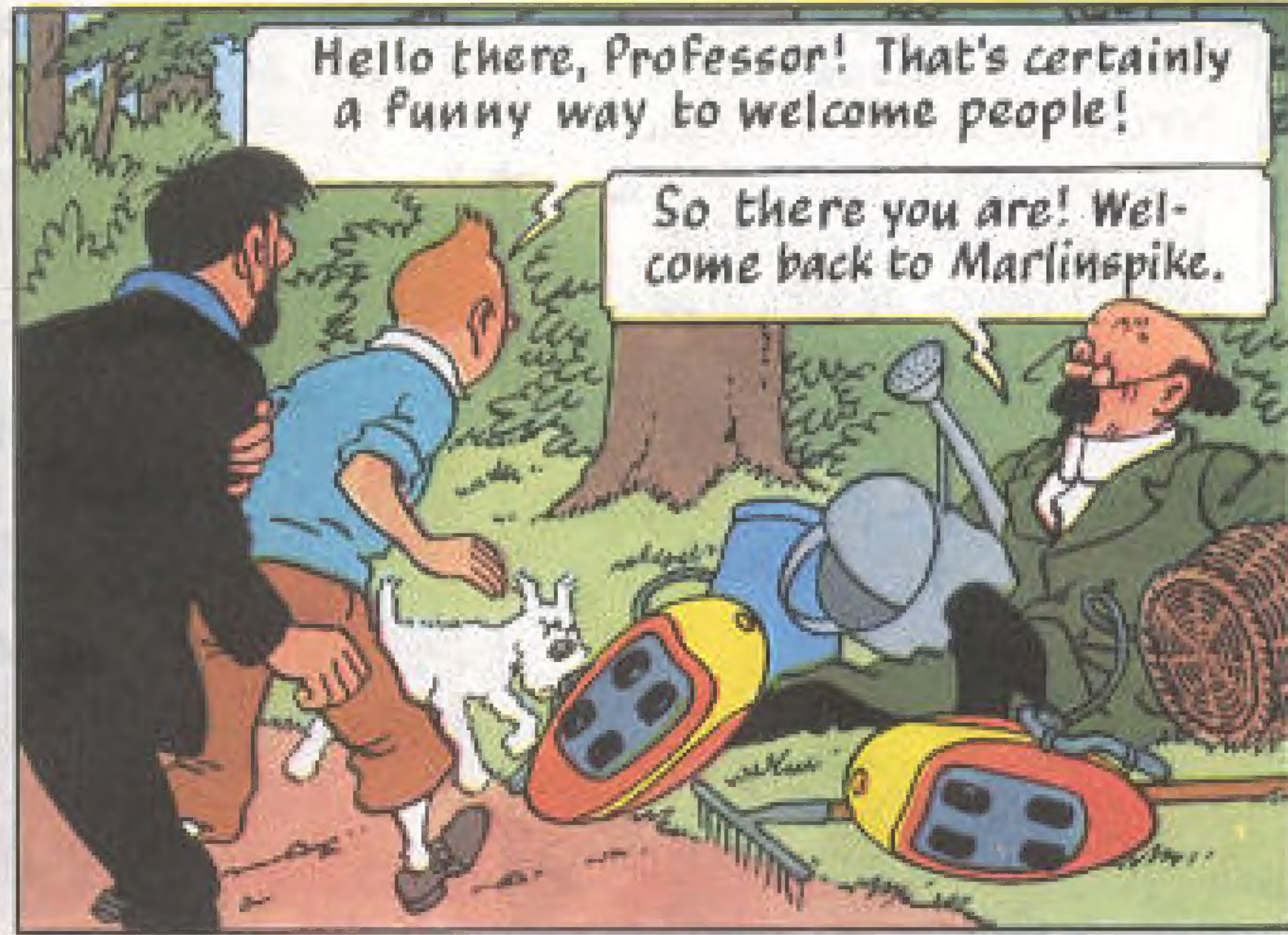
Delegates demand international control of Mecca pilgrimage transport

Profound shock has been caused in all the Western delegations by the news of the Red Sea slave-trading. Speeches in the General Assembly reflect the widespread feeling that some action should be taken with regard to the inter-Tintin, the

**TINTIN IN NEW ADVENTURE**







To dear Blistring Barniculs.

